

WOBURN



JOURNAL.

VOL. XXX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

NO. I.

Holiday Gifts for Gentlemen.

We have added to our stock some nice presents for GENTLEMEN, many of which are articles, the best of their kind, for little money.

SUCH AS

POCKET MATCH SAFES,
SMOKING SETS,
INK STANDS,
SHAVING MUGS,
RAZORS,
SHAVING GLASSES,
PEN RACKS,
WALLETS,
COLOGNE AND BAY RUM BOTTLES

WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist,

Opposite the Common.

1 WOBURN.

Professional Cards.

George H. Conn,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 2
WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 54 Devonshire Street, Boston,
No. 159 Main Street, Woburn.

All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership January 1st, 1877.

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,
4 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
cures from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE
FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.

I have this day been appointed AGENT of the
Insurance Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stone-
ham. All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended

GEO. H. CONN,
59 Main St., Woburn.

July 1, 1879.

A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON,
entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street.

Dr. FRED. F. GAGE,
DENTIST,
Pemberton Square, 7 BOSTON.

REMOVAL.

DR. B. R. HIRSHOV,
IMMEDIATE PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has removed to
110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.

Particular attention paid to Surgery.

Drs. Sargent & Tuck,
HYPICLIANS AND SURGEONS,
191 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

A specialty of treating Cancers, Tumors, Wens,
ulcers, Burns, Rheumatism, &c.

19

Auctioneers.

WILLIAM WINN,
AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.

Has twenty years experience as a Practi-
tioner in the sale of real estate, establishing
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens
of Woburn, and will guarantee satisfaction to al-
who may favor him with their custom.

20

E. P. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
ce, 89 Court Street, - - BOSTON.

ders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main
St., Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

21

R. H. DUNSHEE, - Artist.

22

HIRD WIRE.

23

Farming Tools & Seeds,

PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,

STOVES AND KITCHEN WARE.

L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET.

24

GO TO

J. F. ESTABROOK,

FOR FANCY

ead, Cakes and Pastry.

ORIGINAL HEARTH BREAD,

ing now, and the best yet. Also his HOT

AD AND BISCUIT at 5 o'clock every

ing,

keep the largest assortment and are still ad-

every day.

For a good article give us a call.

25

WOBURN

INING ROOM,

144 Main St. (opp. the Common).

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

OYSTERS

1 quart or gallon at the lowest prices. ICE

made to order at short notice.

26

WALDO E. BUCK,

Civil Engineer and Surveyor.

27

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE

JOURNAL OFFICE.

28

174 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Poetical Selection.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The good old year hath run his race,
And the latest hour draws near;
The cold dew shines on his hoary face,
And he hobbles along with a listless pace,
To his lonely and snow-covered resting place
In the northern hemisphere.

See how his stiff joints faint and shrink
As the cold breeze whistles by;
He hath a bitter cup to drink
As he watches the sand in his hour-glass sink,
Standing alone on the icy brink
Of the gulf of eternity.

His scanty robe is wrapped more tight
As the slim sun dwindles down;
And no stars arise to cheer the night
Of him whose temples they once made bright,
When crimson roses and lilles white
Half hid his golden crown.

He reels—he slips—no power at hand
To check him from his downward way;
The snowflakes click with its latest sand,
And each movement falls like the stroke of a brand
On one already too weak to stand—
He falls—he is seen no more.

And lo! in the east a star ascends,
And a burst of music comes—
A young lord, followed by troops of friends,
Down to the broad equator winds,
While the star that travels above him bends
O'er a sea of floating plumes.

Miles O'Reilly.

Selected Story.

QUIZ.

PART I.

That's what Fred called her when she first came, and the name has clung to her ever since, although she has really earned a more musical appellation.

One day when Fred and all of us were at home, a strange woman with a queer little girl about five years old, came to the door, and asked if she might come in and get warm. It was the afternoon of a cold, windy day in March, and as Bridget had gone out, and the kitchen fire was down, mamma let her come into the sitting room where we all were. Fred was reading, Nell and I sewing, and Willie and baby Belle playing with the blocks.

Mamma placed a chair by the fire for the strange woman, and pushed up a low stool for the little girl, who seated herself demurely upon it, and began looking at Fred who sat next to her.

Pretty soon the woman arose, said she had long walk to take, and as she was soon to return, asked if she might leave the little girl, who was tired, with us until she came back.

We lived in a small, country town, you see, where tramps were few and far between, and mamma, suspecting nothing, consented, and the woman went away.

The little girl sat still for a long time, and then suddenly started us all, by asking in a dear, childish voice—

"What dat be?" She was looking at Fred, and nodding comically at the book he was holding in his hand.

"That's a book," said Fred.

"What be you to do with it?" she asked.

"I'm reading it."

"What dat is?"

Here Fred's gravity gave way, and he burst into a hearty laugh. The child only looked at him wonderingly, and repeated her question with grave earnestness.

"What dat is you do?"

"Look here, little Quiz," said Fred, "you must be a savage if you never saw a book before;" and he tried to explain to her what he was doing, but at every step she stopped him with a question, always, Willie said, putting the cart before the horse.

"Well, Quiz," said Fred, at last, "you display a marvellous desire for information, if you don't know much now. Pray tell us your name is?"

But for all we could learn from the little stranger, who asked questions far easier than she could answer them, she had no name; so Fred said he should call her Quiz as long as she was with us.

The afternoon wore slowly away, and still the strange woman did not come back. Little Quiz staid with us all night, and the next morning papa made inquiries, and learned that she had taken the train for Chicago, and was by this time beyond the possibility of tracing.

We were all very indignant when papa told us about it next day at dinner.

Quiz amused us by her odd ways and droll questions, and we thought it very cruel in her mother, as we supposed the woman to be, to desert her in that manner. And what was to become of poor Quiz now, was the question we all asked of papa.

"I suppose we shall have to send her to the county house," said papa.

"I guess you'll find out what the rest of the little paupers know in just no time, won't you, Quiz?" said Fred.

Quiz looked at him a moment with her great, serious gray eyes, then her lips quivered, and two big tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

Then she covered her face with her hand to shut out the vision, and thought,—could she save them? But how? What should she do? Go back home? There were none but helpless women there. Hurry on to tell papa? It would then be too late!

"I must save them myself," she whispered, and, shutting her lips tight, and grasping her lantern firmly, she dashed down a cross street in the direction of the railroad track.

Then she remembered that Fred, one day in explaining to her about momentum, had told her that the engine could not stop on the down grade on this side of the river, but that it was necessary, in order to do so, to go back from the river about a mile and a half to

"Oh, 'es, mamma, do!" urged little Willie.

Mamma, thus appealed to, looked perplexed. Her motherly heart had gone out toward the lonely little stranger, but she had many cares, and quite children enough to occupy both heart and hands.

"I'll help to take care of her," pleaded Fred.

"We might keep her a while," mamma said, and so we did.

Willie clapped his hands, and cried "Hurrah!" Nell said, "Oh, goody!" Fred said "That's jolly!" But Quiz said nothing, only took up her fork and went on with her dinner.

In time we all became very much attached to her. Her demure, funny ways were a constant source of amusement, and she was gentle, affectionate and generous.

But it was Fred who held complete possession of her heart. For him she saved half of her candy, apples and other goodies. For him she learned to sew, draw pictures, and write letters. When she came to go to school, it was to him she confided all trials and triumphs, and to him she went for assistance and aid in mastering hard sums, and so we called her Fred's protege.

When she first went to school Fred gave her the name of "Orphanita," and the children called her "Orphie," but she retained her habit of asking questions about everything, and so, partly for fun, and partly because the name suited her, we continued to call her Quiz, and thus things went on until she was twelve years and Fred twenty.

One day Fred went out to the city on business for papa, and we did not expect him home until the eight o'clock express came in the evening. Toward night there came up a furious storm; it thundered and lightened, the wind blew and rattled the casements, while at times the rain fell in torrents. As we were all seated around the evening lamp with our work and studies, mamma shivered, and Fred, who had an overcoat with him, and if papa, who had not come up from the station, would take her to bed.

A few minutes afterward Quiz arose and slipped quietly out of the room; but we thought nothing of it, for she was in the habit of slipping away without saying anything, and we concluded that she had either gone to the kitchen to visit Biddy, or else had gone to her own room.

She had done neither, however. Stepping quietly into the hall, she had first put on her waterproof and rubbers, then lighted Fred's lantern, taking his overcoat from the nail, and went softly out of the front door into the driving storm.

The wind almost blew her over, and the rain beat hard on her face; but she only tossed her head defiantly, and the woman went away.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.
Sing. copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 50 cents a line. Premiums, to cents & half. Other notices, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. In any error is observed, please notify the editor at once.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

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EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

The old year has gone with all of its joy and sorrow, and as we sit down to write 80 after the 18 we are reminded that we have entered another decade of the century, and as the years go the twentieth century will soon be here. Looking forward with hope into the future we foresee a better year. The prospect is encouraging in every way, and the new year cannot fail to be a happier one than its predecessor. There is a more cheerful tone in business circles, and every one is saying the times will be better. They will so, if this tone is kept up, for cheerfulness and confidence are important factors of success.

We arrive at the entrance of a new volume of the *Journal* and to-day write Vol. XXX on our title. We are proud of the fact that many of the original subscribers have followed the fortunes of their favorite newspaper through the twenty-nine years that are gone, and are still reckoned among our readers. The kindly relations so long existing we hope may longer continue, and we shall spare no pains to make the weekly visits to their homes pleasant and profitable. An earnest effort will be made this year to enlarge our circle of readers, and if the old friends will aid us by introducing new ones they will confer favors upon us of which they will reap a part of the benefit, and for which they shall have our hearty thanks. The hard times strike a newspaper first of all, for the prudent reader imagines he can best spare his journal. Perhaps he stops his subscription and the compositors may be maintained without either taking more than a step from their work. The *Journal* office taken as a whole is one of the pleasantest offices in Woburn, and we repeat the invitation with which we began to all our friends, come in and see us, any time from seven in the morning until eight in the evening.

We hope the New Year, which opened on Thursday so auspiciously, with bright and cheerful skies, and mild and genial temperature, may prove to be a bright and cheerful one throughout, with all that is genial and pleasant, in fact, as well as in name.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WOBURN SAVINGS BANK.—The meeting of the W. F. C. Savings Bank, which will be held this Friday evening at the bank, is an important one. The officers of the bank are confident of their ability to re-open their doors, and pay those depositors who may desire it their money in full. Their real estate, bank stock, mortgages, and cash amount to about \$10,000 more than the amount due the depositors, and there is no doubt but what every demand will be met. They expect to resume business, not only paying out, but receiving deposits, and with confidence restored there can be no doubt of a successful career for the Bank. That such an institution is a necessity is recognized by all, and for those who have small earnings a Savings Bank is the best place for their deposit. The use of the bank by capitalists ought to be discouraged, as a prominent banker recently remarked, a man who has ability enough to accumulate \$500 has ability enough to take care of it himself, and ought not to trouble a savings bank with it. Ambition to do a large business has injured many savings institutions, and the lessons of the past few years will have been in vain if they do not teach them to be less desirous of large profits and more mindful of security.

LECTURE.—Mr. James Burrows, who will be remembered as the orator in Woburn on last Decoration Day, will deliver a lecture in Woburn on the 15th inst., entitled "Battle Echoes," the proceeds to go to the Post charity fund. This lecture is not from the lofty standpoint of a General officer, nor in the "Dryasdust" method of the average lecturer treating of battles fought in a past age. The lecture is full of human interests, and consists of vivid and eloquent recitals of actual personal experience in some of the great battles of the war for the Union. The speaker will exhibit many curious relics gathered by himself from historic fields, the whole forming a discourse of unusual interest to all who feel kindly towards the services of the Grand Army of the Republic.

KINDLY GREETINGS.—The meetings of the Ladies' Charitable Reading Society at the First Congregational Church, and the Ladies' Charitable Society at the Unitarian Church, occurred on Thursday evening. Dr. March of the former sent by the hands of Hon. J. G. Pollard a friendly note of New Years greeting to the friends across the Green, and Hon. Charles Choate was made the bearer of a fraternal note from Rev. Mr. Young in reply. Mr. Choate's appearance in the old church was made the occasion by Dr. March of some very pleasant remarks, to which Mr. Choate made a very happy response.

Remember the little spruce is so careful to do this cold weather. We observed him on New Year's day spreading seeds and crams on some of the church steps for his little wards who twitted their thanks in the most cheerful manner. A good example, which it is safe to commend and to follow.

NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION.—Rev. Dr. March received the children of the infant Sunday School of his church in the parlor and study on New Year's Day. He exhibited some stereoscopic views, and gave the little ones a treat, much to their delight.

Chew Jackson's best sweetnay tobacco.

OUR NEW QUARTERS.

We cordially invite the readers of the *Journal* to call and see us in our new quarters. The mechanical department formerly occupied the second floor of the building, with a press room on the ground floor. The upper floor having been vacant for some time we decided to remove to that floor, and our only wonder is that we did not sooner take that course. All our material is on one floor, conveniently arranged, with due regard to economy of space and economy of time. As the visitor opens the door he is confronted by a powerful little Buel engine, which carries with perfect ease the various presses attached to it. Looming above and behind it is the boiler, which is the home of the giant who puts life into the wheels, making steam enough to run the engine, and at the same time fill the pipes which extend around the room and keep the office at a summer temperature. On the left is the patriarchal Adams hand press, no longer called upon to print newspapers, but very handy in the matter of posters and placards. Next is the small Globe press which is capable of doing certain kinds of work better than any other press in use. The power press, on which the large editions of the *Journal* are printed, is next in line, and flanked by a large size Globe press, on which we print handbills, pamphlets, circulars &c. At the front of the office are stands for the compositors. The room is lighted by fourteen windows, and its location above the adjoining buildings makes it one of the lightest printing offices in the county.

The editorial and counting rooms remain in their old location at the head of the first flight from the street, and customers will not be obliged to go any higher than before in making their calls. The rooms have been partitioned off, are lighted with three windows, and the walls papered and whitened, so that the dingy effect sometimes observed in newspaper offices is no longer visible here. A neat oil cloth upon the floor gives the counting room a tidy appearance, and the file racks and cases are grained in unison with the general effect. The counting room is warmed by steam supplied from the boiler in the printing office. The editorial room is in its old familiar corner, and is papered and grained like the counting-room and the floor covered with a carpet of a beautiful design. The editorial room is connected with the composing room by dumb waiters and speaking tube, and communication between the editor and the compositors may be maintained without either taking more than a step from their work. The *Journal* office taken as a whole is one of the pleasantest offices in Woburn, and we repeat the invitation with which we began to all our friends, come in and see us, any time from seven in the morning until eight in the evening.

We ought not to leave the subject of "our new quarters" without a word of commendation to those who have contributed to make them so agreeable and attractive. Our landlord, Mr. G. F. Jones, has spared no pains to make the change a pleasant one. Messrs. Goodey and J. H. Dean and their workmen have attended to the carpentry, Addington and Cook the masonry and whitening, Henry Young the steam and gas piping, Charles E. Smith the painting, graining, and papering, A. E. Thompson, and Wm. Woodberry, and C. A. Smith furnished the floor coverings, L. Thompson, Jr., the office hardware, C. M. Strout the speaking tubes, L. W. Perham the dumbwaiters, and G. W. Pollock the upholstery, and all combined have made our business home the cosiest place in town.

FOUND HIS WATCH.—Mr. O. F. Bryant, who has begun his twentieth year at Chauncy Hall School, Boston, as teacher of physics and modern history, received from the students on Wednesday of last week a watch costing \$120. The money was raised in two days. Mr. Bryant's house, it will be remembered, was entered by burglars a short time ago, and his watch stolen. We congratulate him on finding, in so agreeable manner, another watch.

HIGH SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.—The next entertainment in the High School course will be given next Monday evening. Mrs. Susan C. Pindar is the essayist, and she will present the following programme illustrative of the Augustan Era of English literature:—

Sketch of Swift, Mrs. Pindar, Reading—Poem, Travels (containing a solution of the Name difficulty), H. B. Hall, Sketch of Addison and Steele, Mrs. Pindar, Soliloquy in "Cato," H. W. McKinley, Dialogue from "Cato," Miss Emma Pindar, Mr. Geo. Perkins, "Lover's Leap," Mr. Winkley, Sketch of Dryden, Mrs. Pindar, Epistle of Elvira to Abelard, Miss E. T. Bond, Essay on Man, W. Scott Ward, Mrs. Pindar, Sketch of Gray, Peirce, &c., Miss E. R. Bowles, Shepherd and Philosopher, Miss E. F. Parker, Scene from Comedy, Miss Mary D. Converse, Mr. T. Marvin Parker.

The entertainment will commence promptly at quarter of eight, when it is hoped the audience will be in their seats, and the exercises will not extend beyond quarter past nine o'clock.

G. A. R.—The officers of Post 33 were installed on Thursday evening by Commander Ames, of Post 12, as follows:—A. L. Richardson, Commander; W. H. Matthews, S. V. C.; W. H. Arnold, J. V. C.; Joseph Johnson, Surgeon; James Carton, O. of D.; T. H. Hill, Q. M.; John Devlin, O. of G.; Jeremiah McCarthy, Sergeant Major; H. F. Smith, Q. M. S.; Rev. J. H. Mason, Chaplain; John S. Mann, Adj't. The Commander also appointed the following committees:—Trustees of the Hall, T. H. Hill, John L. Parker, W. H. Matthews; Relief Committee, C. T. Wood, H. Porter, Jere. McCarthy, W. H. Arnold, John J. Kelley; Employment Committee, T. H. Hill, W. H. Matthews, H. F. Smith; Auditors, A. P. Barrett, James Walker, N. Z. Tabor; Visiting Committee, J. F. Leslie, Amos E. Cutler, J. H. Mason, W. C. Colegate, G. H. Ayer, C. H. Harding, E. W. Hadley.

ATLAS OF WOBURN WANTED.—Any person having an Atlas of Woburn in good condition which they are willing to sell at a fair price, can hear of a customer by addressing "Atlas," at the *Journal* office, stating price.

GOOD SIGN.—A new sign has been put up at the corner of Main and Salem Streets, which will be found very convenient by strangers.

ACCIDENT.—Katie Coughlin had the middle finger of the left hand cut off in a machine at Simond's factory last Saturday.

DRAMATIC.—The St. Charles Dramatic Club will present their first performance next Tuesday evening.

POLICE COURT.—Wm. Tobin drunk \$3 and costs. Margaret Kelley drunk \$3 and costs, committed.

A GOOD SIGN.—T. H. Hill & Co. have put out their sign on the Fox Building. It is a neat affair.

LETTER FROM UTAH.

DR. MARCH'S LECTURE.—The fifth and last lecture in the course was given by Dr. March, Wednesday evening, the subject being "Jerusalem." The severe storm prevented as large an attendance as on the former ones, but all who ventured out were well repaid for going. This ancient city, which to the reflective mind appears the saddest and most sacred of any spot on earth, does not show as complete desolation as some others, but when we consider that within the space of fifteen hundred years, it was besieged seventeen times, and its walls leveled with the ground four times, we can imagine what changes it must have gone through. The houses were built mostly of unbaked brick, when one is to be removed to make room for another, it is torn down, and the ruins leveled so that a new one can be built. In this way each successive rebuilding has been higher than the former one, and all the houses now standing in the city are supposed to be as high above the roads which were traveled by the Son of God, David and Solomon as from the foundation to the roof of the present buildings. One English surveyor is said to have sunk a shaft in one place seventy-five and in another eighty-five feet before reaching the old streets. The city in its present condition has a gloomy look, and what was once described by the prophet as the beauty of the whole earth, looks now to the traveller, with its brown and gray hills, like funeral monuments.

In many of the wars in which its population has been engaged, the losses have been terrible. In one siege the loss was more than in our civil war, and in the attack by the Crusaders another million lost their lives. The city which is now probably nearly as large as it ever was, contains only two hundred and nine acres, portions of which are entirely unoccupied, and yet this small territory has more interesting and important events connected with it; has a record of more value to mankind, than any other place, and will continue to be a central point of attraction to millions as long as the world shall stand. Fine views of the principal points of interest in the city were shown by the aid of the stereopticon, and we think that all present realized the benefit to be gained by a more careful study of its past history, and all regretted that so instructive a course of lectures could not be continued.

REV. DR. HUNT.—The tenth anniversary of the settlement of Rev. George L. Hunt, D. D., as pastor of the Union Baptist church, of Mystic Bridge, Conn., was celebrated on Thursday. During his pastorate Dr. Hunt has preached 782 sermons, attended 1804 devotional meetings, married 101 couples, attended 213 funerals. The membership of his church has increased from 590 to 719; there have been 233 baptisms and 100 deaths. Dr. Hunt was for several years a resident of Woburn, and graduated at our High School, and his friends here will be glad to hear of his successful ministry in "the church of the living God, the pillars and ground of the truth."

FOUND HIS WATCH.—Mr. O. F. Bryant, who has begun his twentieth year at Chauncy Hall School, Boston, as teacher of physics and modern history, received from the students on Wednesday of last week a watch costing \$120. The money was raised in two days. Mr. Bryant's house, it will be remembered, was entered by burglars a short time ago, and his watch stolen. We congratulate him on finding, in so agreeable manner, another watch.

A GOLDEN PRESENT.—Some of the friends of Lawrence Reade, undertaker, met at his house on Christmas Eve, and presented him with one hundred dollars in gold. Rev. M. D. Murphy made the presentation speech, and Mr. Reade replied with many thanks and good wishes to the liberal donors.

SELECTMEN.—Regular meeting, Thursday evening, Cummings absent. Application of Elizabeth Keenan for permission to keep an intelligence office referred to the committee on policy. Wm. Lynch recommended to the Secretary of State for peddler's license. Usual monthly bills approved.

WEEK OF PRAYER.—During next week union meetings will be held Monday evening at the Congregational Church, Tuesday at the Baptist, Thursday at the Methodist. During the other evenings of the week the different churches will hold their meetings as usual.

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We have been permitted to copy a private letter from a gentleman in Utah, which will be found to contain points of interest.

OGDEN, UTAH, Dec. 14, 1879.

Friend—Believing myself in your debt to the extent of a letter, and with a few spare moments snatched from my busy office hours, I set me down to endeavor to pen (or stylize) something which may serve to while away a tedious five minutes in its perusal. I have given the Mormons the benefit (?) of my attentions with a view to discovering something of their ways and manners, and the result of my observations to this date proves them in my estimation a very poor apology for upright and moral people such as they claim to be. The male portion of the sect are coarse, uneducated, and brutal, penurious to the last degree, and clamorous in the extreme, with a set purpose to work harm to any and all who are not votaries of Mormonism. The women are beings of very slender intellect and large pedal extremities. I would consider it sufficient punishment for any crime less than murder to be compelled to kiss one of them. This city is the market place for everywhere within a radius of 20 miles, and of a Saturday the Mormon families come in with produce to exchange for commodities. They are all of a stamp, vulgar and insolent. You know they believe that the Indian is to be the means in the hands of God for exterminating the "pride and race" as they are pleased to call all of the faith; rather an extensive job for poor Lo. Through several women have we worked for us, cleaning house, etc., we have learned several instances of their inside actions—one case in particular, being that of an Englishwoman. Two years ago she was an inhabitant of a suburban town of London: being approached by a Mormon "missionary," she readily fell in with his teachings, and consented to make the pilgrimage to Zion, (viz. Utah); charmed, no doubt, by his glowing pictures of that mysterious Mecca. Well, when husband and wife got to Zion by rail, they were received by the Mormons, who had been apprised of her coming by a Mormon newspaper. The wife was received with open arms, and the husband was welcomed with open arms, and the two were soon married to an Elder probably not far removed from the age of the wife. They say to them (the converts), "Come foot, by wagon or in any way, so that you get to Zion." Well, the wife arrived here, was duly housed and fed by the church, and consented to be a part of the community. Consultation with the "elder" followed, and through his advice, the wife and three or four children started, leaving husband to follow when the money was forthcoming. I might here state that the policy adopted towards new converts is to get them to Zion by fair means or otherwise. They say to them (the converts), "Come foot, by wagon or in any way, so that you get to Zion." 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DESTRUCTION OF JOHN WESLEY'S CHAPEL.—On Sunday morning, Dec. 7, the Wesleyan Chapel in the City-road was almost entirely destroyed by fire. The foundation-stone of this well-known place of worship was laid by Wesley himself on April 21, 1777, and since the opening of the building in November, 1778, it has been the centre to which the eye of every Methodist throughout the world instinctively turned. It was regarded as the "Cathedral of Methodism," and no spot was historically so precious and interesting to a Methodist, none that appealed so powerfully to his imagination and his affections, as the chapel and manse and burial ground where Wesley and other illustrious Wesleys are interred. A few years ago the freehold of the chapel was purchased for £9,228, of which sum £7,000 was raised by a general effort among Methodists. In addition, about £3,000 from local resources was spent by the trustees in necessary alterations and improvements. The building consisted of a principal chapel and galleries, capable of accommodating 2,000 people, a smaller structure known as "John Wesley's Morning Chapel," and sundry class rooms and vestries. The larger chapel possessed a very beautiful frescoed ceiling. The entire building was warmed by a hot air apparatus, and there is no doubt that the fire originated in the flue. It was first observed a little after six o'clock on Sunday morning by a policeman, who at once aroused the Rev. John Baker, M. A., the resident minister. At this time the flames had a strong hold upon the Morning Chapel. Messengers were dispatched for the fire engines, and in a brief period several steamers were on the spot, Captain Shaw being present to direct operations. Unfortunately, however, great difficulty was experienced in obtaining water, the intense frost having fixed the plugs so hard that fully half an hour was occupied in moving them. The conflagration spread rapidly, and by the time water was obtained it was evident that the Morning Chapel was doomed. It was severely destroyed. From the small building the flames extended to the chief chapel, seizing upon the gallery running along the whole length of the left side of the building; this has been entirely consumed, and the back of the chapel (in form of a semi-circle) has been thoroughly gutted. In this portion of the building stood the communion, surrounded by elaborate monuments, including one erected to the memory of Dr. Wm. Q. Cooke, author of "The History of England," and another to the memory of Dr. Wm. D. Wadsworth, author of "The History of England." The roof of the semi-circle has been entirely consumed, and the back of the chapel (in form of a semi-circle) has been thoroughly gutted. In this portion of the building stood the communion, surrounded by elaborate monuments, including one erected to the memory of Dr. Wm. Q. Cooke, author of "The History of England," and another to the memory of Dr. Wm. D. Wadsworth, author of "The History of England."

The rejection of election returns by the Governor and council of Maine has been prolific of indignation meetings on both sides; the Republicans being indignant because of the outrage, and Fusionists being indignant at their opponents for being indignant; but otherwise nothing very definite has resulted. It remains undisputed that Dr. Garellon and his councillors applied certain rules prescribed by law and defined by the Supreme Court, where they would affect Republicans adversely, and failed to do the same in the case of Democratic or Fusion returns. Various lines of action have been recommended to the defrauded party, one among which is that the minority should meet with the rest of the legislature and enter upon dilatory tactics. Another, to await and abide by the decision of the legislature, while it has also been proposed to refer matters to the Supreme Court, or to organize a separate and rival legislative body. It seems to us that, whatever else is to be done, the voters whose will has been arbitrarily set aside should, for the sake of justice, have the right to have it restored, even by force if necessary. The Sale is worthy the public attention, who are in want of Farming utensils. Conditions of Sale, Cash, Per Order.

ELIA R. MARSH, Executrix.

WILLIAM WILSON, Notary Public.

P.S.—If stored over said day, the sale will be on the next fair day at the same hour.

TO LET.—A desirable Tenement To Let on Pleasant street, near a small family. For terms apply to DR. HUTCHINGS.

TO LET.—A five room cottage on Sherman St. Apply to DR. HUTCHINGS.

ROOMS TO LET, suitable for light manufacturing or for offices. Can be arranged to suit terms. Steam Power furnished if desired. Inquire of G. F. JONES.

EXECUTRIX' SALE

OF

FARMING STOCK

AT AUCTION,

IN WINCHESTER.

On Tuesday, January 6th, 1880, at 10 o'clock, A.M., will be sold at Auction, at the residence of the late Frederick L. Marsh (deceased), on Cambridge street, in Winchester, a great quantity of Farming stock, viz.: One good Harness, a pair of leather and soft for a woman to drive; one good Market Wagon; one Carriage; one good Mannion Wagon; two horse carts; two pairs of leather harnesses, nearly new; one sleigh; one double Harness, nearly new; single Harness; market wagon Harness; two horse cart Harnesses; Plough Harness; five teams of horses; Hay of Mats; a quantity of old lot of Hot Bed Sashes, Sledges, Sleds, Wheelbarrows, Hay Cutter, Grindstone, Sait Cloth, Ploughs, Hoes, Scythes, Rakes, Forks, Spades, Hammers, and Mammie Forks, lots of Barrels and Boxes, and a great variety of articles not enumerated. Also several pieces of Furniture.

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Piles, Headache, Liver Complaint, &c.

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50 cents.

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For PARLOR STOVES, buy the

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OF C. M. STROUT, Agent.

\$300

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50 cents.

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WORM POWDER

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COAL

From \$6.25 to \$8.00 Per Ton.

JOS. B. MCDONALD.

84

DEALER IN—

SECRET

HOW TO BECOME RICH AND WATCH SENT.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

GEORGE CLEMENT'S WIFE.

"Of all things this is the worst! I never in my life expected to hear such news! Why, our George has gone and got married! D'ye hear?"

Good Mrs. Clements pushed her steel-bowed spectacles off her bright eyes, and dropped her letters in her lap, as she turned round to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer, who was contentedly stroking an old white cat.

"Deacon, d'ye hear?"

This time when she asked the question there was a touch of sadness in her voice.

"Yes; what if he is married? I'm sure it's natural enough. It kind o' runs in the family, 'pears to me."

But Mrs. Clements would take no notice of this little pleasantness.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needn't think he's coming here with his fine, city-bred lady, all airs and graces and flounces and ruffles. There's plenty of good girls hereabout that wanted him. Right in the middle of work, too! To talk of bringing her here 'hos-killing' time! I do declare, I think George is a fool."

Then followed directions to the west garret, and when she was gone Mrs. Clements turned to the deacon, and said:

"I never saw a girl before I'd trust up stairs alone. But such as she don't steal; I tell you that, if nothing else."

Directly she came down in a purple print dress and white apron; her hair brushed off from her face into a net; a narrow lined collar, fastened with a sailor's loop of narrow ribbon. It seemed as if she had life, too, so handily she flitted in and out of the pantry, and then down the cellar. Then after the meal she gathered the dishes in a neat, quiet way, that was perfect bliss to old Mrs. Clement's ears.

"She's determined to earn her bread, anyhow, and I like her turn, too."

And the deacon had "taken a shine" to Mary Smith. One by one the days wore on; the killing-time was over and done; long strings of sausages hung in fantastic rings, arranged by Mary's deft fingers; sweet ham and shoulders were piled away in true house-wifely manner, and now Mary and Mrs. Clements were sitting in the sunny dining-room, darning, patching and mending.

"I don't know what I'm going to do without you Mary. I dread to see you pick up your clothes."

A blush of pleasure overspread Mary's face.

"I am so glad you have been suited with my work. Indeed I have tried."

"It ain't the work altogether, though goodness knows, you're the smartest gal I've seen this many a day. As I say, it ain't the work, it's you, Mary—and me and deacon—"

"Oh, George!"

The exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his own flatten.

"That's true as preaching. By-the-by, my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me off on a traveling tour of six weeks?"

A little dismayed cry answered him.

"You won't stay here alone, eh? But, Marion, it would be five hundred dollars clear gain to us."

"What need we care for money? I'd rather have you."

A mischievous smile played over the young man's lips; he was more matter-of-fact than this romantic, tender little wife of his.

"I think the addition to our balance at the banker's would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind, little pet. Let's go down to dinner. I hope we'll get a letter from home soon."

And soon it was; for Marion snatched it from his pocket the very next night. But her husband's face looked very grave and stern, and his eyes looked angry when she looked gleefully over the envelope.

"My dear, you must remember I care very little what the letter contains. Remember I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me, first, while I watch you."

A little pang of misgiving troubled her when she glanced over the note; these tears stole from under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then, when she had finished it, she laid her head upon his shoulder and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my wounded birdie. Let me burn it. And don't forget, darling, what our Bible says, that a man shall leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and to you I turn for all the happiness my life will ever hold."

He dried her tears and then they talked it over.

"Just because I am city-bred, she thinks I am lazy, haughty and dainty, and—"

"Never mind, Marion. She will find out some day. My father—"

"Yes, bless the dear old man. He has added: 'My love to my daughter Marion.' Oh, I know I should love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me."

"We will invite them down when I come home. By the way, Marion, I will stop at the farm on my way home and invite them and bring them home with me."

"George, dear, I've been thinking about that trip West. I think you had better go and leave me at home. It won't be so very long."

Marion was eating her egg while she spoke across the cosy little *tete-a-tete* breakfast table.

"Spoken like my true little Marion, and when I come back I'll bring you a present. What shall it be, dearest?"

Your father and mother from the farm. It shall be that hope that will bear me company when you are gone."

A fortnight after that Marion Clements ate her breakfast alone, the traces of a tear on her pink cheeks; then she dashed them away with a merry, joyous little laugh.

"This will never do, and now that George has gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return. And I pray heaven it shall be such a coming as shall delight his soul."

"I don't know what to say. The land knows I need help bad enough; but it 'pears to me such a slender little midget as you couldn't earn your salt. What did you say about this?"

"Mary Smith. And, indeed, if you will try me for a week, I'll sure you will keep me till the season's over."

Mrs. Clements looked out of the window at the great clouds that were piling gloomily up; and then the wind gave a great wailing shriek around the corners of the house.

"You can cook, ken you? or shake up

feather beds—good big ones, forty pounds?" A gleeful little laugh came from Mary's lips.

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to suit you, but I can learn."

Mrs. Clements walked out to the huge open fireplace in the kitchen where the deacon was shelling corn.

"What d'ye say, deacon; keep her or not?"

I kind o' like her looks, and the deacon knows it 'ud be a good lift while we're killin', if she couldn't do more'n set the table or make mush for the bread."

"Take her, of course Hannah. You are hard driv', I know. Let her stop a week or so, anyhow."

But Mrs. Clements would take no notice of this little pleasantness.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needn't think he's coming here with his fine, city-bred lady, all airs and graces and flounces and ruffles. There's plenty of good girls hereabout that wanted him. Right in the middle of work, too! To talk of bringing her here 'hos-killing' time! I do declare, I think George is a fool."

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A graceful, dainty little lady in a garnet poplin and ruffled apron with a small, proudly-poised head, covered with short, dusky curls, having a pair of dark-blue eyes, so winsome and tender, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, and a dimple in each pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clements. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her?

She sat in the bright little parlor, close beside the lace-curtained window, watching for the loved husband's return; and then, when she heard the click of the latch-key in the hall, flew for the welcome kiss. Looking up, she asked:

"Haven't you the letter this time, George? I've felt sure of it all day. Indeed, I've quite decided what dresses to take with me."

He smiled and shook his head. A cloud passed over her pretty face.

"Oh, George, isn't it too bad? And I do believe they won't write because they are sorry you married me."

He put his arms around her neck.

"And supposing such be the case, do you think it would make any difference with me?"

"Oh, no, no! only it would grieve me so if I knew I had alienated our own parents from you."

"And a one-sided alienation it would be, too! They have never seen you. And when they know you, they can't help loving you."

"How, George!"

The exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his own flatten.

"That's true as preaching. By-the-by, my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me off on a traveling tour of six weeks?"

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

1880.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

A THRILLING APPEAL. — One hot day in July, 1860, a herdsmen was moving his cattle to a new ranch further north, near Helena, Texas, and passing down the bank of a stream, his herd became mixed with other cattle that were grazing in the valley, and some of them failed to be separated. The next day, about noon, a band of a dozen mounted Texan rangers overtook the herdsmen and demanded their cattle, which they were stolen.

It was before the day of law and courts in Texas, and one had better kill five men than to steal a mule worth five dollars, and the herdsmen knew it. He tried to explain, but they told him to cut it short. He offered to turn over all the cattle not his own, but they laughed at the proposition, and hinted that they usually confiscated the whole herd, and left the thief hanging on a tree as a warning to others in like cases.

The poor fellow was completely overruled. His contents were to give the editor of *Harper's Magazine* a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly* a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's P. & C.*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Periodicals*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a good time, and the editor of *Harper's Young People*, a good time, and

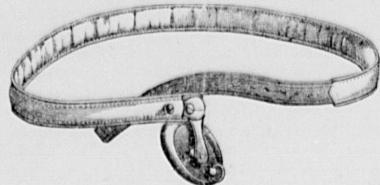
WOBURN



JOURNAL.

VOL. XXX.

TRUSSES



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I have this day been appointed AGENT of the above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham. All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

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July 1, 1879. 5

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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Office,
Woburn, promptly attended to. 10

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
Office, 89 Court Street, - BOSTON.
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention. 11

NORTH WOBURN STREET RAILROAD.
FALL TIME TABLE.
Home 6:30 A. M., 8:30 A. M., 10:30 A. M., 12:45, 3:00, 4:15, 5:25, 6:35 P. M.,
Mondays and Thursdays at 8:30 P. M. Saturdays
at 5:30 A. M., 12:45, 3:00, 4:15, 5:25, 6:35 P. M.,
Leave Woburn Centre at 6:35, 7:30, 9:00, 10:35,
A. M., 12:05, 1:45, 3:35, 4:45, 5:50, 7:05 P. M.,
Mondays and Thursdays at 9:00 P. M., Saturdays
at 9:15 P. M. DEXTER CARTER, Sept.

GO TO

W. F. ESTABROOK,
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Bread, Cakes and Pastry.

ORIGINAL HEARTH BREAD,

something new and the best yet. Also his HOT
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MEALS AT ALL HOURS,

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the quart or gallon at the lowest prices. ICE
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14

Civil Engineer and Surveyor

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE

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WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1880.

NO. 2.

Poetical Selection.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Old Time is the drollest of wags,
And puzzles the world with his ruses;
He gave all to-day to the wise,
To-morrow he promised the fools.

At first he made mangat but to-day,
With its joys, its successes, and sorrow,
Then, to keep on good terms with the world,
He promised he'd make a to-morrow.

The idle rejected at the news,
Put their hands in their pockets and slept,
Believing the promise of Time
Would be most religiously kept.

They never conceived that the rogue
Had promised to-morrow in fun,
So quietly went to decay,
Leaving all to-day's work to do.

At last they woke up, but to find
To-morrow was really a myth,
And thought what they'd do, when too late,
If they had the time to do.

They prayed to old Time to return,
'Twas the wasting of breath,
For they found, as he laughed and flew on,
That to-morrow was nothing but death.

Selected Story.

THE APPLE BEE.

"Did I ever tell you about Rastus marrying Judge Randolph's daughter?" asked grandmother, as I pinched an apple and she sat knitting in her high-backed rocker.

"Why, no," said I, fancying I saw a story in her retrospective gaze, "you have told me about Thankful and your mother and your own courtship, grandmother, but of Rastus, never."

"Well, I'll tell you about it. Seeing you eating that apple reminded me of it, and, besides, to-day is the sixteenth of November; Rastus's birthday came the seventeenth, and I remember it was the day before, and almost exactly such a day as this, seventy years ago, that I was visiting them while Alex tended General Court. Rastus was showing me his freedom suit, he'd be twenty-one next day, when mother came down from the garret with a tray of apples, looking vexed enough.

"Apples keeping well?" I asked.

"No, they must have got a little tattered by the frost before they were gathered. There's one whole hen beginning to rot already, and I haven't time to pare them, Methabite's being sick."

"Methabite was an old maid that helped mother about the house."

"Why don't you have a bee?" I asked, for to tell the truth I wanted to see the young folks, my old mates, you know, and show them my baby, for I thought he was the prettiest and smartest child that ever was. That was your Uncle William, dear. Besides, Squire Doolittle's niece, Mistress Randolph, was a visiting them from Virginia while her father was away in England, and I thought may be she would come. I'd heard a great deal about her, but I hadn't seen her, though she had been visiting at the square's then for six months, or so; so I says, 'have a bee.'

"A bee?" spoke up mother, "well, now, I never thought of that. I'm glad, Rusha, you spoke of it. What do you say, Rastus? They are nothing dreadful."

"Let 'em rot," said he, throwing down an armful of wood with a crash. He left the room after it, when I first spoke of the bee, and now he straightened up and looked so fierce at mother that I spoke up quick as could be:

"I should think you would be ashamed to speak so to mother."

"Mother don't mind what Rastus says," said he, going up to her and patting her shoulder, and he smiled at her in such a tender way that I wondered as I always did, he was so changeable; quick, but loving, nobody minded what Rastus said, that's true, but everybody liked him; mother set more by him than all the rest of us children, so we thought, but she said she knew now no difference, only he was her baby."

"Let's have the bee. I'm twenty-one, to-morrow, so if we have it then we can call it a birth-night party. I'll kill a goose and the white turkey that's been shut up so long, and we'll have a real frolic. Shall I invite Mistress Randolph, mother?"

"Why, of course, it wouldn't do to slight the square's folks."

"That's so. She'd feel hurt, no doubt, not to have a chance to soil her pretty hands paring apples," and he went off a whistling, but he didn't look so happy as he tried to seem. I could see that he didn't more than half want the party.

"What does he mean, mother? Is Mistress Randolph very proud?"

"Why," says mother, in a doubtful way, "they say so, but I took tea at the square's spell ago, and she was very helpful and cheery. She didn't seem proud to me, but she ain't like Manly Smith."

"I should hope not, mother."

"Nor yet like you, Jernusha, nor Thankful or Keturah. I think it's a way she has."

"Almira Bead rode up just then on her old white horse. She hitched and come in to see me and my baby, and while I was showing him off, mother spoke of the apple bee and mentioned that she calculated to invite Miss Doolittle's."

"The land sake, you don't mean. Wall, now, I never did!" says she.

"What's there so dreadful about having an apple paring?" said I, "they are common enough."

"Wonder, how I can remember so well! Wait till you are old, dear, and you will know how we spend our age in remembering our youth, and in recalling scenes that are pictured in our minds. Their faces are turned to the wall, in middle age, when we get old, and are not good for much else, we group around and bring them to light and rub and polish them till we can see every line distinct."

"Rastus wants her to come, don't he? she asked in her silly way, that I knew meant something; according to accounts, she doesn't show none of her pride to him, or he would not go to see her so much."

"Does he go to see her so much?"

"Lor," you don't mean to say you hasn't heard? Why, they dew say he's waiting on her."

"Almira," spoke up mother, "won't you jest step this way and see this piece of cloth? I took it out of the loom to-day. I calculate there's enough for two full suits."

"Goin' to make Rastus's freedom suit of it? He's a'most twenty-one, ain't he?"

"Yes, he'll be twenty-one to-morrow. But mother didn't tell her about his new broadcloth suit bought in Falmouth."

"I took right hold with mother after Almira left, and we got along amzingly spry; mother was always a master hand at cooking. I cut up the pumpkins that afternoon and stewed them, and mother het the brick oven. Stoves? Why, there wasn't no stoves then; roasting and baking was done in the brick oven that was first het by making in a rousing fire; then the fire was taken out and the baking put in — furthest in, you know, go the thing that must bake the longest. We had a long shovel to pull 'em out with. Yes, and the stewing and boiling was done in pots that hung on the crane over the fire-place; biscuits and Johnny cakes were baked in a tin baker before the blaze on the hearth. How was it made? Lor, child, I don't know as I can tell you so you'll understand. It was blisted up on legs with a slanting roof, but open on the side next to the fire. The pan was set into it, and the tin kinder drawed the heat. When the side nearest the fire got baked, the pan was turned round."

"Well, well, where was I? If you ask me to explain so much, I shan't never get to my story end. Heating the brick oven? Oh, yes. Mother baked beans and brown bread and riz bread, and mince and apple pies in the evening. Then the next day we were up bright and early and got on the corned beef and het the brick oven again for the goose and turkey, the pumpkin pies, gingerbread and seed cakes and lecture cake. Mother had pickled and cheese and preserves and pickled tripe and onions, so we thought maybe we would have enough, as we calculated on pass' g round apples and butternuts early in the evening."

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1880.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 50 cents a line; obituary notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on the back page, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1880.

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THE SAVINGS BANK.—It will be good news to the people of Woburn to hear that the Five Cents Savings Bank will be reopened for business on Saturday, the 21st inst. The bank closed its doors on the 2d of January, 1878, and was soon after engaged from further business, and has been inactive ever since. The officers of the bank have been ardently engaged during the past two years in putting the Bank on a sound basis, and their efforts appear to have been crowned with success. They have now \$188,000 in cash, \$177,000 in bank stock (present valuation), \$84,000 in mortgages that are good, such as would be taken as investments, \$40,000 in real estate that has been foreclosed, \$2,000 in accrued interest, making a total of available assets amounting to about \$472,000. The Bank owes depositors \$458,000, which gives a surplus of about \$14,000. It will be seen by the above that the condition of the Bank is healthy. The stock, mortgages and real estate could probably be sold for the amounts named, if necessary should require it. We do not believe, however, that all the money will be withdrawn. That large amounts may be called for is possible, but that the Bank is to continue one of our permanent institutions, we firmly believe. It is the belief of the officers that if ever a bank was able to go on this one is, and we hope the people of the town who have always used it as the depository of their little earnings, will continue to place them there, and they may rest assured that under the present management their interests will be fully protected. E. D. Haydon, Esq., has been chosen a Trustee in place of Stephen Nichols, deceased.

HIGH SCHOOL COURSE.—The fourth entertainment in the High School Graduates' Course called forth a large and appreciative audience, last Monday evening, and showed conclusively that people of the present day are glad to be entertained by that which promotes the interests of acquired knowledge. The Augustan Age was aptly described by the essayist Mrs. S. C. Pindar, and the excellent choice and careful assignment of readings conspired to fit the evening with highly interesting matter, setting forth the characteristics of Swift, Addison, Steele, Pope, Gay, Prior, &c., in such a manner as to inspire a more careful private reading of English masterpieces. The readings by Miss M. J. Wendall, Miss E. F. Parker, Miss Mary D. Converse, Mr. T. M. Parker, H. W. Winkley, W. Scott Ward, and H. B. Wood, were well rendered. The dialogue from "Cato" by Mr. George Perkins and Miss Emma A. Putnam, deserving special mention for dramatic finish, and also the comedy scene. The next entertainment will be given on Monday evening, Jan. 19th, under the direction of Dr. S. W. Kelley, upon "The Times of Young, Thompson, Gray, and Goldsmith." These entertainments are free to all.

SINGULAR TERMINATION.—The case of Taylor vs. Town of Woburn, for damage sustained by the death of plaintiff's son in Dec., '78, at the corner of Sheridan and Burlington streets, was on trial at Cambridge this week. The jury came out on Wednesday and viewed the premises, but having been talked with by a neighbor, they were discharged the next morning. On examining the record it was found that the warrant for the Town Meeting held Sept. 22, 1878, was not properly warned according to the By-Laws, and consequently Sheridan street which was accepted on that day was illegally accepted, and is only a "private way not safe to travel." We understand the irregularity consisted in the posting up of attested copies on the meeting houses, instead of at the government Post Offices. The judge ruled the case out, but gave permission to the plaintiff to amend his declaration, and he now states that it was a private way, but that no notice to that effect was ever posted. The case was then postponed until April, to give the Town opportunity to prepare its defense.

THE acquittal last Friday of John N. Buzzell, for the murder of his illegitimate child, was a surprise to everybody. Buzzell was willing and anxious to plead guilty to murder in the second degree, but Attorney General Marston thought he had a sure thing and put him on trial. The jury, after having brought in their verdict, went and shook hands with Buzzell and offered their congratulations. They were evidently impressed with the same idea that Buzzell had when arrested. He asked the officer what he was arrested for, and on being told that it was for the murder of the child found in Malden woods, coolly remarked, "Is that all?"

"DOING A FAVOR."—The Detroit Free Press tells a good story under the above title, and the New York editor of the patent outside copies it, and credits it to its paternal sheet. This week's *Advertiser* likes it so well that he copies it on his side of the shell, without credit, and his readers can read it twice for the same money. This is very generous; or can it be that he doesn't read his New York side?

There will be a temperance meeting under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association some time next week. Rufus Pickering will take charge of it.

DEDICATION OF A HOSE HOUSE.—Wednesday evening was a memorable occasion in Central Square, when more than two hundred people assembled in the new Hose House of Hose Co. No. 6. The new building having been completed, and everything in readiness, was turned over to the company a short time ago, and it was formally "opened" and "warmed" as above. The residents of that part of the town have taken a lively interest in the affair, and contributed money and material for the procuring of a feast worthy of the neighborhood and the occasion. Three tables were set for ninety-two persons, and the places were filled a second and third time before all were supplied. When the first company of guests were seated, Capt. Cook welcomed them to the hospitality of the house and invited Mr. W. J. Maxwell to invoke the divine blessing. The dishes were then discussed, and Capt. Cook introduced T. H. Hill, Esq., who was followed by Chief Engineer Ferrier, Engineers Poole, Pettengill and Ellard, Messrs. A. G. Carter, J. L. Parker, Mark Allen, and J. B. Davis. Mr. Carter closed with the following:—

We hear of Angels of Mercy and Angels of Light, The good Angel of Hope, and the Angel of Might, And fallen angels we know nothing about, And fallen angels we know nothing about, And fallen angels we know nothing about, But our good angel is the Angel of the Swamp, And when she's named and run a Hart, She will be first at the Centre when she get a good start.

The speeches were of necessity brief, on account of the waiting assembly below who were to fill up the tables for a second time. The company and the neighborhood was congratulated on the consummation of so desirable an object as the permanent housing of a hose company. The hall proved to be a strong one, and its walls are already graced with a fine display of pictures, and at the head of the hall "time" is noted by a handsome clock from Dodge's. The Ladies of the Square presented an elegantly mounted mirror for the hall.

While the first company was at supper, some of the younger people in moving about jarred a partition, against which a kerosene lamp was hung, and the lamp fell and was broken on the floor. Happily the oil did not ignite, for had it done so, a terrible catastrophe could not have been prevented.

After all had taken supper, the lower floor was cleared, and the pleasures of the dance terminated the evening's entertainment. Hose Six starts under favorable auspices, possessing the favor of its neighbors to a degree never before witnessed in Woburn, and they will prove themselves in the future as in the past, worthy the confidence so fully bestowed on them.

CONGRESSIONAL.—On Tuesday Congressman Bowman presented, in the House, papers relating to the claim of Charles F. Carr for compensation as informer against Edward A. Long, chief clerk in the light-house department in Boston. They were referred to the committee on claims. Mr. Bowman introduced, on Wednesday, a bill providing for the reimbursement to the State of Massachusetts of the sums of money expended by it for coast defenses, together with interest, which were found to be due by the commission appointed, in that behalf, by resolution of Congress of July 26, 1866. It was referred to the committee on war claims. He also had referred to the committee on claims a bill appropriating \$414.10 to be placed to the credit of Samuel O. Upham, postmaster of Waltham, Mass., in his account with the postoffice department. This is to replace a sum stolen from his office on the night of the 9th of September last. Mr. Bowman also introduced a bill appropriating \$15,000 to be paid by the postoffice department for the use of the Leavitt card cancelling and postmarking machine.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Woburn Agricultural and Mechanic Association, was held on Wednesday evening, and the following officers elected:—

President.—E. N. Blake.
Sec. and Treas.—John Johnson.
Directors.—E. N. Blake, John Johnson, D. E. Hayden, J. R. Green, J. W. Johnson, F. A. Flint, J. B. McDonald.

This venerable institution was incorporated in 1830, and in March will be fifty years old. It has done a vast deal of good in its day, though not especially a benevolent society, and is now strong and healthy, and the enjoyment of a vigorous old age. It is well officered and well managed, and we hope it will survive to celebrate its centennial.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.—At the annual election last Sunday Rev. G. H. Young was elected Superintendent; H. M. Aldrich and J. W. Johnson, Assistant Superintendents; Josephine A. Hinckley, Secretary; D. H. Richards, Jr., Treasurer; Edward F. Johnson and Winthrop Hammond, Librarians; Mr. John Winn, Miss Marietta H. Bowles, H. T. Fletcher, John T. Trull, Directors.

INDUSTRY MUST PROSPER.—"Burned out! but not played out!" are the cheerful words with which S. K. Abbott & Co. announce to their friends and customers that they are running with full equipment at 46 Federal street, Boston. They have a good place of business and there will be no interruption of the usual prompt delivery of all orders entrusted to their care.

The Lowell Journal gets out a handsome almanac for 1880, giving in addition to much seasonable reading, some account of the growing business and enterprise of Lowell, a comparative table of manufactured stocks, and the official vote of the State for Governor.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.—Rev. E. A. Horton, of Hingham, will preach next Sunday, and will inaugurate a series of special Sunday evening services. Topic:—"New England Christianity." Other prominent clergymen will follow in the course.

RABBIT KILLING.—Some rabbits were lost out in the meadow on Winn street, near Main street, Friday morning and some hounds set to worry them. Where was Officer Cooper, who is supposed to prevent cruelty to animals?

POLICE COURT.—John Burns, drunk, \$3 and costs. James Kelley, drunk, \$3 and costs, committed. Luke Payton and John Fitzgerald, vagabonds, six months each in State Workhouse, Bridgewater.

ANVIL CHORUS.—The "blacksmith" printers are hammering away at each other, and the sparks fly about in a lively fashion. The *Advertiser* began the war, and Mr. Jere Landre, in his New Year occasional, puts in this ringing blows. Listen to the music:—

There are people who think they know just how a newspaper ought to be run, and tell you about it. The principal thing lacking with such is experience.—*Advertiser, Dec. 25.*

All the experience the *Advertiser* man has, he gained since the advent of his half-shell sheet for public suffrage, or rather the publication he had suffered since its advent.

Printing was once considered an art, but now almost any blacksmith who hasn't finished his apprenticeship can do the thing up brown. The possibilities of the future are immense.—*Advertiser, Dec. 25.*

The only part of the art that he knows anything about, is as far as the publication of his vise sheet is concerned, even that has been a damage to him ever since his first publication. The unmitigated cheek, or rather brazen effrontery, with which he speaks of "any blacksmith" who hasn't finished his apprenticeship, has caused no little amusement, as well as inquiry, as to where and when he became a "blacksmith" editor. His contemporary, though more learned in the art, is the only one of the two who can lay claim to any perfection in the art. He also seems to have forgotten that the printing art was invented for others besides himself.

LEGAL TOWN MEETING.

—If the Town Meeting of Sept. 22, 1873 was illegal, and Sheridan street is a private way, just as it is the meeting had not been held, then Poole street at North Woburn, and Reed street, leading from Pleasant street to Rag Rock avenue, are no streets. The Town at that meeting, in addition to accepting the three above-mentioned streets, instructed the Selectmen to place seats on the Common to provide text-books for the scholars in the public schools, adopted the regulations of the Fire Department, appropriated \$5,000 for grading streets where water pipes were laid, instructed the Commissioners to lay water pipes in Salem, Bedford, Canal and Buck streets, and instructed the Selectmen to petition the Legislature for authority to issue water bonds to the amount of \$100,000. Where are we?

INSTALLATION.—Wednesday evening, the officers, elect and appointed, of Mt. Horch Lodge, F. and A. M., were installed by Right Worshipful, W. T. Grammer, as follows:—

Charles A. Sweetser, W. M.

S. Frank Trull, S. W.

Thomas J. White, J. W.

Frank B. Dodge, Treasurer.

Sparrow Horton, Secretary.

Charlie A. Jones, Chaplain.

Leonard Fowle, S. D.

C. Frank Kelley, Marshal.

W. F. Davis, S. S.

S. Herbert Richardson, J. S.

L. W. Perham, I. S.

A. V. Haynes, Tyler.

Retiring Master, C. A. Jones, was pre-

sented with an elegant Past Master's jewel.

BATTLE ECHOES.

—Don't miss the lecture by Mr. Burrows next Thursday evening. He was a soldier in the 16th regiment, and subsequently served in the Veteran Reserve.

He was detailed to visit the battle-fields at the close of the war, and has a splendid collection of interesting relics, which he will exhibit.

Mr. Burrows' address last Decoration Day will be remembered as a finished production, and of unusual interest.

His present lecture will be found to be much more so, and we bespeak a crowded house.

The tickets are put at the low price of 25 cents, within the reach of all, and no one who goes will be sorry.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

—At a meeting of Rumford Lodge, held Tuesday evening, the following officers were installed by D. D. G., Walter S. Barnes and wife, of Somerville:—Dictator, O. M. Brooks; V. D., P. L. Eaton; A. D., F. W. Borworth; Reporter, E. W. Gray; Financial Reporter, T. B. Evans; Treasurer, A. S. Wood; Chapman, C. M. Strout; Guide, C. H. Holland; Guardian, C. H. Harding; Sentinel, A. F. Blake.

The lodge have also elected the following officers:—Medical Examiner, S. W. Kelley, M. D.; Trustees, A. S. Wood, S. W. Kelley, F. A. Flint; Representative to the Grand Lodge, E. W. Gray; Alternate, A. S. Wood.

SMASH-UP.

—On Wednesday Mrs. Lewis Perry, of Stoneham, was coming up Rus-

sell's hill, on Montvale Avenue, in a top buggy, with two children, the horse shied

and the carriage struck a post on the side-

walk. The horse ran into Prospect street,

threw out Mrs. Perry and the children near

the corner, and at the mill took the top off

the buggy. Mrs. Perry was badly bruised

but the children were unhurt.

PEDESTRIANISM.

—The walking match last Saturday evening was not very fully attended. John Weaver beat John Conway in the five-mile run, completing it in 33m. 25s. In the five-mile walk, Fitzgerald won in 44m. 35s., with John Gately second. In open-to-all race there were six starters, and George H. Manning won in 32m. 40s., with Patrick McHugh second.

A NEW THING.

—Martin Ellis & Co. advertise a new thing and a good thing in today's *Journal*. They are about starting a baggage express to attend on trains at the depot, and deliver baggage in any part of the town. We have no doubt it will become popular at once.

Many of our readers will remember

Mr. W. A. Haslam, who, some twenty-five years ago, came to Woburn, and for several years took a very active part in the affairs of the town.

About ten years ago he removed to California, and was recently post master at San Luis Obispo, Cal.

He was thrown from a horse in November, and died of his injuries on the 8th of that month.

BOSTON AND MYSTIC VALLEY RAILROAD.

—The annual meeting of the Boston and Mystic Valley Railroad Corporation, which was advertised to be held at the general offices of the corporation, 168 Main street, Wednesday afternoon, met, and without transacting any business adjourned until Wednesday, Feb. 4, at the same place.

PRESENTATION.

—Last Wednesday evening the ladies of the Sodality of the church, Father Murphy vested in the vestry of the church, and Miss Alice O'Brien, speaking for her associates, presented him with an elegant book-case, which will prove a very acceptable and useful gift.

DIRECTORY ALMANAC.

—C. S. Parker, publisher of the *Advocate*, gets out a directory of Arlington in connection with his almanac for 1880, which is neat and tasty in design, and very handy and useful. The work does him much credit.

BULLETIN BOARD.

—The Bank folks have done a good thing in putting up a bulletin at their street door, giving a directory of the various apartments in the building. Slater did the painting.

CHATTERBOX.

—The *Ch*

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1880.

Journal Club Column

HIS NEW FLYING MACHINE.—An enterprising saloon-keeper on Grand River avenue is always on the lookout for any novelty that may draw customers, and perhaps that may have been known to the bland-faced old man who entered the place the other day and confidently began:

"If I could draw a crowd of one hundred men to your place here, what sum would you be willing to give me?"

"What do you mean?" asked the saloon-ist.

"It was know that I had in my possession a flying machine, and that it was to fly from your door here on a certain day and hour, wouldn't the novelty be sure to collect a thirsty crowd?"

"Yes, I think so. If you a have flying-machine and want to show it off here-to-morrow night, I'll give you a dollar, and if the machine is a success perhaps I'll buy it."

"Well, sir," continua d the old man, "in a whisper, I've got the boss! She flies from the word go! All I've got to do is to toss her into the air and away she sells. It's right down fine and no chance for failure, and I'll be on hand at seven o'clock-to-morrow night."

The master became noise about, and next evening there were fifty or sixty people in and around the saloon to witness the experiment. The old man arrived on time, having some sort of a bundle under his arm, and he collected his dollar of the saloonist and received several "treets" from the crowd. When everything was finally ready he stood on the walk clear of the spectators and said:

"Gentlemen, I warrant this thing to fly. I didn't invent it myself; but I am now acting as State agent to dispose of county rights. Hundreds of men have spent years of anxious thought and thousands of dollars in seeking to invent flying-machines, but this one leads them all. She will now fly. Please stand back and give her a chance to rise."

The crowd fell back and the man let fall the cover, hiding his bundle, gave an old speckled hen a toss in the air. She uttered a dismal squeak, sailed this way and that, and finally bumped against a telegraph post and settled down on a low shed, cackling in an indignant manner at being turned loose in a strange neighborhood. It was a full minute before the crowd was sure that it was a hen, and during that minute the old man is supposed to have run a distance of seven blocks. A few tried to overhaul him, but it was no use.—*Detroit Free Press*.

GETTING EVEN WITH THE P. M. G.—Ever since the late order of the Postmaster-General came out, a certain citizen of Detroit has been pondering on how to get even with the old chap. Yesterday he struck the idea. He entered the post office with a letter, or rather an envelope, containing only blank paper. He wrote the address on the upper left hand corner, upset the envelope and wrote the town, put the county on the lower left corner, and State where the stamp goes. Then he stuck the stamp in the center of the envelope, and below it requested to have the letter returned to him after ten days.

"It will come back," he explained, "for there is no party there by that name. I'll have to pay three cents for sending it 1,600 miles, but Uncle Sam has got to blink his eyes all over this envelope and then return it free. When this old government gets ahead of me I want to know it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

SOME QUEER THINGS.—Take, for example the following genuine notice on an Irish church door: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in the churchyard but those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me, Ephriam Grub, parish clerk." Here is another kindred specimen: "Notice—The church wardens will hold their quarterly meetings once in six weeks, instead of half yearly, as formerly." In the April of 1866, the following will was stuck up: "This house to be let forever, or longer if required." Such a house would quite match the gown mentioned by Miss Egerton, "which would wear forever, and might be converted into a petticoat afterward." Another peculiar garment is described in one of Lady Morgan's earlier novels as being composed of "an apparent tissue of woven air."—*Chamber's Journal*.

A boy from Honey Lake Valley, who for the first time in his life saw a military company out for a drill in Virginia City, with rifle and drum, gave his mother the following account of the business:—"A little man blowed on his squealin' stick, and a big man that stood beside him hammered on his thunder-box, then the boss man pulled out a big long knife and shook it at the fellers what war standin' in a long row, and they all walked off on two legs."

ELEGANCE OF HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper, or a king to set in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools for housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness; or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoolful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers in the world can gather.—*Dr. Holmes*.

"I walked the floor all night with the toothache," said he; to which his wife replied:—"You didn't expect to walk the ceiling with it, did you?"

A Washington girl says that the best way to put to confusion a man who stares at you in the street cars, is to look steadily at his feet.

His true love she was an old, old maid, about forty years or so; And he took the fiddle and gently played—"Dora, my fossil lassie, do."

Jonah is reported to have been the first man who struck oil.

Miscellaneous.

A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

A certain lodge of the independent order of odd fellows determined to have their lodge room done up clean and nice. It was resolved unanimously that Mrs. K. should be employed to do the job. After the meeting adjourned, the guardian, who knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. K., procured a billy-goat and placed him in a closet that was kept as a reservoir for the secret things. He then informed the lady of the wishes of the lodge, and requested her to come early next morning, and he would show her what was and what was not to be done. Morning came, and with it Madam K. with broom, brushes, pails, etc., and found the guardian waiting.

"Now, madam," said he, "I'll tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you. The brothers said it was difficult to get anybody to do the job, and not be meddled with the secrets of the closet; we have lost the key, and cannot find it to lock the door. I assured them that you can be depended on."

"Depended on! I guess I can. My poor and dead and gone husband, he belonged to the free masons or anti-masons, I don't know which. He used to tell me all the secrets of the concern, and when he showed me all the marks the gridiron made when he was initiated, and told me how they fixed Morgan, I never told a living soul to this day; if nobody troubles your closet to find out your secrets till I do, they will lie there till the rot, they will."

"I thought so," said the guardian, "and now I want you to commence in that corner, give the whole room a decent cleaning, and I pledge my word and honor for the fidelity to your promise; don't go into the closet," and then left the woman to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his feet on the last step of the stairs then she exclaimed, "Don't go into that closet! I'll warrant there's a gridiron, or some nonsense, just like the anti-masons for all the world, I'll be bound. I will take one peep, and nobody will be any the wiser as I can keep it to myself." Susting the action to the word she stepped lightly to the forbidden closet, turned the button, which was sooner done than "bali!" went the billy-goat, with a spring to regain his liberty that came near upsetting her ladyship. Both started for the door, but it was filled with implements for house cleaning, and all were swept clear from their position down to the bottom of the stairs.

The noise and confusion occasioned by such unceremonious coming down the stairs drew half the town to witness Mrs. K.'s efforts to get from under the pails, tubs, brooms, and brushes in the street.

Who should be the first to the spot but the rascally doorkeeper? After releasing the goat, which was a cripple for life, and uplifting the rubbish that bound the good woman to the earth he anxiously inquired if she had been taking the degress. "Taking the degress!" exclaimed the lady, "if you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs with the devil after you taking things by degrees I have them, and if ye frightened folkies as ye frightened me, and hurt to boot, I'll warrant they will make as much noise as I did."

"I hope you did not open the closet, madam," said the doorkeeper.

"Open the closet? Eve eat the apple she was forbidden. If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to do it, and she'll do it certain. I could not stand the temptation. The secret was there. I wanted to know it. I opened the door, and out popped the farnal critter right into my face. I thought the old boy had me, and I broke for the stairs with the critter butting at every jump. I fell over the tub, and got down-stairs as you found us, all in a heap."

"But, madam," said the doorkeeper, "you are in possession of the great secret of our order, and you must go up to be initiated and sworn, and then go in the regular way."

"Regular way!" exclaimed the lady, "and do you suppose I am going near the tarnal place and ride that ar tarnal critter without a bridle of a lady's saddle? No, never! I don't want nothing to do with the man that rides it. I'd look nice perched upon a billy-goat, wouldn't I? No, never! I'll never go nigh it again, nor you shall either—if I can prevent it, no lady shall ever join the odd fellows. Why, I'd sooner be a free mason, and be broiled on a gridiron as long as the fire could be kept under it, and pulled from garret to cellar with a halter, in a pair of old breeches and slippers, just as was my poor dear husband. And he lived over it, but I never could live over another such ride as I took to-day."

ELEGANCE OF HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper, or a king to set in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools for housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness; or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut.

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A young lady in Vassar College claims that Phthisiology should be pronounced Thriner, and gives the following little table to explain her theory:—

1.—Phth (as in phthisis) is T
2.—olo (as in colonel) is U
3.—gn (as in gnat) is N
4.—yrh (as in myrrh) is ER

JACK'S LESSON.

Here is a true story. Jack H. told it to me of his own boyhood. He was born and reared in the north of Ireland. The winters there are not usually severe, he says, but occasionally they have some very deep snows.

Father came through the shed where I was fixing some straps to my new shoes one day, and said, "Jack, do you get the sheep together before night, in the lower fold. It looks as if this storm might last all night; if it should, it may be more easily done to day than to-morrow."

I looked through the opened door at the snow, which was falling gently and steadily. It did not seem to be much of a storm. But I had been taught unquestioning obedience, and only replied: "Yes, sir; I will," and went with my work. Before it was finished Tom Higgins came, and he had a new plan for making a rabbit trap, and we spent half the afternoon trying to carry it into execution, and the short winter day passed and the sheep were not folded. In short it quite slipped my memory, only to be recalled by my father's question as he drove the family bible toward him for evening worship, "Jack, have you folded those sheep?"

The blood leaped to my forehead as I was forced to reply, "No, sir! I got to playing with Tom, and forgot it."

The silence that followed my reply was dreadful to me. If my father had upbraided me with anger, I think I could have borne it better.

"I am very sorry, sir," I managed to stammer out at last.

"I fear you will have a very good reason to be so," said my father. "If those sheep are lost to-night, I want you to remember there will be no more play for you till they are found. People who will not take trouble will be overtaken by trouble."

Nothing more was said. The reading and the psalms and the prayer over, I slipped away to bed, taking a peep, as I went through the shed door to see how the storm was progressing. It was it had increased, and the wind was rising.

Nothing had power to keep me long awake in those days, however, so I slept soundly. In the morning I found the storm still raging. The snow lay deep on the ground and the wind was drifting it into hollows and packing it away into solid masses. Father came in from taking a survey of the weather, bringing a rod full fifteen feet long.

"The snow is deep," said he, "I am troubled about those sheep; they always seek shelter in the hollows and along the hedges, just where the drifts will be the deepest. How shall find them I do not know. I hope you are ready for a week's hard work, my son."

"Yes, sir; I am sorry, and will do my best," I replied.

"Your best would have gone much farther yesterday than it will to-day. But we will not spend our strength in groaning over a bad job. After breakfast we will go out and try what we can do."

"In this storm, father?" said my mother, deprecatingly. "It is the worst storm of the year. The snow blows so you can scarce find your way."

"There are two hundred of these sheep," said my father, "and I can't afford to lose them."

Breakfast over, we bound on our snow-shoes, and with the long pole and a snow-shovel went out to seek for the lost sheep. It cleared a little before noon, though the wind still sent the snow whirling about our faces; Father found one here and another there, and I was set to dig them out. Fifteen sheep were found and brought home that day as a result.

The next day the neighbors came and helped, for the weather had moderated, and there was always danger that a sudden thaw would follow such deep snows and the sheep would drown before they could be rescued. One by one, in twos and threes, the poor creatures were found and taken from the snow. But at the end of a week of search and hard digging there were still seventy-five missing.

"How long will any live under the snow, father?" I asked, when a second week of work had only reduced the number of missing sheep to forty.

"I have heard of their living three weeks," said my father, "we'll keep on as long as we can find any alive."

The snow had settled into compact masses nearly thirty feet deep in some of the valleys, but still we found now and then a sheep by the hole which the warm breath of the creature made in the snow as it rose. I searched diligently for these holes. Little cared I that I had not a moment's play in all the days since the storm. I was anxious that all the sheep should be found alive. I think the first real prayer I ever offered, were sent up that the thaw might keep away till the sheep were found.

It did keep away wonderfully. At the end of three weeks all but twenty-four were rescued. Still we searched, and now and then found a poor creature, famished and emaciated, but alive, which we carried to the farmhouse and consigned to my mother and the girls, who chafed, and fed, and tended till it was won back to some degree of strength, while we spared no time from the search.

"It's no use to hunt longer; the rest are all dead," said my father one night, when we were coming home dispirited and weary, having found five of the poor things lying together drowned in one of the hollows. "I have worked well. I think I must release you now."

But I would not be released. The word had been "No play till every sheep is found," and, alive or dead, they should all be found. I toiled alone the next day, but I found three, and one was alive. The thaw carried away the snow so fast that I had less and less area to search over now.

But it was poor encouragement to work, for all I found were dead. A dozen times I was tempted to yield to my mother's persuasions not to throw away any more labor. But my father said not a word, and I kept on.

"The sheep are all found now, father; I took off the pelt of the last of the dead to-morn."

He was silent.

1880.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

"Studying the subject objectively and from the educational point of view, I provide for you what, taken altogether, will be a good service to the public. I have concluded that, if I could have but one work for a public library, I would select a complete set of *Harper's Monthly*."

Contributions are contributed by the most eminent authors and artists of Europe and America, while the long exercises of its columns make them thoroughly conversant with the interests of the public, which they will spare no effort to gratify.

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No Rubber. No Springs.

Liked by everybody.

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Order by mail should be accompanied by measure right from shoulder to left back button.

Send for sample.

FOR SALE BY

1851.

1880

THE Woburn JOURNAL.

30th VOLUME.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest

THE STORIES

which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor.

The Journal will continue to be a live newspaper treating of

THE LUMBER!

EASTERN, WESTERN, and NORTHERN LUMBER,

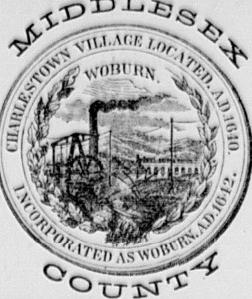
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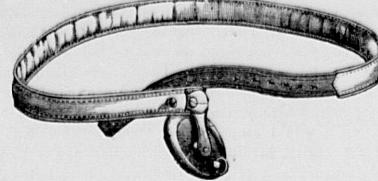
JOURNAL.

VOL XXX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

NO. 3.

TRUSSES



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9.10, 11.00, 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15,
7.50 P. M. Mondays and Thursdays at 3.30 P. M. Saturdays
at 8.50 P. M.

Leicester Station Centre at 6.35, 7.20, 9.00, 10.35
A. M., 12.35, 1.40, 3.35, 4.45, 5.50, 7.05 P. M.
Mondays and Thursdays at 9.00 P. M. Saturdays
at 9.15 P. M.

12 DEXTER CARTER, Sup't.

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Civil Engineer and Surveyor

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE

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Poetical Selection.

HIGHER, STILL HIGHER.

The moon from the east, in her glimmering car,
Urged her steeds towards her zenith star,
And her spokes and her tires dash silvery spray
Down the cool silent air, in her radiant way,
As she gaudeth her team, with an eager desire
To sweep up the sky. "Oh, higher, still higher."

And the wild eagle, feeding her clamorous young,
Shakes off the dews that cool o'er her clings,
And springs from her home on the mountain high,
And spreads her wings darkly along on the sky,
Till her plumes seem to burn in the blazing fire—
Yet exulteth she screams, "Oh, higher, still higher."

And the billows draw on their whirling white shrouds,
And beat their bold heads on the low-swinging clouds,
As faint they would burst the mists, mists pale!
That hangs on the wings of the swift-flying squall,
And plunge in the lights that over them flame,
And thundering, "higher, oh, higher, the same."

And the century oak, that dared all the blasts,
Smooths o'er the plumes on her soft swelling breast;
For ages, of lightnings that harmless it passed,
And beat 'gainst the stars through all the night long,
Catching low bars of their triumphal song,
Yet still now it moans in each quivering lyre, "Upward and onward—Oh, higher, still higher!"

The lark in the grass by her dew-lighted nest
Smooths o'er the plumes on her soft swelling breast;

When amber flames raze o'er the eastern skies,
And the purple air parts while singing she flies—
Her chants growing wilder, and her wings never tire,
As she soars like a star, "Oh, higher, still higher!"

And thus oh, man, thou likonest them all!
Like meteors they rise, like meteors fall;

Though you blaze like a rocket along on the sky,
Yet prone in the earth you darkly must lie.

Then pray that thy spirit, with a holy desire,
Shall wing in the skies, "Oh, higher, still higher!"

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,

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Leather Machinery,
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Polishing and Pebbling Jacks, etc.

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answer all the requirements of the traveling public.

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specialty.

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Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all
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class portraits, \$2.00. Club Pictures to schools
and families, 12 tickets for \$10. Copying of all kinds
is done at a very reasonable price.

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22 BIRD WIRE.

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Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At No. 304 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.
Subscriptions, 5 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents each. Name on this page, showing to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

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BATTLE ECHOES.—Mr. James Burrows, gave a very interesting address in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening, entitled Battle Echoes. It consisted of a recital, by an actor in the scenes of strife, of the battles of Chancellorsville, Wilderness, and Spotsylvania. In the former, the speaker, who was in Joe Hooker's Brigade, was wounded and taken prisoner. His graphic description of the battle, his receiving a wound, his capture by the rebels, his experience at "Locust Grove," the parole of the prisoners, and his return to his regiment, made an impression on his audience that will not soon be effaced. The incident of the needle case, and the important change in the order of battle which it suggested was related with thrilling effect. The terrible day in front of "The Death Angle," was painted in startling colors, and the picture will not quickly fade away. His relics were interesting, both to old soldiers and civilians, but to the former, the slab of hard task possessed the greatest interest. The lecture was well received, and although it extended over an hour and a half, the audience would gladly have heard him longer.

STEAM HEATING.—The heating of buildings by steam is becoming more and more popular, deservedly so on account of its economy, neatness, and healthful considerations. Simonds' factory, the Depot, and the Laundry are heated by steam from Simonds' boiler. The Methodist Church, stores, and parsonage are heated by steam from a boiler in the cellar of the church. The Journal office is heated this winter by steam generated in the press room. David Ronco, who rebuilt his house on Canal street this summer, has it heated by steam. All the tanneries are heated by steam as a matter of course, that being the cheapest method that could be adopted. C. H. Buss is now putting in a boiler for the purpose of heating his store, and the other apartments in the building numbered 170, 172, and 174 Main street. Steam heat is cheap, genial, and healthy, and we hope to see it adopted more generally.

FIRE IN A TANNERY.—A little after three o'clock, Friday morning, an alarm was given from District Five, which proved to be a fire in E. N. Blake & Co.'s tannery. The watchman reports that he was through the building half an hour previous, and found all right. The fire caught in the buffing room, in the boxing around the steam pipes, and spread rapidly. The firemen were on hand with their usual promptness and confined the fire to the room where it started and the loft above. There was probably \$20,000 worth of stock in the building. The firm had \$4,600 on the building and permanent machinery, \$2000 on their tools, and \$10,000 on their stock, insured at G. H. Conn's Agency. The loss on the building is estimated at about \$1500; on the machinery \$500, and on the stock \$10,000.

SELECTMEN.—All present Thursday evening but Cummings. The petition of Patrick Grant, and others, for the extension of Houghton street to Rag Rock Avenue was referred to the Committee on Highways. The report of the Chief of Police on unlicensed dogs was accepted. Voted that the Chief of Police under direction of the Police Committee take proper action in reference to gates swinging outward on the sidewalk. The matter of the Town Meetings of July 15, Aug. 1, and Sept. 22, 1873, was considered, it having been shown that they were improperly called, and action at those meetings was a nullity, it was voted to refer the subject to the Committee on Claims to investigate and report a course of action.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.—At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank, the following gentlemen were elected Directors:—Edward D. Hayden, John Johnson, Ebenezer N. Blake, W. T. Grammer, John M. Harlow, Jacob Brown, Griffin Place, Charles H. Brown (Stoneham), Edward L. Shaw. The Directors subsequently elected E. D. Hayden, and John Johnson Vice President.

The Mishawum Club are to give their 13th annual ball, in Lyceum Hall, on Friday evening, Jan. 30. This club has a well earned reputation, as regard their parties, and none who attended their Centennial Ball in 1876, can forget the enjoyment of that occasion. They propose making this a Fancy Dress Party, and have engaged the services of the German Orchestra.

SNOW STORM.—The rain of Monday changed to snow during the night, and snow fell until Tuesday afternoon, when the weather turned cold, and very fair sleighing was the result. Wednesday was warm, and Thursday it rained. Friday opened cold, and the sleighing is still very fair.

ANOTHER SMALL HALL.—The hall on the second floor of the Fox Building, formerly occupied as a billiard hall, can now be rented for small meetings, or as a banquet hall by organizations who use Grand Army Hall. Apply to T. H. Hill & Co.

DRAMATIC.—Mark Allen's combination played to a fair house, on Wednesday, the "Miller of Derwent Water," and "Taming a Tiger."

At the Unitarian Church on Sunday evening, Rev. George H. Young will, by request, repeat his lecture on "Recreations and Amusements."

POLICE COURT.—John Chambers, drunk, \$3 and costs. Thomas Kenney, drunk, \$5 and costs.

DROWNED IN A BROOK.—Early Tuesday morning, Charles S. Brown, clerk in the Post Office, on his way to work, crossed the brook at Whitehead's lumber yard, and noticed something unusual in the water, but as it was covered with snow, and the light was dim, gave it but little attention. Thinking over the matter it occurred to him it might be a man, and on returning found that it was indeed as he had feared. Summoning assistance, the body was taken from the water, when it proved to be John Banfield, a carpenter, formerly employed by Geo. W. Kimball, and boarding with Mrs. McCabe, on Mt. Pleasant court. The body was lying face down in about ten inches of water, with the feet under the plank by which people cross the brook. Probably in attempting to cross the brook during the night he had missed his footing and fallen into the water. A mark on his forehead led some to suppose that as he fell he struck a stone in the bed of the stream, which stunned him, and made him unable to help himself or cry for assistance. There are two houses within one hundred yards of where he fell in, and had he made any outcry he must have attracted attention; his boarding place is within two hundred yards of where he was drowned.

Medical examiner Winsor was notified, and viewed the body at the lumber shed where it had been laid. After some inquiries he became satisfied that death resulted from accidental causes, and he turned the body over to Undertaker Allen, representing Mrs. Rufus Lamkin, a sister of the deceased. Banfield was a member of Post 33, G. A. R. He had a daughter living in Cambridge.

Banfield was buried in Malden, on Wednesday, he owning a lot in the cemetery in that town. A delegation of six comrades from Post 33 were the bearers.

KITTY LOUGEE.—The charming and talented young actress so well known in this district was the centre piece of another entertainment given last evening at Waverley Hall, this time appearing in "Flirtation," and also in the farce "Rough Diamond." Her appearance in "Divorce" some weeks ago was an opportunity for a display of her powers, but she was equal to the occasion and won many encomiums from competent critics. Her presentation of Laura in "Flirtation" was as finished a character as the piece demanded. Following this in the "Rough Diamond" was a part that called for an entirely different phase of acting, but it only proved her versatility. Several times she was encored and drawn before the curtain. We are not surprised that she should have been so popular in the West, and without doubt she will soon establish an enviable home reputation.—*Bunker Hill Times*.

Miss Lougee appears in Lyceum Hall next Wednesday. See advertisement.

HIGH SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.—Next Monday evening Dr. S. W. Kelley will deliver the essay. The entertainment will begin promptly at quarter of eight, and the following programme will be presented:—

Introduction, Sketch of Young, Dr. S. W. Kelley, Reading—"Life, Death, and Immortality," Miss M. T. Hosmer, Mr. F. J. Brown, Sketch of Thompson, Dr. Kelley,

Reading—"Hymn to the Seasons," Miss Mary E. Briggs, Reading—"Showers in Spring," Miss Mary E. Simonds, Sketch of Collins, Dr. Kelley, Reading—"The Camel Driver," Mr. Edward Cummings, Reading—"The Elegy," Miss F. Bond, Mr. F. J. Brown, Sketch of Thompson, Dr. Kelley, Reading—"Hymn to the Seasons," Miss Mary E. Briggs, Reading—"Showers in Spring," Miss Mary E. Simonds, Sketch of Collins, Dr. Kelley, Reading—"The Camel Driver," Mr. Edward Cummings, Reading—"The Elegy," Miss F. Bond, Mr. F. J. Brown, Sketch of Thompson, Dr. Kelley, Reading—"Hymn to the Seasons," Miss Mary E. Briggs, Reading—"Showers in Spring," Miss Mary E. Simonds, Sketch of Collins, Dr. Kelley, Reading—"The Camel Driver," Mr. Edward Cummings, Reading—"The Elegy," Miss F. Bond, Mr. F. J. Brown, Sketch of Thompson, Dr. Kelley, Reading—"Hymn to the Seasons," Miss Mary E. Briggs, Reading—"Showers in Spring," Miss Mary E. 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NEVER SNUB A CHILD.—That was what our minister said in his sermon a few weeks ago, and if those four words made as much impression on the rest of his congregation as they did on us, that sermon will prove of more practical value than most that are preached, and the children of generations yet unborn will have good reason to rise up and call the preacher blessed. We have no idea of giving a report of that sermon, or even a synopsis of it. What we have quoted is in itself a sufficient topic for consideration, and enough to furnish food for thought through one sitting.

"Never snub a child." Mind that, you fathers and mothers who will read this! Think for a moment what is the effect a hasty, thoughtless word may make on the child's disposition. The little one may come to you when you are worn out by toil, tired from mental labor, engaged in reading or in conversation, or busied with some perplexing task, and trouble you with an innocent question. If you are vexed, don't show it; don't fret; don't look cross; don't speak hastily; answer the question as well as you can—some questions that children ask are not easily answered—and send the child away kindly. Its pleasant face will diffuse light and love over the whole house and do you a better service than you may be aware of. A frown, a rebuke, even the slightest check will show its effect on the child's countenance, and you may be sure it goes deeper than you can see, and last longer than you may think.

No opportunity to cultivate a child's self-respect should be neglected. That is the foundation of true manhood, and he who builds on any other builds on a quicksand. Better than that is the education of the schools or fortunate business connections, high birth or influential friends. These are all well as adjuncts, but altogether they are less to be desired than that self-respect which begets confidence, energy and self-reliance.

If you want to try an experiment, take a dog and subject it for six months to the same treatment some children receive, and observe the effect. Our word for it, you will give it such a disposition that it will be known all over your neighborhood as an animal to be avoided. What sort like effects are produced on all other animals. There are, of course, differences. Some will be more easily affected than others, as their natural dispositions differ, but a harsh word is never without injury, and, if this is the case with animals whose appreciation of praise or blame must be comparatively small, what must be the result when a really organized child is the subject?

Many brutal instincts may, in a measure, be overcome by kindness, and, on the contrary, humanity becomes dulled by undeserved reproof, even when it is not formulated in words. The world would be better if there were more kindly words, and many a child grows up to be a hardened, unloving man who, if reared in an atmosphere of kindness, would have nourished the seeds of affection planted in his youthful days, and in his maturity been a blessing to all around him.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A gentleman of this city, somewhat offended at our comments upon the fact that payment was not made to the man who had his load of hay and wagon burned, by a lighted match applied by a son of the irate gentleman, came into our office the other day in an indignant mood, and after giving us a fitting and proper reprimand, proceeded to tear up a copy of *Journal* and obnoxious article and scatter the fragments about the floor, stating that he had taken the paper for five years, but that another copy should never cross his threshold. He also stated he did not pay the demand because he believed it to be exorbitant.

Some years ago, a gentleman of Philadelphia met the Editor of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, a paper of vast circulation, and stated that he had stopped it. The Editor said at once to the man,—"stopped my paper, let us go and inquire into the facts." Accordingly they went to the *Ledger* building and found its vast machinery in full operation. Why, said the Editor to his companion, I thought you said you stopped the *Ledger*. "Oh!" said the man, "I only meant that I stopped my copy of the *Ledger*."—*Newton Journal.*

Trains are very plain this season.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

They are, awfully plain. Once in a while when they make up a freight train from the Red, Blue and White lines, and put in an oil tank or two, there is a little variety, but there won't be anything really rich and artistic in trains until Barnum gets on the road with those cars frescoed with blue monkeys, yellow tigers, purple elephants, striped snakes and things, engaged in bloody and mortal combat.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

COUNTERFEIT.—A new photographic \$5 counterfeit on the Pacific National Bank, of Boston, Mass., has just appeared in San Francisco, Cal. Letter B; treasury No. E 171,783; bank No. 3033; series 1875; John Allison, register; Jas. Gilfillan, treasurer. The note has a blurred appearance. The numbers are much darker than on the genuine. It presents the same general appearance as the counterfeit fives on the Globe National Bank, of Boston, and the Dedham National Bank, of Dedham, Mass.

Special Notices.

A CARD.—The members of Hose Co. No. 6 hereby tender their thanks to F. B. Dodge for the gift of an elegant clock, to the ladies of Central Square for the gift of a handsome mirror, and to all those who so readily assisted and contributed towards the success of our Dedication. Per order,

W. F. COOK, Foreman.
Woburn, Jan. 16, 1880.

A CARD.

T. V. Sullivan wishes to express his most grateful thanks to the members of the Fire Department, Police, Grand Army, and others, who have so kindly rendered him aid in his hour of physical suffering. May you never want like assistance; but, should Providence so order, may you have as kind sympathizers.

104 T. V. SULLIVAN.

A CARD.

The undersigned desire to express their thanks to the Fire Department of Woburn for their valuable aid in stopping the fire at our tannery. Also to the citizens who assisted in removing the stock.

E. N. BLAKE & CO.
Woburn, Jan. 16, 1880.

WM. H. RICHARDSON'S HYGIENIC BOOTS,

Hand-sewed, made to measure, at
25 Bromfield St., Room 2, BOSTON.

We have constantly on hand and for sale, Ladies' Double Sole Gaitor Boots, Ladies' Calks, Cloth Boots wear without Rubbers, Ladies' Soft Cloth Shoes, Children's Alligator Skin Supporting Boots with Richardson's Patent Combs, All kinds of Gents' Boots made to order.

Our work is all Hand-Sewed.

WM. H. RICHARDSON,
Please Call, 25 Bromfield St., Boston.

Married.

In Woburn, Jan. 6th, by Rev. J. Quenly, Burnard Mowen and Anna Fox.

In Woburn, Jan. 6th, by Rev. J. Quenly, Patrick McGovern and Mary Gaffney.

In Woburn, Jan. 6th, by Rev. J. Quenly, Elbridge Taylor and Mary Cox.

DEFECTIVE SIGHT.
We correct all defects in sight, in old eyes or young; near sight, for sight or weak sight, with the Perfect Lens—Spectacles and Eye Glasses, perfectly adjusted to the eye. Address G. Dodge, Apothecary and Optical Goods.

DODGE'S DRUG STORE,
165 Main Street, 51 Woburn.

Died.
Date, name, and age, insert free; all other notices to cents a line.

In Woburn, Jan. 12, John Banfield, aged 40 years.

In Woburn, Jan. 15, Charles, son of Eugene and Mary E. Reddy, aged 2 months.

For Sale and To Let.

TO LET.—Stall and Carriage Room. Address P. O. Box 75.

FOR SALE.—A Bay Horse, seven and a half years old, weighs 112 lbs., sound and very kind and gentle, will work hard, and be afraid of cars or any known object; is perfectly safe for a woman to ride or harness, was bred by St. Lawrence of New Hampshire, can trot a mile in three minutes, driving, riding, jumping. Price \$250. Address B., Woburn Journal Office.

TO LET.—A five room cottage on Sherman St. Apply to Dr. HUTCHINGS.

ROOMS TO LET, suitable for light manufacturing or for offices. Can be arranged to suit tenants. Steam Power furnished if desired. Address G. F. JONES.

Collector's Notice.

The public and the owners and occupants of the following described parcel of Real Estate, situated in the Town of Winchester, Mass., are hereby notified that the same is now and then held remain unpaid, and that said parcels of Real Estate will be offered by public auction for sale by the estate of tax, on the 1st day of February, 1880, at the Selectmen's Office, on the third floor of the Town Hall, at two o'clock P. M., for the payment of said taxes, together with the cost and charges thereon, unless the same shall be paid before the time of sale.

Mrs. ANNIE L. CLEMENT, of Boston.—Lots Nos. 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, and 40, on plan of J. B. Judkins, drawn by Josiah Hovey, July 1874, containing 400 square feet, bounded northerly by land of any known object; is perfectly safe for a woman to ride or harness; was bred by St. Lawrence of New Hampshire, can trot a mile in three minutes, driving, riding, jumping. Price \$250. Address B., Woburn Journal Office.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

Journal Club Column

THE OUTRAGED LANDLORD.—The proprietor of a boarding hotel in Cincinnati, desiring to know how his clerk treated his guests when he was not around, borrowed a suit of clothes and with a badly used carpetbag in hand entered the office and going to the register wrote his name. We will let him tell the story in his own way:

"Nice day," I said, as I ornamented the register with my stage name.

"Glad to hear it," said the clerk, as he fixed his necktie at a looking-glass in the office.

"What time kin I get a train to Hackensack?" I asked, for I known that particular clerk was strong on time-tables, and I wanted to fetch him out af're the invited guests, who were sittin' around skinn' it all in. He said, never once takin' himself away from the looking-glass:

"See here, my bald-headed patriarch, you don't see no people sleeping around here on benches with their valises between their feet, do you? You don't see no men shovin' trucks around loaded with trunks, do you?

You don't observe any little girls runnin' around with apples to sell, do you? No, I reckon not! This is no depot, dear sir. If you take me for a ticket-agent, a baggage-smasher, or a brakeman, you get left. I run a hotel, not a mere railroad."

"I was as mad as a wet hen, but I waited a spell. When he got his necktie to run parallel with his moustache he turned around an' asked me what I was after, an' if I would mind removin' my carpet-sack from the counter an' carryin' it out to the stable, where it evidently belonged.

"This was rubbin' your grandfather the wrong way of the ha'r, but, as I had gone into the scheme for the good of clerks in general, I naturally thought I could stand it if they could."

"I said I would like to have a room, if it was all the same to him.

"He said he would give me a room in the cellar, only he was afraid I might sprout.

"Young man," said I, drin' up, "I hev money to pay an' sleep in the bridal-chamber, an' I want to procure, to take no lip from eny stuck-up hotel-clerk."

"Who's a stuck-up hotel-clerk?" he yelled, dancin' out of his little den an' puttin' up his hands. "Who's a stuck-up hotel-

clerk?"

"I told him I was only jokin' an' was willin' an' anxious to take it all back but he wouldn't have it. He danced 'round, an' bobbed up and down, an' finally took that! an' that! an' I did as he recommended. When I was beginnin' to get back at him he struck the bell, an' sev'儿 porters seized me and hustled me out on the street, the clerk bringin' up the rear as it were with his booted shoes. On the sidewalk a policeman collared me, an' I was locked up for thirty-six hours afore I could get a chance to explain things."

SEEING A MAN HOME.—I picked Simons up pretty near dead drunk, and took him home. When I got to his house, as I thought, I shook him a bit, and said, "Here you are." "Right," said he and gave a big bang at the knocker. Up went a window. "I have brought the old man home," said I. "All right," she cried, and came to the door. She immediately seized hold of Simons and gave him such a shaking that his teeth seemed to rattle in his head. "Who are you shaking of," he says. "Goodness gracious," cried the woman, "that is not my husband's voice." I struck a match, and she found she had been shaking the wrong man. "There," said the woman furiously, I've been sitting up here expecting my husband home drunk, and now I've wasted my strength on a stranger." "Don't he live here?" said I. "No," said the woman, "he doesn't." "What made you knock," said I to Simons. "Knock," said he, "you told me to." "I thought you lived here," said I. "Glad I don't," said he. I suppose he was thinking of the shaking he'd had. At last I found where he did live and got him home. Mrs. Simons was sitting up for him. As soon as ever we knocked out she came. "Oh!" says she, your the wretch as makes my poor husband drunk, are you?" and she brought me a slap across the face. I've never seen a drunker man home since.—Tobacco Plant.

HE HADN'T EATEN MUCH.—It was Sunday afternoon, and young Mr. Staylight had stopped until they were forced to ask him to take supper; the best china and the extra silver graced the table, and one of the best napkins was placed before young Mr. Staylight's plate, for the family desired to create all the impression possible upon the susceptible mind. His young lady was conducting herself with great credit, and the young man was more than ever in love with her, when the mother said, passing the cake for the second time:—

"Won't you have another piece, Mr. Staylight?"

"No, thank you," said the young man in his politest tone, "not any more."

"Oh, do have just one more," urged the mother, smiling sweetly; "you haven't eaten hardly anything."

The young brother, who sat opposite and had been instructed not to ask twice for anything, much to his disgust, saw his opportunity and snorted out, with great malice:—

"Huh! I shouldn't think he had! he's eaten four hanks of tongue, three biscuits, two plates of sauce, two of them tarts, and both kinds of cake—and, mother! sis keeps kicking me under the table! Make her stop."

They brought Mr. Staylight to by dashing ice water in his face.

When two young people, with singleness of purpose sit up with each other, and when the clock strikes twelve, he says, "Is it possible?" and she says, "Why, I didn't know it was so late," you may draw your conclusions that if the business boom continues, a unified couple will be hunting a house to rent in the spring.

"How came you to fail in your examination?" asked a tutor of one of his pupils; "I thought I crammed you thoroughly."

"Well, you see," replied the student, "the trouble was that you crammed me so tight I couldn't get it out."

Miscellaneous.

THE WAY THE CAPTAIN'S PATENT WORKED.—Having piped all hands to splice the mainbrace, the cap' had the first mate of the farm tow out the horse and wagon, and ascending the quarterdeck of the craft, he took possession of the tiller ropes (as he styled the reins,) and said:

"Now, boys, my invention is very simple—I might make a million dollars out of it maybe, but I ain't going to patent it; you can use it if you want to. I've simply fastened a twenty-fathom line onto the mainmast axle of the craft, and put on a stout grapnel. I shall bring this here horse along the road under double-reefed topsails, and then one of you cusses scare him—open an umbrella at him, or something; then when he goes tearing along about twenty-knots an hour, and won't answer to his helm, I'll just drop the anchor and ride out the gale. Git up!"

The horse came jogging gently down the road, when, according to the programme, the first mate pushed out and hit him a belt over the nose with a blanket. The terrified animal stood on his hind legs for a moment and then struck a course northwest by north with great celerity. The interested spectators beheld the fearless cap'n sitting unmoved, though the buggy bent and careened before the breeze, then with a triumphant smile they saw him heave out the anchor with a merry, "Yo, heave, ho?" The grapnel dragged for a few moments in the treacherous sands of the road, then caught in a rock. Cap'n Cornwell rose into the air like a bird on the wing, and sailed majestically forward, alighting on his car. The horse stood on his head for a second, and then resumed his onward course at the rate of least seventy miles an hour, and amid a frightful crashing, ripping, tearing and smashing, all the wagon vanished into thin air except a piece of the mizzen axle, to which the anchor had been fastened.

"Why did you write a piece about old Tominson's hen and never speak of my new gate?"

Whatever answer he was going to frame to this appeal was cut short by the astonishing query:

"What did you spell my name wrong in the programme for?"

The miserable man turned to flee, when he was rooted to the ground by this terrible demand:

"Why did you put my marriage among the deaths?"

He was on the point of saying that the foreman did it, when a shrill voice madly cried:

"You spoiled the sale of my horse by publishing that runaway."

And another said:

"If I catch you alone I'll kill you for what you said about me when I was before the Police Court!"

Another:

"Why didn't you show up the school system when I told you to?"

And this was followed by the voice of a female hysterically proclaiming:

"This is the brute who botched my poetry and made me ridiculous!"

Whereupon hundreds of loud voices screamed:

"Where is my article? Give me back my article!"

And in the midst of the horrid din the poor wretch awoke, perspiring at every pore and screaming for help.

THE HANDWRITING.—Very little indeed of character can properly be inferred from handwriting, for this excellent reason, that only those parts of the character which are chiefly active while the hand is being first acquired and formed,—not those which are at work when it is used for its highest purposes,—can well express themselves in the handwriting. To find candor, amiability, sympathy, courage, distrust, suspicion, malice, cowardice, etc., in the handwriting is to us almost necessarily imaginary. The hand is formed under conditions which do not bring out or exercise such characteristics as at all, in the case of ninety-nine men and women out of a hundred. It is formed under conditions which do give room, on the contrary, for the play of patience, energy, flexibility of mind, and a certain dash or awkwardness, and which may in certain exceptional cases give room also for the play of the feeling for language and for the joy or pain of expression. Now all qualities of the character which may thus have been prominent while the handwriting was being formed may well impress themselves upon it. But you might as well expect to find in handwriting the evidence whether a man or woman were fonder of arithmetic than of geometry, as to find it in, in the majority of cases, the evidence of the characteristic moral qualities with indicating which it is often used.

NINETY AND NINE.—On the Alteutsch glacier I saw a strange beautiful sight—the parable of the ninety and nine and enacted to the letter. One day we were making our way with ice-axe and alpen-stock down the glacier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherds over the intricate windings between crevices, and so passing from the pastures on the one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered two hundred all told, but on the way one of the sheep had lost lost. One of the shepherds, in his German patois, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunately one of the party had a field glass; with it we discovered the lost sheep in a tangle of brushwood on the mountain side. It was beautiful to see how the shepherd without a word, left his hundred and ninety-nine sheep on the glacier waste (knowing they would stand there perfectly still and safe), and went clambering back after the sheep, until he found it; and he actually put it on his shoulder, and returned rejoicing. Here was our Lord's parable enacted before our eyes, though the shepherd was all unconscious of it, and it brought the Lord's teaching home to us with a vividness which none can realize but those who saw the incident.—Spen-

cer.

There is a venerable and benevolent judge in one of the Paris tribunal who, at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner, consults his associates on each side of him as to the penalty proper to be inflicted.

"What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he says, bending over to the associate on the right.

"I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brother?" to the associate on the left.

"I should give him about four years."

The judge (with benevolence) Prisoner, not desiring to sentence you to a long term of imprisonment, as I should have done were it left to myself, I have consulted my learned brothers, and shall take their advice. Seven years.

Persons generally express in their characters the wisdom or folly, the virtues or vices of their associates. As all associations of this nature are purely voluntary, every person indicates his taste for intellectual, cultural, social refinement, or moral improvement, or the contrary, by the character of those he selects as his companions. Worse than no society at all is that of the vulgar and vicious. The importance of a good character cannot be over-estimated. Its bearing on individual happiness, not to speak of its influence on others, is unapproachable. The Book of all books declares that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches;" and all experience but confirms the declaration. Riches are but temporary, as is the good they impart. Fame, won, except in a cause of virtue, has no substantial basis. Power yields its sceptre but for a day. But a good name is a joy, a crown, an inheritance forever. It can never die, because virtue is imperishable. Would we have a character yielding us the highest enjoyment in life, and such as shall live as an element of beauty and power after we are dead. Let us build on virtue and goodness, and our fortunes will be made for both worlds; for this life and that which is to come.

When a man leaves your door open just wait until he is a block or two away and then send your office boy after him and request his return for a few minutes as something important has been forgotten. When he returns tell him that the omission to shut himself out was all the trouble, and you can bet he will close the door so emphatically that you can almost see a tinge of blue in the air.—Newark Call.

It is glue that keeps skaters warm. Any skater that is sulky on the ice will probably soon be found seated on a log unfastening his skates. And, if you can get him to tell why he is going home, he will remark between the chatters of his teeth that he is nearly frozen to death.—Fond du Lac Reporter.

That was a considerate young bride, upon gazing on seven butter-knives, a pair of sugar tongs, a napkin ring, and a cunning (if inexpensive) little clock, sweetly whispered to the wedding guests that "the other presents are not displayed, owing to the wishes of the givers, who hate publicity."

When two young people, with singleness of purpose sit up with each other, and when the clock strikes twelve, he says, "Is it possible?" and she says, "Why, I didn't know it was so late," you may draw your conclusions that if the business boom continues, a unified couple will be hunting a house to rent in the spring.

"How came you to fail in your examination?" asked a tutor of one of his pupils; "I thought I crammed you thoroughly."

"Well, you see," replied the student, "the trouble was that you crammed me so tight I couldn't get it out."

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

1880.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

"Studying the subject objectively and from the educational point of view, it will be of the greatest service to the largest number—I long ago concluded that, if I could have but one work to provide for library, I would select Harper's Magazine. It would be a valuable addition to any library, and its illustrations, like those of its publishers, are incomparably good. Its contents are contributed by the most eminent authors and artists in America and elsewhere, while the editorship of its publishers has made them thoroughly conversant with the desires of the public, which they will spare no effort to gratify."

The volumes of the Magazine begin with the Number for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the current Number.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year, \$4.00

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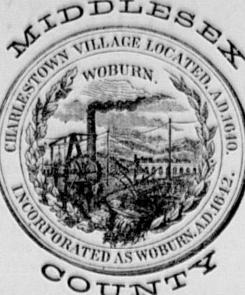
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Harper's Bazaar.

ILLUSTRATED.

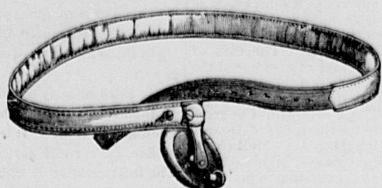
This periodical will be ready to leave Boston on the 1st of January, 1880.

WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL XXX.

TRUSSES



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WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist,
Opposite the Common.

Professional Cards.

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NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 2
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CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
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No. 159 Main street, Woburn.

Office at Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.

At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., to 6 to 7 to 9 P. M.

3

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THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

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LONDON and LANCASTHIRE
FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.

I have this day been appointed AGENT of the above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham.

All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

GEO. H. CONN,
159 Main St., Woburn.

July 1, 1879. 5

A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR AT LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street

DR. FRED. F. GAGE,
DEVTIST,
7 Pemberton Square, 7 BOSTON.

REMOVAL.

DR. B. R. HIRSHON,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has removed to

110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.

Particular attention paid to Surgery. 8

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1880.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents a copy. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line. The figures printed with the names of subscribers show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1880.

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THE SAVINGS BANK RE-OPENED.

After many days of anxious inquiry, of doubt and fear, the depositors in the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank have an opportunity of withdrawing their funds from the above institution. Since the injunction which was laid upon the bank two years ago, there has been considerable change in its personnel, and the officers are as follows:—President, John Cummings; Vice Presidents, D. H. Hart, Jacob Brown, P. W. Kinney; Trustees, G. R. Gage, A. E. Thompson, Wm. T. Grammer, Wm. Winn, Nathan Wyman, P. L. Converse, Samuel Cook, John R. Carter, Charlie A. Jones, Benjamin Hinckley, E. D. Hayden, F. A. Flint; Clerk, James N. Dow; Treasurer, E. E. Thompson. At the hearing before the Supreme Court on Monday, the injunction was removed, and on Wednesday business was resumed as usual. There was no excitement, and nothing unusual in the appearance of things about the bank. At two o'clock half a dozen depositors were in the room, and quietly presented their books to the secretary, which were compared with the ledger, and turned over to the Treasurer who gave the holder a check for the amount on the First National. Some came to look the thing over, and becoming satisfied that money was actually being paid out, departed without surrendering their books. Others came in and drew a part of their savings, and retained their books for future use. Undoubtedly during the past two years depositors have been obliged to borrow in anticipation of the opening of the bank. During the years 1875 and 1876, \$187,170.40 were withdrawn in the ordinary course of business, and it is fair to assume that during 1878 and 1879 an equal amount would have been taken out. Perhaps it would not be thought strange if a large sum would be actually required, aside from any demand raised by distrust of the bank. There were a few depositors on Wednesday and there would probably have been more but for the notion that was prevalent that deposits would not be received. The amount withdrawn on Wednesday we are unable to state, but we understand that it was not so large as the Trustees had supposed would be called for. The bank will hereafter be open on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays from 2 to 5 in the afternoon, for receiving deposits and the transaction of other business.

It is cause for congratulation that an institution which is peculiarly the people's has re-opened its doors. We believe the era of large dividends and high rates of interest has gone by. The ambition for large business which was the rule of many of the Savings Banks, has given place to a more conservative idea, which was the foundation on which they were originally built. This idea is security rather than large returns, and every one who knows the gentlemen whose names appear at the beginning of this article, will be satisfied that they will conduct the business in a conservative manner. The Savings Banks were created for the benefit of the small depositors, to receive their savings and to loan them on good security. Let the working people of Woburn put their money into the Five Cents Bank with perfect confidence, for it is safe there as anywhere in the State, and let the Bank make small loans in preference to large ones, and the town will grow more rapidly, and prosperity will increase.

THE DRAMA.—Miss Kitty Lougee with her dramatic company played to a small house in Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening, giving "Divorced," and the "Fool of the Family." Miss Lougee as *Helen Farady*, gave a fine conception of the character, and displayed dramatic ability of high order. Miss Clara Ormsby, as *Jane Temple* looked the part to perfection, acted fairly, but in voice was hardly up to the standard. Mr. E. J. Hasson as *Makypies Thackery Blaze*, seemed to meet all the requirements of the part. The company as a whole, did not give the "Star" so good a support as she was entitled to. Mis Lougee as *Betty Saunders* in the "Fool of the Family," showed that she was equally at home in variety business, and was as full of fun in the farce, as she was of feeling in the comedy. We beg to suggest that the long wait between the acts, and the slow progress of the play, which dragged along from eight o'clock to half past eleven, was a severe test of the endurance of the audience. The impression made by Miss Lougee was a good one, and we hope to see her in Woburn on some future occasion, when we have no doubt, she will receive a greeting more in accordance with her deserts.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—On Friday of last week a tramp called at the residence of the Hon. B. F. Whitemore, East Woburn, presented a very pitiable appearance, and stated that he was recovering from a severe attack of lung fever. He was taken in, and provided for, and allowed to work around the premises. On Monday night he de-camped with some of the property of the hired man. The Chief of Police was notified, but it is not known which direction he took.

CONFERENCE.—The South Middlesex Unitarian Conference met in the Channing Church, Newton, on Wednesday of this week. The attendance was large and enthusiastic. The address was given by Rev. J. L. Hammond, the clothier, and his daughter, surviving him. Mr. Hammond had been in failing health for some time, and his death was not unexpected.

PRESERVATION.—Last Thursday noon, Mr. J. L. Pinkham, foreman of Russell's shoe stock factory, was surprised by the girls of the establishment, who, at the hands of Miss Maggie McCarthy, presented him with a beautiful gold watch, valued at about \$100. The gift took Mr. Pinkham by surprise, and will be highly appreciated as a memento of a very pleasant occasion.

ACCIDENT.—On Thursday of last week, a heavy casting fell on W. L. Dennis's left foot and crushed the large toe.

A little daughter of James Burns, of Utica street, East Woburn, swallowed a two-cent piece, last Thursday.

Last Saturday, Mrs. Thomas Martin broke her right leg while going up stairs.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—Gov. Long has appointed William B. Stevens, Esq., of Stowham, District Attorney, for Middlesex County.

SCRIBNER AND ST. NICHOLAS FOR FEBS.—Have you noticed that curious swinging clock in the window of G. W. Nichols's store? It is a great curiosity.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT BRIDGEWATER.—The past year of this school has been a very successful one, with a total attendance of two hundred sixteen students, seven-tenths of whom are young men. The advantages offered are superior for all who have been teachers or wish to fit themselves for the work. The design is strictly professional, preparing the students for the work of organizing, governing and teaching the public schools of Massachusetts. The aim is to give the most thorough instruction in the principles of Education, and the best methods of teaching the different branches of study in the public schools. The two years course of studies includes all the English branches studied in any of the public schools, with the aid of a good working apparatus and laboratory practice. Graduates of High Schools can take the course with special benefit, fitting themselves to take the best positions on graduation.

The four years' course prepares graduates from it for positions as teachers in High Schools. This course includes the Languages, Natural Sciences with laboratory practice, higher Mathematics, ancient and modern History, English Literature, and History of Education. Young men graduating from this course are in special demand for the best positions. Students may take the two years' course and some advanced English studies, or some of the languages if they choose. The expenses of attending the school are very moderate. Tuition is free for all who intend to teach in schools of the State. Text books in nearly all of the studies are furnished to the students without charge, two dollars per term being paid for incidentals. Board in Normal Hall is furnished at cost, which for gentlemen is four dollars per week, and for ladies three dollars seventy-five cents, payable in advance quarterly. This includes board, light, fuel and washing. The Hall is heated by steam, lighted with gas, and no pains are spared to make it in every respect a home for the students. The next term begins on Tuesday Feb. 10. See advertisement in another column.

WARREN POST 12, G. A. R. of Wakefield, installed its officers last Monday evening, Commander Hill of the Council of Administration performing the installation ceremonies, the following officers being installed: Commander Dr. Azel Ames: Senior Vice Commander, W. J. Mansfield; Junior, Vice Commander, W. L. Conon; Quartermaster, J. W. Locke; Surgeon, Dr. E. P. Colby; Chaplain, Geo. Seaver; Adjutant, W. N. Stoddard; Officer of the Guard, C. F. Doherty; Sergeant Major, C. E. Rahr; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Geo. Carey. After the officers had been installed, Commander Ames invited the company present, consisting of Burbank Post 33 of Woburn, 148 of Winchester and Post 12, to partake of a supper. At the conclusion of the feast there was a camp fire, speeches being made by Dr. Ames, Conrades Hill and Richardson of Woburn, Hall and Wilson of Winchester, Tyler, Conon and others.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the First Congregational Church was held on Monday evening. O. F. Bryant was elected clerk; G. R. Gage, Treasurer; G. R. Gage and S. K. Richardson, Deacons for four years; C. A. Smith, Thomas Richardson, Auditors; L. W. Fowle, A. Buckman, H. A. Gleason, O. F. Bryant, C. W. Smith, Sunday School Directors; J. G. Pollard, L. Parker, Directors of Library, H. Johnson, Librarian; Standing Committee, the Pastor, Deacons Gage, Pollard, Bryant, E. Thompson, Gleason, and Bean. A. Buckman, L. W. Fowle, L. H. Allen, and C. W. Smith.

DEMOCRATIC ASSOCIATION.—The Democrats of Woburn have formed an association with headquarters in Kelley's Block, and officers as follow:—President, J. G. M. Gage; Vice Presidents, Timothy Sheahan, Gilman A. Bean, C. T. Lang; Secretary, A. G. Ham; Treasurer, A. E. Thompson; Finance Committee, M. Seelye; Executive Committee, J. G. Maguire, P. W. Kinney, L. Thompson, Jr., T. H. Hill, S. D. Samson. The room will be open every Saturday for the present, and as much longer as the Executive Committee shall decide.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—On Friday of last week a tramp called at the residence of the Hon. B. F. Whitemore, East Woburn, presented a very pitiable appearance, and stated that he was recovering from a severe attack of lung fever. He was taken in, and provided for, and allowed to work around the premises. On Monday night he de-camped with some of the property of the hired man. The Chief of Police was notified, but it is not known which direction he took.

CONFERENCE.—The South Middlesex Unitarian Conference met in the Channing Church, Newton, on Wednesday of this week. The attendance was large and enthusiastic. The address was given by Rev. J. L. Hammond, the clothier, and his daughter, surviving him. Mr. Hammond had been in failing health for some time, and his death was not unexpected.

PRESERVATION.—Last Thursday noon, Mr. J. L. Pinkham, foreman of Russell's shoe stock factory, was surprised by the girls of the establishment, who, at the hands of Miss Maggie McCarthy, presented him with a beautiful gold watch, valued at about \$100. The gift took Mr. Pinkham by surprise, and will be highly appreciated as a memento of a very pleasant occasion.

ACCIDENT.—On Thursday of last week, a heavy casting fell on W. L. Dennis's left foot and crushed the large toe.

A little daughter of James Burns, of Utica street, East Woburn, swallowed a two-cent piece, last Thursday.

Last Saturday, Mrs. Thomas Martin broke her right leg while going up stairs.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—Gov. Long has appointed William B. Stevens, Esq., of Stowham, District Attorney, for Middlesex County.

SCRIBNER AND ST. NICHOLAS FOR FEBS.—Have you noticed that curious swinging clock in the window of G. W. Nichols's store? It is a great curiosity.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Harper's Magazine for February is as rich in illustration and as varied and entertaining in its reading matter as any Number that has been issued. For massive strength, Blackmore's new novel, "Mary Ancrey," deserves first mention. In every quality that marks a great novel, this is the most remarkable serial now in course of publication here or abroad. Those who prefer a lighter novel will turn with pleasure to the chapters of Black's "White Wings." Edward Everett Hale contributes a short story—"Mr. Keesler's Horse-Car"—conceived and written in his happiest vein. A brief story of thrilling interest, entitled "A Night in an Avalanche," is contributed by S. H. Byers.

The illustrated articles cover a wide range of subjects. Howard Pyle writes and illustrates "Bartram and his Garden"—an interesting sketch of an American Quaker botanist of a hundred years ago, whom Linnaeus pronounced the greatest of the then living natural botanists. The Rev. B. F. De Costa contributes a humorous article on "Foreign Tips," which furnishes motives for eight characteristic pictures by Reinhart. Mrs. J. W. Davis describes "A Famous Breviary"—the priceless gem among the art-treasures of the ducal palace in Venice—decorated with paintings by Memling, Van der Meire, Hugh d'Anvers, and Lissen de Grand. Reproductions in wood-engraving of seven of the most striking of these pictures are given. One of the most interesting articles that have ever been written about General Washington is that contributed to this Number by William F. Carne, treating of "Washington as Burgher," i.e., in his relations with his fellow-townsmen of Alexandria. The illustrations, a number of which are drawn by Frank Mayer, are exceedingly interesting. The Hon. John Bigelow contributes an illustrated paper entitled "A Visit to San Marino," from which it would appear that the title of "republic" as applied to this province of Italy, is a misnomer. A. B. Allen contributes an illustrated description of the "Percheron and Normandy" to the breeding of which given a much attention recently, particularly in this country. That, with twelve excellent illustrations by Rogers, The Right Reverend Arthur Cleveland Cox, contributes a poem entitled "The Drop Star," an Indian legend of Lake Keytah, in New York, which is beautifully illustrated by Reinhart. A timely musical contribution to this Number is the piano piece "Hector Berlioz," by Emily Royce. Another poem in this Number is one by James T. Fields, in his best vein, entitled "A Lover's Peril." Now that Mr. Litton has "had his say" about wood engraving in a recent Magazine article, and his still more recent book, "Practical Hints on Wood Engraving," the reader (especially the reader of illustrated magazines) will peruse with eager interest an article in this Number entitled "A Symposium of Wood Engravers," in which some of the most distinguished engravers of this country are given a hearing. The article consists of a series of portraits of engravers, which will culminate in a grand Masonic Fair sometime in April, the proceeds of which will be given to their hall the handsome sum of \$1,000. The present number contains the prospectus in longhand, and articles in shorthand on the Editor, Fenns' and Study, Literature as a Business, A Verdict on Phonography, etc.

MUNSON'S PHONOGRAPHIC News.—The December number of the *News* is at hand: ending the year and Volume II. The prospectus for 1880 promises great improvements for the coming year and the magazine will be of great interest to all phonographers.

Each number will contain eight pages of common print, and sixteen in show hand.

Phonographic news from all quarters of the globe will be given, and it is probable that the *News* for 1880 will take the lead of short hand publications.

The present number contains the prospectus in longhand, and articles in shorthand on the Editor, Fenns' and Study, Literature as a Business, A Verdict on Phonography, etc.

DR. CHARLES JEWETT.—This famous apostle of temperance, who for so many years stood up for temperance, is still held in pleasant remembrance by his old friends in Woburn. Although he has passed over to the majority, his works live after him, and his precepts and example have still an influence in making men better and holier. Mr. W. M. Thayer, who knew him well, has written his life in a pleasing form, and it is now offered in town by A. F. Fish, who has accepted the agency. The book is complete in one volume of 464 pages, well illustrated, and not only is an epitome of the life of one of the best temperance workers, but is full of anecdotes, and hints to others engaged in the work, and will be a valuable addition to any one's library.

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DR. CHARLES JEWETT.—This

mendicant. Venice is not in all its aspects so romantic and utterly unreal. It has a practical side as well; and if your gondolier chances to turn his craft into one of the numerous side canals you are introduced to sights and smells that are positively worldly, or if you go out the back door of your hotel (the front door ushers you into the canal) into the little narrow alleys which serve as streets, and where the sun never gets a fair chance to shine except when it can peep in at one end, you will find all the petty huckstering and other surroundings of common commercial life. Venice has no horses, except the bronze quadrigas over the portals of St. Mark's, and hence there is no rumbling of carts and no yelling of noisy drivers, nor yet any crack of the whip, so peculiar to other Italian cities. Venice, accordingly presents a smaller field for the humane labors of Mr. Bergth than do Naples and Rome.

If you extend your walk to the great, sunny *Piazza di San Marco* (or, what is better, if your visit is in the evening when the grand square is a blaze of light from a thousand gas-lamps), you are transported to a new scene of beauty and enchantment. The space is not large, but it is large for Venice, where the tides of the Adriatic wash the very walls of the buildings. At the easterly end is the ancient church of St. Mark, (founded in 976) with its Oriental domes, the tall campanile, and a quaint clock-tower, while bordering the *Piazzetta*, which extends northward to the water, is the fancifully decorated Palace of the Doges. The *molo* of the *Piazzetta* is the principal quay in Venice, but its use is confined to passenger traffic. Near the margin of the sea are the two famous columns brought to Venice in 1120 from Greece. They are red granite, and while one is surmounted by a winged lion, the other rears aloft a statue of St. Theodore, the patron saint of the Republic, previous to 827, when that honor was transferred to St. Mark, whose remains were brought home by some raiding Venetians. Around three sides of the great square are stately edifices—palaces of some sort or other like the rest of this strange city—and under them are arcades, glittering with showy jewelry shops and *cafés*. As to the *cafés*, you do not think of entering them, any more than you would a similar establishment in Paris, but sit at a little table out in the square, sipping ices (or bad beer if you prefer it,) feeding the pigeons, and watching the gay throng of passers-by, all at the same time.

THE PIGEONS.

These pigeons are very numerous, very fat, and very greedy. They come in hundreds to tumble over each other in pursuit of the kernels of corn you throw them, and some of the bolder birds perch on the back of your chair and eat from your hand. The corn is served to you by the waiter for a little "tip," or ten to one he brings it to you whether you ask for it or not, since "feeding the pigeons" constitutes one of the established amusements of Venice. The birds seem to have very little fear of humankind, except where there is danger of being actually trodden upon; and yet it is darkly hinted that the Venetian small boy is developing a love for pigeon-pe. There is a popular tradition that these pigeons are still protected by the authorities, as they were after Admiral Dandolo was enabled to capture Candia in consequence of information conveyed by one of their ancestors, early in the 13th century, and also that they are daily fed at the hour of two. I was in the vicinity several times at and near the appointed hour, but saw no general gathering of the pigeons, and no general preparations to feed them, beyond what one might see in front of the cafet at almost any other time of the day. There was formerly a benevolent countess who provided for the daily care of the birds, but latterly they have been left to shift pretty much for themselves, and the evidences of rank independence on the part of the feathered vagabonds are found on every neighboring building, be it palace or less noble edifice. The roof of the church of San Moise, near the square, is one of their many favorite roosting-places.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK.

In front of St. Mark's are three *puli*, or stalls, of cedar, rising from pedestals, which formerly bore the banners of Cyprus, Canada, and Morea, in token of the subjugation of the people of those countries. The form of the church is a Greek cross, and its architecture is a mixture of the Romanesque and Byzantine, with a modern addition (14th century) of a little Gothic to the facade. There is a large Byzantine dome in the centre and smaller domes upon the four arms of the cross. Outside and inside there is over an acre of mosaics, and there are no less than five hundred marble columns. In every aspect, without and within, the edifice has a picturesque and fantastic appearance. Over the main portal are the four famous gilded bronze horses which Napoleon carried off to Paris to ornament his lesser Arc de Triomphe in the Place du Carrousel, back of the Tuilleries. These horses were long supposed to have been the workmanship of the Greek master Lysippus, but they are now believed to have been produced in Rome in the time of Nero. They are known to have been in Rome where they adorned successively the arches of Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Constantine. Early in the 5th century, the Emperor Theodosius transported them to Constantinople and placed them in the centre of the Hippodrome, which was quite as appropriate a place for them as the front of a Christian church. In the year 1205, after the conquest of Constantinople by the Venetians and French, the horses and much other spoil which now enriches St. Mark's, fell to the lot of the Venetians and were sent thither by the Podesta, Marino Zeno. With these spoils came sundry sacred reliques including the head of John the Baptist (the body having fallen to the lot of the French), the body of St. Luke, a phial of Christ's blood (now kept in the treasury of St. Mark's), and a fragment of the cross. It is recorded that the phial of blood was claimed by two soldiers, and that one shed the other's blood to secure the precious booty. For nearly six hundred years—until 1797—the horses looked forth upon the gay *Piazza di San Marco*. When that eminent freebooter, Napoleon Bonaparte, came to Italy, he seized the bronze steeds and led them over the Alps back to Paris. By the treaty of 1815, they were restored in common with all other works of art Napoleon had stolen, but not until a copy had been made of them for the beforementioned arch.

The interior of the church is quite as fanciful in design as the outside. The domes are lofty and are adorned with pictures in mosaic, and the pavements are fashioned in the same way, the mosaics forming geometrical figures. In some places these worn and sunken stones have supplanted still more ancient pavements. The relics of St. Mark, brought from Alexandria in 828, repose beneath the high altar. Behind the high altar is a second altar with four spiral columns of alabaster. Two of these columns, as the guide will show you by means of a lighted taper, are transparent. According to tradition, these came from Solomon's Temple.

THE PALACE OF THE DOGES.

The Palace of the Doges, or the Dual Palace, is interesting beyond almost everything else one sees in Venice. It is richly decorated and senate and council halls contain a great number of magnificent paintings. Many of the finest pictures of Titian, Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese are to be seen here. Then there are a number of apartments containing statuary and antiquities, mainly from Greece. The visitor wanders through the great hall of the senate, the hall of the Council of Three and the ante chamber of the three inquisitors where may still be seen the hole in the wall where documents imparting secret information, were formerly thrust. He can also cross the Bridge of Sighs and enter the gloomy old dungeons where the victims of the cruel rulers were immured, and where hundreds of them have met their death. The best way to view the famous bridge, however, is from the *Ponte della Paglia*; behind the palace.

The *Palazzo dei Sospiri*, or Bridge of Sighs, is enclosed so that he who treadeth its melancholy way is scarcely made aware that he is not still in one of the passages of the palace.

THE CAMPANILE.

A climb to the top of the Campanile, or bell-tower, of St. Mark's, is not a difficult task, inasmuch as a gently inclined path-way just inside the walls takes the place of the ordinary stairs. The height of the Campanile is 322 feet, and from its lofty galleries a glorious view is had of Venice and its watery surroundings. I ascended also the dome of the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, but the view from the Campanile of St. Mark's is much finer.

GONDOLAS AND GONDOLIERS.

When the visitor desires to go out in Venice, for business or pleasure, or for sightseeing, he does not request the hotel *porter* to call a cab, for there are no cabs, but a gondolier offers his services with a friendly smile at the door fastened to the quay painted posts which rise from the water-like a flourishing (and certainly well-earned) crop of harbor poles. A gondola carrying from one to four passengers, with a single *barcialo*, or oarsman costs a *lira* (twenty cents) for the first hour, and fifty *centesimi*, or half a *lira* (ten cents) for each subsequent hour. Of course the gondolier expects a *mozzo* at the end of the voyage. Every boat officer will find one at the dock fastened to the quay painted posts which rise from the water-like a flourishing (and certainly well-earned) crop of harbor poles. 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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1880.

Journal Club Column

HE DID NOT SING. — In a neighboring town a young lawyer was invited at a party to sing. He declared he did not sing, and upon being still further urged, said he would tell a story instead:

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "my father was a rough man in his ways, plain-spoken and blunt, but honest and kind-hearted to a fault. Before entering college I took a notion that I would learn to sing. I knew that musical genius did not run in our family; but a renowned teacher of the art of singing was about to open a school in our village, and, after much persuasion, my father allowed me to attend. I will not tell you how I succeeded. In fact, I did not at first know myself how I was getting on. In the school my voice was swallowed up by others, and was not to be distinguished, though more than once I fancied the teacher looked towards me with a grimace, as though he was in pain; and, one evening, after the lesson was finished, he told me he wished I would practice at home.

"My father had given to my use a finished attic in one end of the garret of our house, and allowed me to set up a small stove for burning wood on condition that I would saw and split my own fuel, which I readily agreed to do. Well, on the first evening following the request of the singing master that I would train and cultivate my voice at home, I got away with myself into my little attic and built a fire in my stove—for it was in the winter season—and commenced to sing. I had gone through with the scale half a dozen times, and had run my voice to thirds and fifths, and sharp sevenths and flat sixteenths, when I heard a roar at the foot of the stairs. I stopped in the midst of a double accented fourteenth, when preparing to drop into a cadence upon the key-note, slightly flattened, and recognized the voice of my father.

"'Hallo, said I, 'What is it? What is wanted?'

"'I'll tell you what is wanted,' he returned in furious tones. 'When I told you might have a fire in your room, I didn't mean for you to saw your wood up there, not by a blamed sight. So, now—do you just fetch that old saw right down, and don't you carry it up there again!'

"I will not try to tell you what were my feelings; but I hadn't the heart then to undeceive my father; and it was not until after I had resolved never to attempt to sing another note, that I confessed to him what the noise really was that he had mistaken for the grunting, grinding and wheezing of our old wood-saw! I will only add, that the sympathies with me and applauded my resolution not to attempt a further development of a musical voice. And I may say to you, my very good friends, that if you know when you are well off, you will never ask me to sing again."

He was excused; and his story was declared to be the best thing of the evening.

A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE. — A young man from one of the back towns came in to buy a present for his girl one day last week. His wondering gaze being transfixed by the grotesque display in one of the dry goods windows, he entered the store and bashfully stepped up to a pretty young lady behind the counter.

"How much are those?" pointing to a pair of handsomely wrought nickel-plated garters in the window.

"Seventy-five cents," replied the young lady, sweetly, handing out the articles in question and blushing slightly.

"I think they are kinder pretty, don't you?" inquired the young man, anxious for somebody else's opinion.

"Very," replied the young miss; "they are the latest style."

"Everybody wears them, don't they?" continued the young man.

"Almost everybody," said the young lady, affecting an unconcerned air.

"I was going to get them for a girl that I know," said the young man, somewhat nervously. "Do you think she would like them?"

"I should think she might—I—don't know," returned the young lady, blushing again.

"Well, I don't hardly know myself," said the young man, taking up one of the dainty articles and examining it closely.

"You don't suppose they are too large, do you?"

"Why, I—I—I," stammered the young lady, the blush growing deeper.

"They seem sort of big like," continued the young man, not observing her confusion; "but of course I wouldn't be certain. She's middlin' size, but not very fat, and mebbe these would be a little too loose. I should think she was just about your bigness, and, of course, if these would fit you, they'd fit her. Now just suppose you try them on, an' if—"

"Sir!" exclaimed the young lady behind the counter, in a voice that lifted the young man's hat on the end of his hair, "you are insulting!"

And she swept away to the end of the store, leaving the bewildered young man in dumb amazement, holding in his hands what he supposed was a beautiful pair of bracelets.

And when one of the men clerks came and explained his mistake, the young man from the back town struck a bee line for his team, and in a very brief space of time was tearing home at a rate that threatened to irretrievably ruin the old family horse. He won't buy any bracelets now until he's married.

A small boy got up and read a composition on "The Tree." He got as far as "This subject has many branches," when the teacher said, "Stop! you have not made your bough, yet." "If you interrupt me again," said the boy, "I'll leave." "You give me any more impudence and I'll take the sap out of you. Do you understand?" said the teacher. "I twig," said the boy, and then regular order of business proceeded.—*Des Moines Register*.

"Well, Johnny," said a fond mother, "hurry up and say your prayers and get in bed." "Oh, I've fixed that all right. I've hired six to say 'em for me this week." But his narrow bones hugged the cold oil-cloth that night just as usual.

Miscellaneous.

A GOOD TALE WITH BOYS. — Recently the Chief of Police of Washington, visited the public schools, and had a talk with the boys. He explained to them some few points of public order; that the boys of the public schools, though small in the eyes of the world, could really be of much use to the police in maintaining good order in the city, or they could cause them much trouble. He appealed to them to commence the world well as boys, and they would end well as men. The police did not interfere with the innocent sport of boys. He liked to see the boys enjoy themselves and have a good time; he did not want to see them doing bad or mean acts. He did not want to see them doing any damage to property, or indulging in cruel sports; throwing stones, when by it they were liable to injure somebody, or the property along the public highways. He wanted the boys and the police to be good friends. He wanted to enlist the boys on his side, for frequently it was in their power to forward the ends of justice.

Let boys behave themselves, and they would find the police on their side, and always ready to protect them. Only bad boys need fear the police, and he trusted that they never need have any fear in this direction. If they conducted themselves right, they would not only have respect for the police, but the police would respect them. If malicious boys or men troubled them, let them not make matters worse by endeavoring to take the matter of punishment or retaliation into their own hands; but let them inform the Lieutenant of the Police, and if they did not notice them, or see that they had justice, let them come to him, and he said that they were protected in all their rights as citizens; for, though young in years, they were in this respect as much citizens as the older people, and just as much entitled to protection.

A policeman was a public benefactor, and in the eyes of every good man he was recognized as such. The police frequently had very disagreeable duty to perform. He did not arrest people for pleasure. It was no pleasure to him to make people unhappy; he wanted to make them happy,—protect the weak against the strong like good knights errants of old. He wanted the boys all to stand on this high platform, to do all they could to advance and protect law and order. The higher the public character, the higher would be their character; and the higher their character as boys, the higher would be their character as men.

Let the Chiefs of Police everywhere emulate this example, and we will have less difficulty with the boys, and the boys will not regard the police as their enemies, but as their friends; and thereby will they not only materially aid the police in keeping the public peace, but be no small power in advancing the public good.

An enormous oak tree in a pasture of Mr. Franklin Grout has lately been felled. It has long been known as "the old oak," and has been much visited on account of its age and great size. It was a favorite resort for children who played in its broad shade and swung from its strong branches. It was without doubt, one of the trees of the primeval forest and dates back some two hundred and fifty years or more, when the Indian and the wild animal held undisputed sway in the land. One hundred and seventy rings were counted in the severed trunk, and the distance through the dense wood of the centre where no rings could be counted, so that after running by a shop window once, and glancing as they passed, would enumerate every article in it.

When Robert became a professional conjuror, this habit enabled him to achieve feats apparently miraculous. It is told of him that, visiting a gentleman once in a friend's house, where he had never been before, he caught a glimpse of the book-case as he passed the half-open library door. In the course of the evening, when some of the company expressed their anxiety to witness some specimens of his power, he said to his host:

"Well, sir, I shall tell you, without stirring from this place, what books you have in your library."

"Come, come," said he, incredulously, "that is too good."

"We shall see," replied Houdin; "let some of the company go into the library and look, and I shall call out their names from this."

They did so, and Houdin began:

"Top shelf, left hand, two volumes in red morocco, 'Gibson's Decline and Fall'; next to these, four volumes of half calf, 'Boswell's Johnson'; 'Rasselas,' in cloth; 'Hume's History of England,' in calf, two volumes, but the second one wanting;" and so on, shelf after shelf, to the unspeakable wonder of the whole company.

"Pardon me, young man; we want somebody to join us in a game of cards; would be happy to have you with us."

"Thanks; I never play cards."

"Take a drink with us?"

"Thanks; I never drink."

"Well, have a cigar?"

"Thanks; I never smoke."

"Eh! Now I rather like that in a young man. Come into the cabin and I'll introduce you to my wife and daughters."

"Thanks," said the demure young man; "I shall never marry."

Natick Citizen.

AN ABSTINENT YOUNG MAN. — Three old gentlemen were sitting around a table on a steamboat waiting to get another party to a game of cards. Presently they espied a nice looking young fellow. One old party goes up to him and says:

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Woburn Journal.

IN ORDER TO GET ABOUT FROM ONE POINT IN LONDON TO ANOTHER, IT IS VERY CONVENIENT TO MAKE USE OF A VEHICLE CALLED A "Hansom."

"This is a very nice sort of vehicle to ride in, especially as it has no one in front of you, so that when you take your seat in the carriage you have an entirely unobstructed view; as a means of going about London to see it as you travel, it is the most convenient carriage imaginable; the driver rides on top and the doors are closed, completely protecting you from the wind and rain; you can communicate with the driver by means of a little trap right in front. There are something like 10,000 of these vehicles to be found in London; there are certain points about which they are always to be found and in a wide street like Oxford street there is always 18 or 20 standing in a line."

LET SOME OF THOSE ENGAGED IN RUNNING SIX-DAY MATCHES TRY RUNNING A NEWSPAPER FOR A WHILE—if they would understand the difference between go-as-you-please and please-as-you-go.—MELROSE JOURNAL.

THE FOOLISH MAN foldeth his hands and saith: "There is no trade, why should I advertise?" But the wise man is not so. He whoopeth it up in the newspapers, and verily he draweth the customers from afar off.

THESE ARE THE DAYS of the days of libel suits, and we hasten to state that we always spoke of Brigham Young as the alleged polygamist.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1880.

1880.

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ILLUSTRATED.

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Every Number furnishes the latest information in regard to Fashions in dress and ornament, the newest and most approved patterns with descriptive articles on Household Management and other subjects, while Stories, Poems, and Essays on Social and Domestic Topics, give variety to its columns.

They did so, and Houdin began:

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More than once a gentleman stole into the dressing room, certain that he would catch Houdin reading a catalogue; but there sat the conjuror with his hands in his pockets, looking into the fire.

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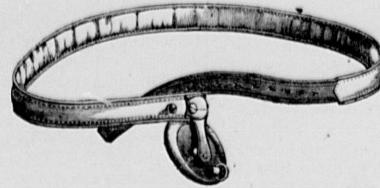
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Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

4

LONDON and LANCASHIRE
FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.

I have this day been appointed AGENT of the
above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stone-
ham.

All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

GEO. H. CONN,
159 Main St., Woburn.

July 1, 1879.

5

A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR AT LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.
Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street

Dr. FRED. F. GAGE,
DENTIST,
7 Pemberton Square, 7 BOSTON.

REMOVAL.
DR. B. R. HIRSHOVY,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has removed to
100 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.

8 Particular attention paid to Surgery.

E. F. WYER, Agent,
DEALER IN
CARRIAGES, HARNESSSES,
Horse Furnishing Goods,
Also Agent for the
MAINE STATE PRISON HARNESS,
Best Harness in the world for the money.

63 Sudbury St., BOSTON, MASS.

Auctioneers.

WILLIAM WINN,
AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to
on seasonal terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL of
WOBURN, promptly attended to.

19

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
Office, 89 Court Street, BOSTON.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main
Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

11

North Woburn Street Railroad.
FALL RAILROAD.
Horse Drawn Stage, No. Woburn, 10, 7.00, \$2.50,
9.45, 11.35 A. M., 12.45, 3.00, 4.15, 5.25, 6.35 P. M.,
Mondays and Thursdays at 8.30 P. M. Saturdays
at 8.30 P. M. Leave Woburn Centre at 6.35, 7.30, 9.00, 10.35,
A. M., 12.05, 1.45, 3.35, 4.45, 5.50, 7.05 P. M.,
Mondays and Thursdays at 9.00 P. M. Saturdays
at 9.15 P. M.

12 DEXTER CARTER, Supt.

GO TO

W. F. ESTABROOK,
FOR FANCY

Bread, Cakes and Pastry.

ORIGINAL HEARTH BREAD,

something new, and the best yet. Also his HOT
BREAD AND BISCUIT at 5 o'clock every

evening.

We keep the largest assortment and are still ad-

ding every day.

For a good article give us a call.

13

MISS MARY E. ALLEN

Has opened a class in

LIGHT GYMNASTICS,

—FOR—

Ladies and Gentlemen,

—IN—

Lyceum Hall, Winchester,

TO BE HELD ON SATURDAY EVENINGS.

Terms \$5.00 for 16 Lessons,

Exclusive of apparatus, which will be furnished for

\$1.00. P. O. Address, Box 293, Winchester.

91

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE

“JOURNAL OFFICE.”

92

Civil Engineer and Surveyor

26

174 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Poetical Selection.

ONLY A DOG.

‘Twas only a dog that did it,—
But tell me if you can,
Was there not something in the deed,
Flashing out like the soul of a man?
They lived in the little house down there
By the Jerusalem road,
Rip, and old Lincoln his master,—
Good pluck that day they showed!

Just off the ledge,—the Black Rock ledge,—
Making out from the hill you see,
A wreck lay tumbling before the gale,
With sharp rocks under her lee.
Filled with emigrants, laden with wine,
She lay, and help seemed nigh,
When down came Lincoln, with Rip, his dog,
The fight of the waters to spy.

Master and dog took in the scene,
As they peered through the scattering brine;
And Rip spoke plainer than human speech
In his quick and anxious white.

“In, in, good dog!” old Lincoln cried;

“But the surf flung him back on the shore;

“In, in, good dog!” Rip with a leap,

Dashed in through the spray and the roar.

Buffeted, beaten, and bruised, he strove,—

Strove ‘gainst the mounting surge!

From every plunge of the huddling waves,

See the brave fellow emerge!

“In, in, good dog!” old Lincoln cried;

“Look! they have thrown him a line;

Look! to a stick, a moment it floats,

And then, brave Rip, it is home!

“How so?” asked the squire to them?

“I will examine them by and by.

And now, Miriam, to luncheon.”

They went down thinking of the stern old

man who had sacrificed his son to a whim,

or at best a bitter pride, and wondering how

different matters might have been but for

this estrangement.

“Miriam,” said the father when they were

alone, “I feel as if we were very much like

usurpers and interlopers.”

“How so?” asked the squire in a tone of

surprise.

“Suppose this young Constable left chil-

dren or a child. He or they are the rightful

heirs,” he remarked, thoughtfully.

“But surely something would have been

heard from them,” she urged.

“That man whose portrait we have just

seen was both weak and obstinate,” was her

father’s response, “and would, after a quar-

rel, have kept doggedly aloof from the

father.”

“What then would you do?” asked Miriam.

“The estate has been left to us of the free

will of the late Constable Vaughan,” he said,

“and is ours, but we are so rich that, should

there be any direct heirs, it is our duty to

find them and compensate all to the full ex-

tent in our power for their loss.”

“Certainly, papa,” she said, “that is

spoken like your own generous and noble

self. How will you act?”

“I will see the solicitor to-day,” he said,

“and cause the most searching inquiries to

be made.”

And after some further conversation, the

subject dropped, and at the end of the meal

the squire went out, and rode to the country

town where the firm of solicitors he wished to

consult resided. In the evening after

dinner the subject was resumed.

“Have you any news?” asked Miriam,

noticing that her father was very serious.

“Yes,” Constable Vaughan married two

and twenty years ago a lady of some family,

but no means. The marriage was clandestine,

and was only discovered when a child was born.

Then came the explosion, and the young man

went away to be heard of no more directly.

The solicitors knowing that he was still the

heir, kept him in sight for some time; but for

many years no tidings have come, and it is believed he is dead.”

“But they are not sure, papa?” said Miriam.

“No; and I ordered them to follow up

the trace at no matter what cost, my dear,”

said the proud father, “Right must be done.”

“Right must be done,” she replied, in a dreamy kind of way.

Later on in the evening, some young lady

friends coming in, Mr. Vaughan retired to

his study to smoke, and as he seated himself

in his easy-chair and with his pipe of wine

close to his hand, observed the parcel of

papers.

Taking out his pen-knife he

opened the package, and saw at once that

it contained legal documents. Putting

on his spectacles, he began to examine them.

There were old leases, and then, in a small

parcel tied with black silk, he found the cer-

tificate of young Constable’s birth of his

baby boy, Charles Constable Vaughn.

“The disinherited heir, if he had lived,”

said Mr. Vaughan, aloud, “Well, if he is

alive, we will find him, and with the wealth

he has at his disposal it will go hard if I can-

not make up in some way for his loss.”

He now took up another document, at

sight of which he trembled violently, so vi-

solutely that he could scarcely undo the fas-

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.
Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 5 cents a line; advertisements, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

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AN INGENIOUS ARRANGEMENT.—Gilcrest Hook & Ladder Co. No. 1, has a contrivance attached to the doors of its house which is very curious and very effective. The simple act of opening the small door by one of the members, raises a lever which lights up the house, instantly. As it requires at least two men to run the truck, the second man takes his place at the rear tiller, and pulling a cord suspended over his position, unlatches the front door and releases two weights, the fall of which opens the doors, and fastens them open. As the carriage goes out, the wheels pass over an iron bar in the floor, two depressions of which will cause a clock work to be set in motion, which in fifteen seconds releases a 60 pound weight. This weight falls about six feet and closes both valves of the front door and the side door at the same time, and leaves the house locked fast. The front door can be opened independently of the mechanism, but cannot be shut without two depressions of the treadle. This is important, as the forward wheels and hind wheels must both pass before the machine becomes active, and fifteen seconds more gives ample time to get out of the way. The truck can never be caught amidstships by the doors, as was the case at Lowell, the other day with a contrivance they have in use there. This contrivance is the joint invention of Messrs. Nichols, Barrett, Stowers, and Smith, all members of the Hook & Ladder Co., and as they are intending to patent it, we cannot be more explicit. The machine is wound up after each use. It is a very ingenious thing, and has thus far worked entirely satisfactorily. It would be good thing if every house in town had one applied to it.

BOSTON ART CLUB.—The 21st exhibition of paintings by the Boston Art Club, has been open since Jan. 9th, and closes this Saturday evening. Ben. Chapman has a "Study from Nature," and "Under the Elms." Edwin G. Chapman has "Under the Pines." Albert Thompson, has a "Landscape and Cattle—Winchester," and "Landscape and Cattle—Waverly." Miss Von Hillern who achieved fame as a walkist, exhibits a picture a "Wood interior, St. Johnsbury, Vt."

DEATH OF FARMER ALLEN.—The death of Hon. Daniel Allen, familiarly known as "Farmer Allen," occurred at his home in Wakefield last Friday evening, at the age of sixty-five. He was born in Walpole and was brought up a farmer. On one of his visits to Boston he happened into a temperance meeting, and there, in his striped frock, made his first speech in favor of temperance. He made such a favorable impression that from that time forward he was in great demand.

DR. MELVIN'S PILLS.—A box of these pills were left on the editorial desk a day or two since, and already our cold is better. What would have happened had we taken the pills, no one can tell; perhaps they would have made us cough profuse, and proof against the several ills which they were made to cure. No matter; every body says they are good pills, and the druggists love to sell them.

SAVINGS BANK.—We are glad to notice that considerable business is being transacted at the W. F. C. S. Bank. Those who want their money, finding no trouble about getting it, measure those who had felt timid, and the number of depositors is steadily increasing. Last Wednesday the smallest amount was withdrawn, and the largest deposited, since the re-opening of the Bank.

NEW STORE AND FACTORY.—A. Ferrin is putting up his lot on Fowle street, a new building two stories in height, 23x40, which he will use as a manufactory for oil coverings and a sales room for the same. Mr. Ferrin is doing a thriving business and gives occupation to a large number of sewing women in addition to his factory help.

STILL ANOTHER.—The New England Life Insurance Co., have sent us a steel plate engraved calendar for 1880, which is artistic and elegant, just such as might be expected from so stable a company, accustomed to such handsome surroundings in its marble palace in Post Office Square.

GRAND ARMY.—At the Department Convention of the Grand Army, held at Lynn, on Wednesday and Thursday, Past Commander Hill, of Post 33, was elected Senior Vice Commander, receiving 205 out of 214 votes, practically a unanimous election, as there was no opposition.

THE MAINE FUSIONISTS.—The Maine Fusionists have been thrown into confusion by the refusal of the Supreme Court of Maine to recognize them as the legal legislature, and they have fallen back from Augusta, until warmer weather.

GETTING BETTER.—Mr. C. H. Buss has again appeared at his place of business, after an enforced absence of a month, caused by the breaking of his leg last Christmas. He is able to get around with the aid of crutches.

STATISTICS.—The Town Clerk has recorded in 1879, marriages, 85; births, 275; deaths, 170. This is a falling off of 35 births, an increase of 16 marriages, and a decrease of 40 deaths over the record of 1878.

PHALAX BALL.—The 45th annual ball of the Phalax evanuated four weeks from this Friday evening. The last is always the best with the Phalax.

VACATION.—Next week is vacation in all the schools. The teachers will have a rest, the scholars a good time, and the parents will be glad when it is over.

ROYAL ARCH.—The following officers of Woburn Royal Arch Chapter, were installed on Wednesday evening by Alfred F. Chapman, M. E. G. R. A. K. of the M. E. Grand Chapter of the U. S.:

M. E. H. P., F. A. Flint,
E. K. Thomas S. Spurr,
Scribe, Charles A. Sweetser,
C. of H., S. F. Trull,
P. S., A. A. Ferrin,
R. A. C., J. W. Richardson,
M. of 3d V., J. W. Hutchinson,
M. of 2d V., C. A. Pierce,
Organist, James C. Johnson,
S. S., L. A. Chadbourne,
J. S. C., Frank Kelley,
I. S., L. W. Perham,
Tyler, A. V. Haines.

FALL OF A DERRICK.—On Monday the large derrick erected in Andrew James' stone yard fell to the ground, the boom crushing in its fall the roof of the stone shed, where Capt. James and one other were at work. One of the workmen was absent, and had he been in place, he would have been directly under the falling boom, and his escape would have been almost impossible. The derrick was guyed in four directions, but a runaway team struck the guy that was secured in the Railroad freight yard, knocking it down, and the fall of the derrick followed. About half the roof of the shed was crushed, and part of the end, but the damage was soon repaired. It is a pleasure to note that no one was hurt.

PIANO FORTE RECITAL.—On Thursday evening, a select audience was present at Mr. F. H. Lewis' music room, the occasion being a piano forte recital. Mr. Lewis was assisted by Mr. A. W. Swan, of Boston, an accomplished pianist, and Mr. H. K. White, Jr., the well-known baritone. The following programme was presented:—Suite in E Minor, Roff, four movements, Mr. Swan; Children's Kingdom, Blumenthal, Mr. White; Concert Etude, Liszt, and Klaviersstücke, Bargiel, three movements, Mr. Lewis; "Tis I," Pinsuti, Mr. White; Blumenstück, Schumann, Mr. Swan; Larghetto, Saran, and Valse Caprice, Jensen, Mr. Swan; Variations, Mendelssohn, Messrs. Swan and Lewis.

BURGLARS AGAIN.—On Wednesday night as Mr. G. H. Conn returned from his office where he had been engaged to a late hour, he heard some one stirring about the lower rooms of his house. Supposing them to be members of his household he spoke but received no reply, and on going to ascertain the cause of the disturbance saw a man run out of the house. The doors on the lower floor were unlocked, and evidently preparations were made for robbing the house, but for the interruption caused by the return of Mr. Conn. There were indications of attempts to enter the houses of Walter Wyman and A. G. Carter, the same evening, but they were not successful.

TEMPERANCE COMMITTEE.—The Young Men's Christian Association have appointed the following gentlemen a "Home Protection and Public Safety Committee":—Rufus Pickering, John Johnson, F. S. Burgess, Chesman Wright, Charles M. Strout, Joseph Buck, F. K. Cragin, Abijah Thompson, L. H. Allen, Charles H. Smith, H. A. Gleason, G. W. Kimball, Gilman A. Bean, Joseph G. Pollard, J. Henry Symonds, L. L. Whitney, Samuel Cook, Amos Cummings, P. E. Bancroft, H. Copeland. Their purpose is to promote temperance in the town, and secure for town officers men who will oppose the licensing of the sale of intoxicating drink.

FRATERNAL GREETING.—We have received from our old comrade, Capt. Wm. Plimley, a card containing on one side the organization of the New York Post Office, and on the other views of the P. O. building, an Indian post runner, a one-armed letter carrier, clerks distributing the mails, a train of mail cars, a U. S. mail wagon, an ocean steamer taking the mail from a tug, an old-fashioned post boy on horseback, and a portrait of Thomas L. James, the Postmaster. An interesting and instructive card.

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Communication. WOBURN, ENGLAND.

I have been favored recently with occasional copies of the *Leighton Buzzard Observer*, a paper published in a town of some note of that name in Bedfordshire, England, and not far from old Woburn. There being no daily or weekly paper printed at Woburn (it has a monthly issue in pamphlet form containing railway tables and local notes), the *Leighton Buzzard Observer* having considerable circulation there, serves as a vehicle for those inclined to express their views on the politics of the day, and matters of home interest. Among its writers is Mr. Castleden, the valued correspondent with our town, and the obliging forwarder of the paper. Before proceeding to the especial object of this communication, it may not be amiss to fancy some person to be curious to know how such a peculiar name became attached to the town in question, as Leighton Buzzard. If such a name were found as the patronymic of one of our southern or western villages, it might reasonably be inferred it was from the fact of its being infested with that scavenger bird the turkey buzzard. That such an origin has been claimed for the old English town, is known from the statement gravely made, that the sexton of the old church in showing to visitors its ancient decorative glories, points to the buzzard eagle perched above the lectern or reading desk, as the original buzzard that gave the town its name. Whether the sexton is bold in this current story, I have no means of knowing, as the young gentlemen from here who visited old Woburn last autumn, did not extend their researches into that neighborhood. The name, however, proceeds from an entirely different source. It comes through one of the numerous corruptions of an earlier name which quite commonly befall those of a personal as well as those of a geographical character. Thus it is well known our neighboring city of Boston draws its designation from a place of the same name in England, which was long ago founded as St. Botolph's town. The original of the city of York, England, was in old Saxon, Eboracum. It is said the sailors of H. M. S. Bellerophon have transformed it into Billy Ruffian, and of the Eboracum into Alehouse. In like manner the town now called Leighton Buzzard, was in the twelfth century christened Leighton Beadlesert. The last part of the name is of undoubted Norman origin, signifying a fine open plain. Since the time of the Conquest or a little later, no material change has been made in the first part of the compound, but the last has been seriously curtailed of its beauty by being transformed to the image of a vulgar bird. But while some of the things in which "time works wonders" are sorry improvements, others are wrought into forms of greater comeliness and beauty. But I am wandering farther from my purpose than I intended, which was to refer to some of the articles from Mr. Castleden's pen, which have appeared in the paper on whose name I have been commenting. Particularly I wish to notice and ask you to reprint a poem from the paper last received. The articles in previous numbers have been growing in favor some time, and it seems strange now so practically philosophic an idea was not sooner developed by the interest in general education which has existed so long in New England. The object of education being to prepare the student for the best possible performance of the duties of life, it stands to reason that wherever the lines of theory and practice can be united the result will be the larger qualification of the student for entering into business life. How successful education in industrial science may be exemplified by a list of graduates and their present occupations, published in the fifteenth annual catalogue of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Twelve classes have graduated and of the 228 living graduates, all save one, who is unemployed, eleven who have not been heard from, and several others who are completing their studies in Europe, are employed in more or less responsible positions. A glance over the list of professors and instructors at the Institute reveals the names of five or six; several others are superintendents of mines; seven are professors or assistants in various institutions of learning; while among the rest are superintendents and assistant superintendents of railroads, chemists of manufacturing corporations, consulting engineers on railroads and in other connection, superintendents of mills, and so on. The list is a more suggestive one, and in itself embodies such a record as might well be a subject of pride to any school or college.

GOOD RECORD.—One of the most valuable educational institutions in this State is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which was incorporated in 1861 and graduated its first class in 1868. One of the objects for which it was founded was to give instruction in industrial science, and as an industrial school it has attained marked efficiency and success in the course of its existence. This is owing to the fact that so far as possible theory is exemplified by experiment. Field-work, laboratory, investigation and practical work in shops connected with the institution supplement the lecture and the recitation, the application of principles to practice naturally serving to make permanent the knowledge acquired from the study of books and by listening to lectures. The idea underlying the foundation of such a school as the Institute of Technology has been growing in favor some time, and it seems strange now so practically philosophic an idea was not sooner developed by the interest in general education which has existed so long in New England. The object of education being to prepare the student for the best possible performance of the duties of life, it stands to reason that wherever the lines of theory and practice can be united the result will be the larger qualification of the student for entering into business life. How successful education in industrial science may be exemplified by a list of graduates and their present occupations, published in the fifteenth annual catalogue of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Twelve classes have graduated and of the 228 living graduates, all save one, who is unemployed, eleven who have not been heard from, and several others who are completing their studies in Europe, are employed in more or less responsible positions. A glance over the list of professors and instructors at the Institute reveals the names of five or six; several others are superintendents of mines; seven are professors or assistants in various institutions of learning; while among the rest are superintendents and assistant superintendents of railroads, chemists of manufacturing corporations, consulting engineers on railroads and in other connection, superintendents of mills, and so on. The list is a more suggestive one, and in itself embodies such a record as might well be a subject of pride to any school or college.

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WEATHER.—On Saturday, a daughter of Patrick Burke, aged eighteen months, fell off a chair and broke her collar bone.

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AN ELECTRICAL MARVEL.—The invention that is at present attracting the most attention and in the greatest demand is the telephone, and it is perfectly wonderful how the invention has increased in use since its introduction, some two years ago. In all parts of the world may be found the telephone, and in all large places district exchange systems are being established with gratifying success. There are at present in use in the world over 200,000 instruments, of which 800 are in Lowell—the pioneer city in the telephone business. The National Bell telephone company, the lessors of all these instruments, receive, on an average, \$5 per annum for all machines. Their manufactory, at C. Williams's, 109 Court street, Boston, turns out from 10,000 to 15,000 per month. Lines are being built from city to city, and ere long all the exchanges in the country will be in speaking communication, so that a house in Lowell can converse with one in New York, Chicago, etc., as easy as with Boston.

The present season here will be the most eventful, in the electrical business, ever known. Besides the telephonic facilities, there will be in the field no less than four large telegraph companies, viz.: The Western Union, Atlantic and Pacific, the American Union, and the Continental company, all of which will compete for the telegraphic business. The Edison light is in progress of perfection, and the telephone company is promised the agency of the same for Lowell and vicinity. The Atlantic & Pacific telegraph company will open at once in charge of the telephone company. Their operating department will be in the central office and presided over day times by Clark Glidden, and at night by an operator not yet selected. This facility will afford all subscribers to the telephone system a substantially direct wire communication from their place of business or residence to all parts of the world; it will also furnish Lowell with a communicating method at all hours of the day or night, something which has long been needed, as many unimportant telegrams have been delayed hours when it should have been sent. An office will be opened on the street for the accommodation of the public not connected with the telephone system. The local telephone company of our city is worthy of the following description, briefly mentioning its progress since its introduction:

It was with great difficulty the first telephone was introduced into Lowell—the people having little, if any, confidence in its satisfactory working; and what confidence they did have was considerably shaken, owing to the failure of the exhibition between here and Boston, which was caused by poor telegraphic connections. The Lowell gas company ventured first, followed by the corporations, headed by the Merrimack Company. This was in October, 1877. January 1st, 1878, the Lowell district telephone company was formed, with Charles J. Glidden as manager, and Clark Glidden, a brother, as operator. The company commenced business May 24th, with 50 subscribers and 7 miles of wire. A few months later the list ran to 120 stations; then 160; and one year from its start, 200; and this day, nearly 500 stations, using in the vicinity of 800 machines and 200 miles of wire.

So largely has the business increased that the company has, for the fourth time, been obliged to change over its operating department. They occupy six rooms in Shattuck's block, on Central street, where enter 300 wires, some of which are held in reserve for future increase of business, to a switch that will accommodate 3000 stations. The force of the company consist of the following:—W. A. Ingham, president; Charles J. Glidden, treasurer and manager; Clark Glidden, assistant manager; Joe Gray, chief operator; Frank Clark, 1st assistant; Miss Florence Taft, 2d assistant; Willie Courtard, night chief; operators: Miss Emma Taft, Miss Hattie Washburn, Miss Flora Davis, Miss Edna Foster, Bertie Hunt, Charles McEvoy, Frank Brooks, Charles Perry; superintendent of construction, Cyrus Roberts; general inspector, L. A. Derby; assistant superintendent of construction, Henry Mace; lineman, John Gray.

A cashier is also employed, making a force of twenty persons, not including "Dollie," the horse. No less than seven persons are in constant attendance in the operating department, from 6.30 a. m. until 11 p. m., and then one man handles the business until morning. From 2,000 to 3,000 messages daily pass over the lines, no less than 10 persons talking at the same instant, making business exceedingly lively for all concerned. We will not repeat the many marvels of the instrument, which have many times been published, and are probably well known. The stock of the Lowell company sells at an advance of \$100 per share, its par value being \$100.—*Lowell Mail.*

The Congregationalist of this week has an interesting article showing the results of efforts, led by Mr. Edward Kimball, to pay off church debts in this vicinity. At Dr. McKenzie's church, in Cambridge, \$83,000 were subscribed, and of this the sum of \$73,000 has been, and most of the remainder will probably be paid soon. At the Central Congregational Church, Chelsea, \$35,000 was subscribed, all but \$8,000 has been paid and all but about \$2,000 will be paid. The subscriptions at the Berkley-street Church, Boston, Rev. W. B. Wright, pastor, were \$25,000; all but \$3,000 has been paid, and the church will probably soon be out of debt. The North-avenue Church, of Cambridge, received subscriptions for \$18,500, and \$13,000 has been paid, and it is hoped that the whole amount will be paid, this year. The results of Mr. Kimball's labors are certainly most gratifying.

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HARDSHIPS OF SUSPECTED MURDERERS.—By a singular coincidence, two women have recently been arrested in this city on a charge of murder, though in each case the murderer would seem a most unnatural and unexpected one for them to commit. We refer, of course, to the Ward matricide case, and the case of Margaret Anderson or Stella Varnell, who is accused of killing her sister on Bowker Street last Monday evening. On the occasion of the Ward matricide, some of our daily contemporaries waxed manfully indignant that a young and beautiful girl should be taken into custody and locked up in jail, like other persons who have the misfortune to be placed in circumstances where suspicion of a felony at first sight rests upon them; but somehow we have not noticed any similar expression of solicitude in regard to Stella Varnell.

Nevertheless, there is some degree of parallelism between the matricide and the sororicide. It is true, Stella Varnell is not beautiful, though on the sunny side of thirty: she is, in fact, described as viciously ugly. But ought that fact to make any difference to such impartial and valiant critics as the contemporaries already mentioned? Not the slightest. Neither ought we to insult their sense of justice by mentioning that Mrs. Varnell lived in a far less respectable neighborhood than Miss Ward, as this consideration could have weight with them. We are, therefore, at a loss to understand the unfeeling way in which the outrage perpetrated by the police on Mrs. Varnell has been neglected by the friends of oppressed humanity, who were but lately so active. Be it understood that we are not now reviewing the Ward affair, which has been passed upon by lawfully constituted authorities. We expressed our sympathy with the young woman under arrest on so terrible a charge; we awaited the action of the court without prematurely attacking the police; and now that the whole tragic business is disposed of, we bring it into notice again only incidentally.

We desire to see fair play accorded. Here is another young woman whose near relative—the only member of her family in Boston—has died a violent death, and the poor creature is instantly, on a hasty glimpse of the situation, accused of that death, and is accordingly clapped into prison. If sympathy was so generously extended in the former instance, that some of the most trusted makers of public opinion were ready to have the entire system of arrests for murder abolished forthwith, why does it not rouse itself for another effort now? Stella admits the fact of stabbing, as the arrested daughter admitted the fact of shooting. She also seems to have been considerably dazed by the occurrence. Entering a saloon immediately after her sister Lizzie was wounded, she said, "I have just stabbed my sister;" but when captured by the hasty and malevolent minions of the law, her explanation was that in a struggle with a third person, the latter had produced the knife, and that the stabbing had been done by him. Is not all this very simple? On entering the saloon she explains in a general way that she has stabbed her sister, meaning, of course, that she was indirectly the cause of the dead. When taken into custody she utterly denies having done her sister a physical harm. Lizzie was "all she had to live in the world," and she would not have "cut" Lizzie "for the world." In fact, Stella shows such grief at the mere thought of injury to her sister that the police officers are obliged to keep from her the fact of Lizzie's death from her wounds.

Yet this same heartless police which could believe a daughter capable of killing her mother, imagine that this tenderly attached sister murdered Lizzie. And still worse, the editorial philanthropists who want to abolish arrest for murder, raise no protesting sound. No weight can be allowed to the excuse that sundry persons declare Stella to have threatened her sister's life. This is a mere hearsay. And if Stella's habits had been bad, is that a reason why we are to deny all the better feelings of humanity to the low and vicious? Are we to assume the untenable position that sin destroys all the natural affections?

But the Varnell is posted as a murderer, without hesitation. She seem to have been "tried by newspaper." We have been hearing a good deal about trial by newspaper; but no one has remarked that in the Ward case there was an acquittal by newspaper. If the press is to allow to acquit, it also has the right to convict and if it is going to enjoy these judicial functions, we think it is about time to form a mode of procedure, and establish some kind of consistency, justice, and regard for precedent therein.

The House judiciary committee, which was obliged by enthusiasts to inquire whether further legislation might be necessary to prevent in future painful arrests like that of Miss Ward, has reported in a way to disappoint our contemporaries; and possibly this has damped their ardor in the Varnell case, for the report was published on the morning with that of the Bowker Street murder. This committee, in its old-fog conservatism, finds that the existing system of investigating mysterious deaths is good; and that, even if innocent persons sometimes chance to be unjustly suspected, it is desirable that public and private safety should be guarded by the precautions now in vogue of examining all the circumstances exactly and detaining persons who may be connected with a crime, until the autopsy and inquest have been concluded. The committee, we also infer, does not think it advisable virtually to accuse the police and the medical examiners of conspiracy or persecution, when they are merely trying to make sure that guilt shall not escape, through carelessness.

It does not look, therefore, as if the Legislature would authorize acquittal by newspaper. In view of this, we would suggest to those who are opposed to trying to ferret out crimes, that they induce the Legislature to consent to a compromise, by which only beautiful young women living in good quarters of the city shall be exempt from arrest, while ugly persons addicted to vice and inhabiting bad localities shall be considered murderers until the theory is disproved.—*Sunday Courier.*

Vocal and Physical Culture.—Miss Mattie S. Hussey, graduate of the Boston University School of Oratory, and highly recommended by prominent educators, solicits pupils, either separately or in classes, for the study of Eloquence, Rhetoric, Mental Newtonism, etc. To those interested, all mail and newspaper advertising, Address GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., 19 Spruce St., N. Y.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

Journal Club Column

THE OLD MAN WHO SMILED.—One time there was a good old man living in Detroit. His back was bent; his step was slow, and men who gazed upon his snowy locks and wrinkled face, whispered to each other: "He is a good old man who has not long to live."

The old man had been well off in his day, but when he found himself on the shady side of life, wife dead and home broken up, he said to his only son: "Here, William, take all I have, and let your home be my home until I die."

The son took the papers—you bet he did! and the father was given a cosy corner, a big chair and a corn-cob pipe. All went well for a year or so, and then the son's wife began to make it uncomfortable for the nice old man in the corner. They threw out hints, deprived him of his comforts, and one cold day in winter he was told that he had better go to Halifax—Nova Scotia.

The old man's heart was sore as he went into the world to battle against hunger and cold, and when night came he cowered in a door-way and wept like a child.

"Who is making that chin-music up there?" called a reporter, whose steps had been arrested by the sons, and he went up the steps, patted the old man on the head, and by and by the story was told.

"Come down to the station with me," said the reporter, taking the old man's arm. "Your son is first cousin to the man who preferred buzzard to lamb, and I'll help you fix him."

Next morning one of the daily papers contained an item to the effect that an old gentleman named Goodheart had been found wandering the streets at night, and that when taken to the station \$10,000 worth of United States bonds were found on him. The old man read it over three times, slapped his leg as he saw the point, and a sweet smile covered his face and climbed up through his hair. In about an hour his son William rushed into the station and called out:

"Father, dear father, come home! All of us were crying all night long, and my wife is now lying in a comatose state on your account!"

The old man went home with him, winking at the lamp-post and smiling as he turned the corners. He had all his comforts back, and the son bought him a costly pipe and a pair of box-toed boots that very day.

Well as time went on the son ventured to suggest that the bonds had better be turned over to him, and every time he said "bonds" the old man would smile and turn the subject. The other day the father went to bed to die, and he smiled softer than before as he lay waiting for the summons. The son said his heart was breaking, and then went through the old man's clothes to find the bonds. He didn't find any. He searched the barn and the garret and the cellar, and finally when he saw that death was very near he leaned over the bed and whispered: "Father, do you know me?"

"Oh, yes; I know you like a book," replied the dying man.

"And, father, don't you see this thing is almost killing me?"

"Yes, William, I see it."

"And, father—those—those—bonds, you know. I suppose you want them used to purchase you a monument?"

"Correct, William," whispered the father, winking a ghastly wink, and as that same old smile covered his face death came to take him to a better home.

When evening fell the son and the son's wife were wildly searching the straw-bed, to get their hands on those bonds.—Detroit Free Press.

A SAD MISTAKE.—He was about leaving her. The ornate (or something) clock had rung eleven. The fire crackled in the grate. It was very impressive scene. "My darling," said he, "when shall I again look into the blue depths of your eyes?" and he put both arms around her. "Come at the earliest possible moment, my king," said she. Then he drew her toward him, and as he clasped her to his heart, there rang out a sound like the crack of a rifle, and he felt something under his right arm. "Oh, jeh-wit-taker," he yelled, as he rushed out doors, "I've broken her ribs, by jingo," and he streaked it down the street, while there floated after him a pleading voice—"Oh, my heart's idol, come back! It was only a corset-bone!" But he was gone.—Syracuse Sunday Times.

Incentives to matrimony— "You ought to marry?" "Never." "I know the very girl." "Let me alone." "She's young." "Then she is sly." "Beautiful." "The more dangerous." "Of good family." "Then she is proud." "Tender heart." "Then she is jealous." "She has talent." "Then she is conceited." "And a fortune." "I will take her."

Lady of the house: "In the name of common sense, Molly, how many pounds of meat have you brought from the market? I said to bring only two pounds." Molly: "Yes, madam, you said two pounds, but I understood four pounds, so I told the butcher six pounds, but he understood eight pounds; so I brought ten pounds."

A Boston wife softly attached a pedometer to her husband when, after supper, he started to "go down to the office and balance the books." On his return fifteen miles of walking were recorded. He had been stepping around a billiard-table all the evening.

A red-nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits. "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt that."

"Py Schimmy how dot boy studies de languages?" is what a delightful elderly German said when his four-year-old son called him a bear-eyed son of a saw-horse.

Love is sentiment—marriage is business, says the Boston Transcript, and every employee of a cradle factory is willing to back it up in any assertion.

Self made man (examining school, of which he is a manager): "Now, boy, what's the capital of 'Oland?" Boy: "An 'H,' sir."

Miscellaneous.

PLAYING AT HOUSEKEEPING.

The Boston correspondent of the Worcester Spy gives an account of a "Kitchen Garden" established for the benefit of poor girls at the North End, which we are sure will be read with interest. She says:

"The Kitchen Garden" was first established in New York city by Miss Huntington, an active worker in the mission to the poor. She says that she spent hours of thought day and night trying to devise some means by which the drudgery of the toiling children might be lightened, and they come to like the work that then filled them with weariness and disgust. The problem for her was how to teach the mass of children to put courage into their drudgery.

A kindergarten solved the problem for her. Instead of blocks and balls and colored paper, there should be brooms and dust pans and little beds; and instead of lessons in geometry, there should be object lessons in music and songs. She tried her plan with such success, that she prepared a book with the music, the lessons and the household catechism that the children learn, to be used as a text-book by other teachers; she called her school a kitchen-garden, and her plan has already been adopted by thirteen of the New York churches for their mission schools.

Last summer a Boston lady established schools here, at her own expense, and they are now in excellent condition at the Children's Mission and at the North End Mission.

A visit to one of them is very interesting and amusing. The class that I saw was of 24 little colored children, the eldest 10 or 11 perhaps, and even the youngest quite capable of helping a good deal at home. They had four teachers—one who played the piano or organ, one who led the singing, the principal who gave the instruction, and an assistant who was learning the art of teaching. The first lesson was bed-making. On the long tables, with 12 children at each, were toy beds about two feet long, each with a mattress, two sheets, two blankets, one bolster, a bolster, two pillows, with pillow and sheet shams. The children marched in to gay music, and before they began their lesson they sang together the bed-making song:

A WOMAN'S GLOVE.—A woman's glove is to her what a vest pocket is to a man. But it is more capacious, and in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred it is much better regulated. A man will carry two hundred dollars' worth of small change, four matches, half a dozen toothpicks, a short pencil, and a pack of business cards in his vest pocket, and yet not be able to find a nickel, or a match, or a toothpick, or a pencil, or a card when he wants it.

Not so with a woman. She has the least part of a glove, and in that glove she carries the tiniest hand and a wad of bills, and the memoranda for her intended purchase of dry good, and car tickets, and matine check. We have no idea how she does it—how she manages to squeeze those thousand and one things into that wee space. But she does it every time and the glove never looks the least discomposed, or plethoric, or ruffled. And when a woman wants and articulates concealed about that glove, she doesn't seem to have the least trouble in the world getting at it. All that is required is a simple turn of the wrist, the disappearance of two fairy fingers, and the desired article is turned to light! It is a wonder no savant can explain.

When you wake in the morning, At the day dawning, Throw off the bedding and let it all air; Then shake up the pillows, In waves and in billows, And leave them near windows, if the day is quite fair; For beds made in a hurry, A fret and a worry, Are always unhealthful and musty, 'tis sure; But left for airing, Palms-taking and caring, And one must sleep sweetly, to know it is pure.

The rules for bed-making, If ever forsaking, You list to the earless and hurry them through, They'll soon grow so matted, So hard and so flat,

You'd wish you had listened and kept them quite new.

The beds are already made, and the first the children do is to prepare them for sleeping. Working together and keeping time to music, they take off the pillows and shams, turn back the spread, turn down the other clothes, and make the bed ready for its occupant. Then they take off the clothes, putting them on two chairs, to air, turn the mattress over and around, and make the bed scientifically. The rules are to make it *level, square, and smooth*, and they are taught how to do this. The children are not allowed to take a lesson unless or until their heads, faces and hands are perfectly clean, and this rule has been so thoroughly enforced that the little bed-clothes, which have been in use since June, are still unsold and look as if they had just been done up. The questions and explanations take some time, and make a variety in the lesson.

There came a washing lesson. Each child got her toy tub in which was a bag of clothes, table and body linen, coarse towels, and colored stockings, a wash-board, and a bag of clothes-pins. No water is used; but the clothes are carefully sorted, the fine ones washed, or apparently washed without the board, then the coarser ones, and so to the end, the proper twist in hand-wringing being insisted upon; then the clothes are properly hung upon a line. A sweeping lesson is conducted in the same thorough way, each child having a broom, a brush, a feather duster, a cloth, a dust pan and small broom. Of course there is no limit to the lessons that can be given in this way. Miss Huntington's book has the songs and music for those I have mentioned, for setting tables and folding table linen, for dish washing, and for simple lessons in butter pads, biscuits, etc., and for rolling out cookies.

The kitchen garden is intended to be a sort of preparatory or primary school fitting the pupils for a cooking school or other advanced course of household education. The children have great fun doing all these things, and it seems that they really learn a good deal, and even the little ones like to practice at home, as far as they can, the lessons learned and the songs sung at school. The improvement in families at the North End is said to be noticeable, since the children learned to make beds, set tables and sweep.

Who said this occurred on the Brookline Branch? He entered a car, when a brakeman came inside and took a key out of his pocket, unlocked the stove, put in some coal and locked the door again, and he asked him what he locked the stove door for. The brakeman shut his left eye and said he locked the door so the fire couldn't go out.

Who said this occurred on the Roxbury Gazette, about days the local politician reaps his reward. He marches proudly to the Common Council chamber, is sworn in, and in the name of humanity, justice, and equal rights demands that a new street shall be cut through his father-in-law's peat meadow.

An old lady wearing a pair of green goggles stepped on the Sacramento train at South Vallejo, California, and knocked at the car door, and actually waited till it was opened on the inside by a passenger. For consummate politeness this has no parallel.

Mark Twain never was a policeman, says an exchange. True! Neither was Oliver Wendell Holmes ever a driver of butcher's carts. It is a good thing that these little interesting points of great men's lives be brought out.—Boston Post.

The only kind of cake children don't eat at home. At any rate, the classes are a pleasant sight, and the plan is working well.

Ancient grease—Old butter.

THE INDIAN BOYS AT HAMPTON.—To go to bed with boots on and leave off half their under-clothing the next morning were among the trifling peculiarities which had to be watched at first. A drill in bed-making was found quite necessary for the braves, and is thus amusingly described in the *Southern Workman* by the teacher who superintended the operation:

"When they first began to make beds, the sheets were either tucked up under the pillow or laid on the outside. One boy was found to have seven sheets, who did not know the proper use for two. The janitor helped me to carry a bedstead into the sitting-room, the boys were called in and seated in a semi-circle, and I began the process of bed-making, the boys grunting and laughing as it proceeded. When the clothes were neatly tucked in, and the pillow shaken and put into the place, I said, 'Now, boys, I will show you how to get into bed,' which I did. Then, through the interpreter, I asked who was willing to try. He had hardly put the question when a boy who had objected to having his hair cut when he first came, stepped forward. He began where I did, and followed every movement, so closely had he observed. No sooner did he finish than there was a stunning applause. He was then asked to show us how to go to bed, and when his head touched the pillow and he drew the clothing up over him, up went another shout."

A kindergarten solved the problem for her. Instead of blocks and balls and colored paper, there should be brooms and dust pans and little beds; and instead of lessons in geometry, there should be object lessons in music and songs. She tried her plan with such success, that she prepared a book with the music, the lessons and the household catechism that the children learn, to be used as a text-book by other teachers; she called her school a kitchen-garden, and her plan has already been adopted by thirteen of the New York churches for their mission schools.

Last summer a Boston lady established schools here, at her own expense, and they are now in excellent condition at the Children's Mission and at the North End Mission.

A visit to one of them is very interesting and amusing. The class that I saw was of 24 little colored children, the eldest 10 or 11 perhaps, and even the youngest quite capable of helping a good deal at home. They had four teachers—one who played the piano or organ, one who led the singing, the principal who gave the instruction, and an assistant who was learning the art of teaching. The first lesson was bed-making. On the long tables, with 12 children at each, were toy beds about two feet long, each with a mattress, two sheets, two blankets, one bolster, a bolster, two pillows, with pillow and sheet shams. The children marched in to gay music, and before they began their lesson they sang together the bed-making song:

A WOMAN'S GLOVE.—A woman's glove is to her what a vest pocket is to a man. But it is more capacious, and in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred it is much better regulated. A man will carry two hundred dollars' worth of small change, four matches, half a dozen toothpicks, a short pencil, and a pack of business cards in his vest pocket, and yet not be able to find a nickel, or a match, or a toothpick, or a pencil, or a card when he wants it.

Not so with a woman. She has the least part of a glove, and in that glove she carries the tiniest hand and a wad of bills, and the memoranda for her intended purchase of dry good, and car tickets, and matine check. We have no idea how she does it—how she manages to squeeze those thousand and one things into that wee space. But she does it every time and the glove never looks the least discomposed, or plethoric, or ruffled. And when a woman wants and articulates concealed about that glove, she doesn't seem to have the least trouble in the world getting at it. All that is required is a simple turn of the wrist, the disappearance of two fairy fingers, and the desired article is turned to light! It is a wonder no savant can explain.

When you wake in the morning, At the day dawning, Throw off the bedding and let it all air; Then shake up the pillows, In waves and in billows, And leave them near windows, if the day is quite fair; For beds made in a hurry, A fret and a worry, Are always unhealthful and musty, 'tis sure; But left for airing, Palms-taking and caring, And one must sleep sweetly, to know it is pure.

The rules for bed-making, If ever forsaking, You list to the earless and hurry them through, They'll soon grow so matted, So hard and so flat,

You'd wish you had listened and kept them quite new.

The beds are already made, and the first the children do is to prepare them for sleeping. Working together and keeping time to music, they take off the pillows and shams, turn back the spread, turn down the other clothes, and make the bed ready for its occupant. Then they take off the clothes, putting them on two chairs, to air, turn the mattress over and around, and make the bed scientifically. The rules are to make it *level, square, and smooth*, and they are taught how to do this. The children are not allowed to take a lesson unless or until their heads, faces and hands are perfectly clean, and this rule has been so thoroughly enforced that the little bed-clothes, which have been in use since June, are still unsold and look as if they had just been done up. The questions and explanations take some time, and make a variety in the lesson.

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Ancient grease—Old butter.

1880.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

"Studying the subject objectively and from the educational point of view—so as to provide it to the public at a low price, will help the cause to the largest number—I long ago concluded that, if I could have but one work for a public library, I would have but one—*Harper's Monthly*."
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jr.

Its contents are contributed by the most eminent authors and artists of Europe and America, while the *Editor* is the author of the *Monthly*.

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WOBURN



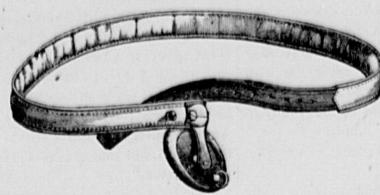
JOURNAL.

VOL. XXX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

NO. 6.

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ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE

JOURNAL OFFICE.

Poetical Selection.

CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

In the soft falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play;
I was brooding o'er some trouble,
That had met me unawares,
When a little voice came singing,
"Me is creeping up the stairs."

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering
Like a magpie in the trees,
Till at last she reached the topmost,
When o'er all her world's affairs,
She delighted, stood a victor
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prizes must be captured
With a spirit that dares to strive;
O'erhead, upward reaching ever,
Bending to the weight of years,
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

Selected Story.

VIRTUE REWARDED.

On the third of January, during the cold
which reigned so severely in Paris, at the
moment when the snow was falling in heavy
flakes, a stoppage of passengers, horses, and
vehicles took place suddenly at the corner of
the Rue St. Honore and the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec.

"What's the matter?" asked a young man,
whose accent declared him to be an inhabitant
of the South of France.

"I really can't inform you, monsieur. I
was going to ask the question myself."

"It's only a man who has fallen on the
ice," said an orange woman who had over-
heard the colloquy—"nothing more. Two
sons apiece—come buy?"

"It's a man dead drunk," said a porter,
pushing his way out of the crowd.

"Bah!" cried an old woman, "I bet that
it's one of those cursed omnibusses which
has overturned some wretch. I had my leg
broken by one, two years ago!"

"No such thing," cried a stout man,
warmly wrapped up in a thick wrap-rascal,
a large handkerchief up to his nose, and his
hands fixed in side-pockets—"It's no
such thing. It's a man struck with cold and
hunger. He is dying—that's evident. Poor
man! These things quite affect me! I
should have stopped to lend him some as-
sistance, but the fact is I am too late as it is,
for my wife is waiting dinner for me. Par-
don, monsieur, permit me to pass."

The stranger, however, to whom this re-
quest was addressed, pushed the stout man
in the contrary direction, and pressed through
the crowd of gazers until he arrived, not
without difficulty, at the spot where the
cause of this assemblage was lying. There,
near the fountain, was extended on the ice
an old man, scarcely covered with a few
rags. The stranger, yielding only to the dicta-
tates of a kind heart, stepped down, and
was in the act of raising the unhappy man,
when a cry broke the silence of the crowd,
and a sweet voice exclaimed, "It's my poor
old man!" At the same moment a young
girl, piercing the crowd, joined her feeble
aid to that of the stranger.

"You know him, then?" he demanded,
without looking at the new comer, but try-
ing to prevent her from having any share of
the burden.

"Yes and no, monsieur," she replied,
taking out a smoking bottle. "I know him
by sight, but am ignorant of his name."

A third person came to add his assistance
to the efforts of the young people. "It is
old Gerald," he said. "He must have
gone out this morning, the first time for
these four days. This way, monsieur," said
he, speaking to the stranger, "he lives here
at number thirty, and I am the porter of the
house. Come let me take your place, if you
will; I would not be guilty of such a foolish
act; I would at once go to the Mayor and
demand aid. Take care—the stairs are
steep; it is so dark here you can't well see
it. It is different with me, I am used to the
place—that's the door. Push! He never
needed a key to lock up his property, poor
man. They say Gerald is not his name.
Diable! how cold it is up here under these
stones!"

They placed the old man on some straw
in one corner of the garret, and the stranger
hastened to feel his pulse. "He is dying
of cold and want," said he; "here, my friend,
here's some money for you; bring up some
soup, some wine, and a fire." The porter
held out his hand for the money, when the
stranger, suddenly exclaiming, after having
searched his pockets, "Good heavens, they
have taken my purse!" and his features ex-
pressed most vividly, vexation and fear for
the old man's recovery.

"I will get them," cried a gentle voice;
it was that of the young girl, who had fol-
lowed them unperceived. She hurried out
of the room, and returned speedily; for she
perceived that the slightest delay might be
fatal. A woman followed her bringing fire
and wood with which she lit a fire and then
retired. The young messenger was loaded
with a bottle of wine, a small loaf, and the
wing of a fowl, wrapped up in a piece of
newspaper. She placed the whole near the
old man, and then kneeling down, arranged
the fire and stirred it up to a blaze.

"Madame—As long as fortune smiled on
me, I thought with delight on the alliance
which M. Revial and my father contracted
for me; but the late failure of the firm of
Dandelin & Co., has drawn on ours; and as
a man of honor I deem myself bound to
return to you your promise. If your daughter
and myself were well again, we could still
mutual affection on the basis of the
marriage. I would have bent my knee to
you before you, madam, and prayed to wait until
I repaired our disaster; but have I't right
to call on another to partake in my poverty,
and to join in my labors? Do I even know
what space of time it will take to acquire a
fortune equal to that which you have lost?
He that is above can only tell. Your daughter,
brought up under your protecting care,
is so am informed, both amiable and lovely.—Who
will be proud and happy to give her an honorable

name, and a position in society equal to that
in which she was born? As to me, I have
nothing left, and unwillingly I am forced to
renounce the favor designed for me. You
willardon me Madame, for leaving Paris
without paying my respects to you; but I
had never having seen your daughter, to
carry with me a keen regret, which might
trouble the calm of an existence now con-
tracted to labor.

Farewell, then, Madame; believe me to be
penetrated with every sentiment of respect
for you, and to remain,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

JULES BARSAK.

The young girl paused a moment after
reading the note, and then raising her eyes
to meet her mother's, she remarked, as she
placed it on the work-table: "Do you not
think, mother, that letter is perfect; except
the too high opinion expressed of me. I
really think that M. Barsak writes with the
utmost good sense. I almost regret that I have
not seen such a man whose conduct is actu-
ally honorable."

"This letter," said Madame Revial,
mournfully, "certainly augments my regret.
I feel that I could have loved this young man
as a son. Now, what a different lot awaits
you! Are you not terrified at the idea of
being obliged to work for your poor mother?"

"How unkind!" said Anna; "how un-
kindly! Why, what is it, after all? For
myself I embroidered to amuse myself; now
I do the same to contribute to your com-
fort. The latter will be surely the more
agreeable. Besides, I can do it now so
much more cheerfully. Look, I have dis-
posed of the collar," and she showed the
empty case which she had brought out;
and here's the price obtained for it,"

placing the three pieces of money on the
table.

A light knock at the door interrupted the
conversation. Anna cast a look of in-
quietude at her mother, for since the loss of
her fortune no visit had broken their
solitude.

"Go and open it," said the lady. With
a smile she opened, and the opened door
gave entrance to a man, whom she im-
mediately recognized as the stranger who
had assisted the poor old sufferer.

The countenance of Mademoiselle Revial
at once assumed a grave and severe expres-
sion. Her mother perceived the change,
but before she could make an inquiry into
the cause, the stranger advanced and saluted
her with respect, said: "Madame, you
are, I presume, the mother of this young
lady?"

Madame Revial made a sign of assent,
and pointed out a chair to the stranger. He
took it, and continued: "chance this morn-
ing found me invalid and still invalid;
as the latter was not

much improved, I interrupted the young
girl, whose neck and face were covered
with blisters at this allusion to the morn-
ing adventure, "I have not had time to
tell you about it. Do you remember the
poor old man who generally took up his
abode at the door of our hotel formerly?"
He always wore a green bandage over his
eyes, to conceal his face from the passers-
by, and held a small basket of matches in
his hand."

"Yes," interrupted Madame Revial in her
turn. "I remember him well; your father
always dropped some money into the basket
when returning from the Bourse. You
always called him your poor old man; and
you, as little as you were, delighted in giving
him everything you could scrape together."

"Well; since our departure from the
hotel, we have asked each other a hundred
times what could have become of him."

"Yes," said Madame Revial, with evident
interest.

"Well, mother, I found him to-day, at
last, but in such a wretched state that I was
really shocked. Stretched on the snow,
dying, absolutely, of cold and hunger; and,
without the kind assistance of this gentle-
man, he must have perished where he lay."

"Say rather without yours," said the
young girl earnestly. "I could do nothing
for I had lost my purse. To you, and you
alone, is he indebted for life." But, "But,"
she continued, "I do not know what would
have become of him."

"Yes," said Madame Revial, with evident
interest.

"What?" said the old man, with a broken
voice, and addressing Anna, "what, mademoiselle,
do you not remember your poor old
man?"

Saying this he displayed the coupons on
the table, and Madame Revial, the daughter,
and Jules Barsak, all made a movement as
if about to speak, when the aged stranger
arose and made a sign for them to remain
silent. Surprised at this interference they
awaited with interest the result of this strange
scene.

"You are making a mistake, monsieur,"
interrupted Madame Revial; "formerly,
indeed, I did intend—"

The notary, without paying any attention
to the interruption, continued—"£1000 a
year, arising from money in the public
funds, for which here are the securities."

Saying this he displayed the coupons on
the table, and Madame Revial, the daughter,
and Jules Barsak, all made a movement as
if about to speak, when the aged stranger
arose and made a sign for them to remain
silent.

"You have, then, forgotten ten years of
daily kindness? You have forgotten the
third of January, with the assistance you
gave so opportunely—the fire, the wine, and
the wing of a fowl wrapped up in a piece of
newspaper? All forgotten? Well, that
very piece of newspaper is the cause of all
my misery being at an end. In an adver-
tisement which it bore, I read the intelligence
that a French gentleman named Francois
de Chazal, had been for years seeking
in vain for his brother, Jacques de Chazal,
ruined, like him, in the revolution; and
that, by his will, he had ordered an adver-
tisement to be inserted every week for three
years, that the brother might come forward
and claim his ample fortune. That Jacques
de Chazal stands now before you; it is I."

"Without delay I sat out for London, and
only returned yesterday. Your notary,"
continued he, speaking to Madame Revial,
"is mine; from him I heard of the intended
marriage of your daughter. To that angel
I owe my life, and the least I can do is to
present her with part of that fortune
which, without her, never would have
reached my hands."

"But, monsieur," said Madame Revial,
with emotion, "perhaps you have a family?"

"Yes, madame," replied he, bowing low

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

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The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

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Edward A. Pierce.	3	3	9
Wanted.	3	3	8

On Thursday evening, at the regular meeting of the Ladies' Charitable Society of the Unitarian Church, Miss Emily D. Southwick gave a very entertaining talk concerning what she had observed during her travels in foreign lands. Miss Southwick displayed fancy articles, embroideries, photographs, and mementoes of the places she had visited, enough to stock a museum, and of much more interest than any similar collection we have seen. After these had been examined by the company, Miss Southwick spoke in a familiar way of her impressions in other countries. Glasgow she regards as a ragamuffin city, on account of the vast number of people clothed in rags, and miserable to the last degree, that one encounters in a promenade through the streets. The squalor and misery seen throughout Great Britain is almost entirely in consequence of the use of strong drink. The domestic life of the people visited chiefly arrested her attention, and she evidently improved every opportunity to observe it. The European custom of washing clothes in the streams and lakes was described and contrasted with the American fashion of set tubs, with hot and cold water. The universality of the wine drinking habit in France was illustrated by a visit to a large establishment in Paris, where provision was made for the lunch of the employees, 20,000 persons, and that number of bottles of wine were served every day. The beer drinking habit of Germany was commented upon, and the singular fact that all classes in that land seem to be satisfied with spending every evening in some beer garden in eating, drinking, and talk, a monotonous sort of pleasure quite at variance with the American idea. In the eastern countries willing testimony was given that aside from any religious considerations the condition of the people was improved wherever missionaries had gone. Of all her treasures, Miss Southwick most prizes a little willow stick, cut for her on the banks of a tributary of the Jordan, near the site of ancient Dan, a stick which by some strange chance she retained through her journeys and cherishes as a memento of the place where it grew. Whenever possible she visited the interiors of the homes of the people, and whether it were examining the "antique wife" of a pasha, or the little hut of the Russian peasant woman whose just completed woolen gloves she secured, or that of the Pole who set out bread and salt for his visitors and parted with a little shrine, or the Arab school where all the boys were screaming the words of the Koran as they swayed backward and forward on the floor in momentary dread of the long stick of the master, or in the bazaars, wherever she went she was keenly observant, and has the faculty of giving her auditors such graphic views of what she saw, that in imagination they are her companions, and enjoy with her the pleasures of travel with none of its discomforts.

There was a large audience in attendance, and the evening was greatly enjoyed.

SELECTMEN.—All present but Cummings.

On application of J. P. Bartieaux for license, granted leave to withdraw. Notice of claim of Lewis Perry and Caroline R. Perry his wife, for damages, referred to committee on Claims. Applications of Thomas D. Hevey and J. Fred Leslie for endorsement to Hon. C. D. Wright, as census enumerators, referred to Assessors to investigate and report. Voted to hold a special meeting Feb. 26th. Permission was granted to the Phalanx to use rooms on occasion of their annual hall. Bernard Fletcher was appointed special policeman for duty at the Library. Voted to have 2000 copies of Town Report with By-Laws printed. W. T. Grammer, T. H. Hill, E. W. Gray, John Johnson, P. W. Kinney were appointed a committee to receive proposals for printing Town Reports. W. B. Doyle was appointed a public weigher.

One of the biggest nuisances at public meetings in the boy who feels that he must say something to his companion, and not being able to impart his precious information in a whisper, mumbles into the ears of his friend and spoils the enjoyment of half a dozen people in his neighborhood. The mumbler goes to the Sunday evening meetings, and his humdrum tone drowns that of the speaker; he was at the Unitarian vestry Thursday night and his neighbors could not hear Miss Southwick in consequence; he goes to the High School entertainment, and some of the best performances of the readings are lost on account of his mumble. Is there no way that this nuisance can be suppressed?

SAVINGS BANK.—The business at the Savings Bank may be denominated "healthy." Comparatively small amounts were drawn out this week, and the number of depositors and the amount of deposits are on the increase.

STABBED.—Hugh Dorrington and Edward Bowe had a difficulty on Salem Street, Saturday night, during which the former was stabbed in the left shoulder by Bowe.

The horrible caricatures that adorn the windows of some of the stores in town are awful reminders of the approach of Valentine's Day.

If "Juno" will send us her name, we will publish her verses. We must know the names of our correspondents, you know.

Hon. John H. Loud, formerly State Treasurer, died in Boston on Monday.

THE EXODUS.—We have received, and cheerfully publish, the following circular, which explains itself:

TO THE PUBLIC.

BOSTON, January 29, 1880.

Whatever we may think of the movement known as the Southern Exodus, it is evident that it must steadily increase in volume as the Spring approaches. In the nature of things the transition state is attended with temporary privation and suffering, necessitating food, shelter, and clothing, and a judicious organization to direct and distribute laborers, and obtain employment.

It is gratifying to know that the refugees of last Spring have successfully established themselves in Kansas and other states, as useful and productive citizens, and the Committee takes pleasure in assuring former contributors that their money was wisely and effectively applied, accomplishing the object intended.

It now appeals with confidence for fresh supplies of money and clothing, not as a charity for improvident and incompetent subjects, but for the purpose of helping people under favoring conditions denied them at the south.

Mr. Venner sent to H. P. Kidder, Esq., Treasurer, 40 State street, and clothing forwarded to Garrison & Co., 137 Federal St., Boston, will be publicly acknowledged and accounted for.

Thomas Talbot, Henry P. Kidder, George Higgins, Samuel Cabot, M. D., William Endicott, Jr., Jas. Freeman Clarke, Robert Morris, N. P. Hallowell, William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., Edward W.kinsley.

We published the poem entitled "Why don't the girls propose," on the 24th ult., as original, because we received it from a regular correspondent who occasionally "drops into poetry." It seemed rather better than his usual style, but on the supposition that he was improving we welcomed it to a place in the *Journal*. It sees, however, that he has imposed upon us, and made us unwittingly the receiver of stolen property. The Somerville *Journal* of last week copied the verses, whereupon one of its correspondents writes to say:—"The 'Leap Year Lyric,' which you copied from the *Woburn Journal* last week, was written by a Somerville lady, many years ago, for Ben P. Shillaber's *Carpet-Bag*, published in Boston. I am certain of this fact, as the lady was my wife, and the alliterative heading was placed upon her manuscript by myself, by which I at once recognized it."

We offer our apologies to the Somerville poet, and will endeavor to prevent the recurrence of a similar offence.

HIGH SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.—The High School entertainment next Tuesday evening will be in charge of Mr. H. B. Wood, who will deliver the essays. The following programme will be presented:

A FEBRUARY PROPHET.—Henry G. Venner, of the Geological Survey of Canada, writing from Montreal, makes predictions of the weather that is yet to form part of the present winter, and which, he says, may extend over the northern portion of the United States. "One of the heaviest snowfalls of the winter is likely to come upon us on the 2d or 3d of February, and occasion deep drifts and railroad blockades. Following this immediately, a cold snap will set in, of considerable severity, lasting some four or more days. Next will come a period of mildness, even warmth, with rain and slush, up to about the 15th or 16th. The 16th will give us the second heavy snowfall of the month, with drifts again, and another railroad blockade. Between the 20th and 25th the second cold term will probably set in, and this bids fair to be very severe, and occasion some very low thermometer readings. Thus, with the exception of one considerably than in this month, February will be an exceedingly wintry month. The 17th and 21st of March will again give heavy snowfalls, and it is probable in this month we will have more snow than at any time previous during the winter." Mr. Venner has proved himself a prophet in the first item, the bill being very well filled on the 3d. The remainder of his prophecies will be awaited interest.

HARMONY.—Troy, N. Y., has a notable church choir, which was organized nine years ago on the first Sunday of February with 43 members, and during all the public services of intervening years the attendance has averaged 40, and is now 42. The choir is remarkable in this respect, that it maintains a devotional manner during service, evidently considering its efforts a part of the worship, and will not brook laughter, talking, or any unseemly conduct. There are 16 sopranos, 11 altos, 6 tenors, and 9 basses in the choir at the present time. During all the years of its existence the choir has been under the direction of Mrs. Mulford, wife of the pastor, and its success is due almost solely to her executive force and musical ability. There are a great many people who would like to know more of Mrs. Mulford's methods.

W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic) and Sol Smith Russell are having immense success everywhere they appear. Halls rarely

filled are crowded to the doors, even standing room being at a premium in many places. A refined and at the same time ex-

ceedingly humorous entertainment is not often presented and is always sure of a large audience. Sol Smith Russell is to-day at the head of all comedians in this country and an evening of laughter inspired by his genius is an experience not soon forgotten.

Tickets for the great humorous entertainments, by Sol Smith Russell and Oliver Optic, are now for sale at A. E. Thompson's. Take our advice and secure your seats to one.

ACCIDENT.—Last Saturday morning as lawyer Coffin, of Winchester, was riding along Marble street to Stoneham in his buggy, to take a horse-car for the Highland station, a young eight-year-old son of widow Henry Orne, ran on behind the team, holding by the axle, and in some way caught his right foot in the wheel, receiving a severe fracture of the main bone of the right leg.—*Stoneham Independent*.

MUSICAL TREAT.—The citizens of Win-

chester are looking forward to a rare treat at the concert to be given by the Musical Committee of the Good Will Club in the Unitarian Church on Monday evening, Feb. 9th.

Among the artists who have consented to aid the Club, Herr Carl Feininger, the noted violinist, who is a guest of Mr. Emmons Hamlin, and to whom the lovers of good music are indebted for this opportunity to hear one of the best violinists of the day. It is seldom that Herr Feininger appears before an audience, except in classical recitations at such places as the Chickering and Steinway Halls, New York.

TEMEPERANCE CONCERT.—The first Tem-

perature Concert under the auspices of the

Winchester Reform Club, was held last Sunday evening. The following order of

exercises was presented:—Song, "Yield not to temptation;" prayer; opening address by the President; "Temperance Work,"

Miss Jennie Nowell; "The Pledge," Master Herbert Bradish; "The Youthful Advocate," Master Bertie Rust; "Brave Boys," Master Allie Phelps; "The Water Mill," Miss Minnie Herren; song, Master Rowe; "Pretty Stars," little Miss Richards; the "Onlies," Miss Ella Lowe; "Laddie of St. August," Charles A. Conant; illustrated piece, girl holding goblet of water, three boys, holding basket of apples, one basket of grapes, one sheaf of wheat, by Miss Nutter and Masters Bradish and Rowe; "Work in some way," Miss Ada Foss; "Working and wishing," Master Butler; "Temperance Pledge for Boys," Master Harry Chase; "Admiral Farragut," by the President; talk on power of habit, by Robert C. Metcalfe. Livingston Hall was filled to overflowing, with a very interesting and appreciative audience, and the concert was a great success. At the meeting in the afternoon, addresses were made by the Hon. J. M. Usher, and Mr. Calef, of Boston. Good speakers will be provided for the meeting next Sunday afternoon.

PROVIDENCE.—The Providence *Journal*, in an article on the "Young Scratches," says: "If this or any other set of men have the right to say beforehand who shall not be nominated, they have the right to say who shall. Of what use, then, to hold a convention? If they are of themselves the Republican party, so good; if not, the party is entitled to act; if they avow their determination not to act with a whole, they are not of it. There can be no co-operation with a set of men who refuse to co-operate."

MASSACHUSETTS PRESS RE-UNION.—The

executive committee of the Massachusetts

Press Association held a meeting in Boston,

on Saturday, to arrange for the annual winter re-union. It was decided to hold the annual meeting and social festivities in Boston,

Tuesday, Feb. 17. President, N. A. Horton, of the Salem *Gazette*; Vice-president,

Charles W. Slack, of the *Commonwealth*;

corresponding secretary, John L. Parker,

of the *Woburn Journal*; secretary, Luther L. Holden, of the *Boston Journal*; were ap-

pointed a committee of arrangements.

POLICE COURT.—Edward Bowe and Hugh

Dorrington were each fined \$5 and costs for

assault and battery. E. W. Crosby, drunk,

\$3 and costs. John J. Hall, the tramp who

came to Boston from Hon. B. F. Whittemore,

was captured in Boston, brought to

Woburn, and sentenced to four months in

the House of Correction.

DRAMATIC.—The St. Charles Dramatic Club, which has produced several accepta-

ble dramas this season, will appear again

next Tuesday evening, Feb. 10, at St. John

Institute, in the domestic drama, "The

Chimney Corner," and the laughable farce,

"Rough Diamond." Further particulars

given hereafter.

REV. EBENEZER P. GIFFORD, of

Wallingford, Conn., ended his salary last

year by selling the skins of forty-eight

muskats and twelve skunks which he killed.

Before expending any sympathy, it might be

well to inquire if he doesn't love trapping.

ACCIDENT.—Last Saturday night, Edward

Clark fell on Kilby street, and seriously in-

jured one of his knees.

On Wednesday, William B. Smith, em-

ployed at Ramsell & Murdoch's, caught his

little finger in a crank of the engine, and was

obliged to suffer amputation of the finger.

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.—Everybody is on the *qui vive* to hear

Miss Chamberlain, the lady whistler, who

appears with Mr. Pierce a week from next

Monday. Several years ago a lady whistled

a solo at a concert in Woburn, and it proved

the feature of the entertainment.

LARGE FIRE.—The summer residence of

W. D. Pickman, at Beverly Cove, Mass.,

was burned early Tuesday morning; loss

about \$10,000. By the falling of a chimney one young man was killed and four per-

sons were injured, one perhaps fatally. The

light of the fire was seen in Woburn.

BALLS.—There were three balls in Wo-

burn last Friday night. The Mishawak

Club, at Lyceum Hall, the Hook & Ladder

Co., at Armory Hall, and a third at Cum-

mingsville. Some of the most enthusiastic

ones took them all in.

STUCK IN THE SNOW.—The Stoneham

COMING OF AGE.—It is common to say that a young man "comes of age" at one and twenty. This means that he is then old enough to manage his own property, to do business for himself, and to be made to do as he has agreed; also to vote. Before he is twenty-one if he has any property his father or guardian manages it for him; he is not expected to do business on his own account; and if he makes foolish bargains he can say: "I have changed my mind." There are several other ages which are important; indeed, a person may be said to be "coming of age" for different purposes at different times all through his life. From his very birth he is of age to be owner of property, and to be protected from violence and cheating. At seven years he becomes of age to be punished for a crime if it can be shown that he was a bright, intelligent lad, had been taught somewhat, and knew that the thing he did was against the law and would be punished. These things are not taken for granted until he becomes fourteen. From and after fourteen it is supposed that a youth knows enough to refrain from attacking people, or stealing, or setting houses on fire, or things of that kind. At fourteen, also, he is of age to be asked, if his father should die, whom he will choose as guardian; and of age to marry. This last does not mean that it is right or wise for a young man only fourteen to marry; but that if he does so he cannot retract afterwards, and say he was too young. At eighteen he is of age to be a soldier. At twenty-one he becomes independent of his father and may vote; these things are so much more important than any of the others that reaching twenty-one is commonly called "coming of age," as if it were a magic date for everything.

At twenty-five he is of age to be representative in Congress; that is, after that the people can elect him if they choose before that they cannot. After thirty he can be elected Senator, and after forty, President. At forty-five he is of age to be excused from going as a soldier.—*Christian Union*.

A CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.—Mr. Brackett, of Boston, offered an order in the Legislature, on Tuesday, which was adopted, that the Committee on constitutional amendments consider the expediency of commending the 100th anniversary of the adoption of the constitution of the Commonwealth. Pursuant to a vote of the General Court, delegates were chosen to a constitutional convention held in Cambridge, Sept. 1, 1779. Nov. 11 of the same year, the convention adjourned to meet in Boston, Jan. 5, 1780. A form of constitution was agreed upon, and March 2, a resolve was passed submitting the constitution to the people for adoption, and the convention adjourned to meet in the Brattle Street Church in Boston, June 7. Eight days later, June 14, the convention resolved: "That the people of Massachusetts Bay have accepted the constitution as it stands in the printed form submitted to their revision;" and, the day following, a resolve was passed providing for carrying the instrument into effect. Upon what particular day the 100th anniversary occurs, whether upon that on which the people voted for the adoption of the constitution resolved that it had been adopted, is for the committee, or others, to decide.

FEBRUARY'S FIVE SUNDAYS.—A writer in the Cleveland *Leader* answers a query as to when we shall have another February with five Sundays. He says: "There are five Sundays in the month of February this year,—something that will not occur again for 40 years. The years containing five Sundays in February recur in a regular order every 400 years. The order is as follows: Three times with intervals of 28 years each, and then come one after an interval of 40 years; then two with intervals of 28 years, then one after 40 years, then two after intervals of 28 years each, and then there is an interval of 40 years before another such year. This is followed by three of intervals of 28 years each. This will occupy 400 years, and then the same order will come round again. The following are the years that have had and will have five Sundays in February during the present period of 400 years: 1604, 1632, 1660, 1688, 1728, 1756, 1784, 1824, 1852, 1880, 1920, 1948, 1976, 2004."

HEARING THROUGH THE TEETH.—Mr. Charles DeMerritt, of this city, has been totally deaf for many years. A few nights ago he placed the end of a stick in his mouth and rested the other end against the key-board of a melodeon while a companion was playing upon the instrument. To his astonishment and delight he heard every note distinctly. He has since frequently carried on a conversation with another person by means of a three feet stick pressed against the teeth of each. While Mr. DeMerritt's discovery of this method of hearing was purely accidental, still, the idea is more than a century old, and the principle has recently been embodied in what is known as the Audiphone.—*Lynn Transcript*.

There are many little customs adopted in families that think the art of living well not beneath their study, which give an additional charm to the Sunday dinner. The first fruits of the year are always brought forward on that occasion. We quite appreciate the sentiment of that executive and successful home-maker, who insists on having strawberries, green peas, and all other good things in their season, make their first appearance at the family dinner on Sunday. Her choicest table service and brightest flowers are brought into requisition to give distinction to this meal. And the result is that the hour is welcomed with a doubled pleasure, and enjoyed in like proportion. A happy home-life is one of the sweetest of Sabbath blessings, and few things will contribute more to this than the amiable moods resulting from a delightful dinner hour.—*Golden Rule*.

The antiquity of Masonry has been doubted by some, but the discovery of Masonic emblems in the base of the obelisk at Alexandria, which is about to be brought to this country, will now set at rest this question. The emblems have been preserved, and drawings made of them. The pedestal under which they were found was set up by the Romans.

POSTAL CARDS.—The thrifty city of Holyoke is now the scene of production of the millions of postal cards which are annually consumed in the country. The manufacture is an unpretentious edifice, and utterly insignificant in dimensions and otherwise, when compared with the towering paper and other mills which surround it. The business is carried on by the American Phototype Company, of New York, who have a contract for a year from next July. The interior of the manufactory is seemingly as inconsequential as it is outwardly, but the firmness with which general or special visitors are denied admission seems to impress one with the fact that the concern is of more than ordinary account. The government is represented on the premises by a special agent or superintendent, who sees to it that the cards printed are properly turned over to him, while all the other business is under the direction of the contractors. About forty, hands are employed altogether, and during working hours, they are as industriously kept from all intercourse with the outside world as if they were under the care of Warden Chamberlin, of Concord. The card-board is manufactured in the immediate vicinity by the Parsons Paper Company, and is furnished in packages of 3000 sheets each. The work of transforming one of these packages into postal cards, counted, packed, and ready for shipment is only momentary when the concern is driven to its full capacity, as is at present the case. Three of Hoe's super-royal presses are kept in operation both day and night, and each sheet bears the impression of exactly 40 cards, a register attached to each press keeping a faithful record of each sheet printed. Having become properly seasoned or dried, the sheets are slit up into strips of ten cards each, and then in immediate succession a sort of rotary hopper, with ten compartments, receives the cards as fast as cut, and, when each compartment contains 25 cards, the hopper revolves and empties them on a table. Here they are received by girls, who quickly detect and throw out all damaged or imperfect specimens. Boxing is next in order, and then the cards are ready for shipment to any desired part of the country. They are placed in seamless pasteboard boxes, each box containing 20 packs, or 500 cards. Lots of less than two thousand are forwarded in these boxes, strongly wrapped in heavy paper, and large quantities are sent in strong iron-bound wooden cases. As before intimated, every process of manufacture is industriously guarded by the vigilant agent of the government. The mechanism of the registers on the presses is secured by padlocks, to which none but this agent has a key. They are examined at night, and the number of sheets printed is noted. Again, in the morning, they are examined to see that they have not been tampered with before the day's work commences. A strict record is kept of all damaged or imperfect cards, also of all blank cardboard given out, and, as all has to be accounted for, to the smallest fraction, undetected pilfering is rendered simply impossible. In forwarding the cards, every package or box is registered, and hence loss, in this respect, is positively guarded against. In fact, it is true that not a single card has ever been lost in the factory or in transit since their introduction into the postal system of the country. The growing popularity of the postal card as a means of correspondence is something wonderful. The entire number manufactured and used during the first year of their introduction was 100,000, 500, and during the year which has just closed, the aggregate number sent out was 246,000,000. This latter number is an increase over the number issued in 1878, of 36,879,000.

KEEPING CHILDREN AFTER SCHOOL.—There is one common practice of the public school which ought to be abolished at once and everywhere without question or parley. That is the practice of imprisoning the children in the school-house beyond the school-hours. Pretty nearly every school-house in the land is thus turned into a penitentiary in which children are immured every day, some of them for imperfect recitations, others for faults of deportment. This method of punishment, might, if the teachers were all judicious, be resorted to occasionally with good effect; but teachers are not all judicious, and thousands of children are thus detained every day to whom the detention is a serious injury, and a grave injustice. For some trifling breach of order, like turning in the seat or dropping a pencil, for some small failure in a recitation, and often for no fault at all—whole classes being kept on account of the indolence of some of their members and the innocent thus suffering with the guilty—the children are shut up in the school-houses, sometimes during the intermission, often after the close of school. Thousands of children in delicate health, to whom the regular school hours are too long, are permanently injured by this system of confinement.—*Good Company*.

"The biggest thing on ice" has been sold at Montreal at the expense of some \$6000, which, although of merely temporary use, will more than repay that outlay, besides being a great convenience at present, with the prospect of producing much value annually. This very original is a railroad built on the ice across the St. Lawrence at a point where it is two miles wide, and which the builders say, is firm enough to carry a train of cars, drawn by a twenty-six-ton locomotive, with perfect safety. In building the road the ice was tested as to quality and thickness every four yards; then cross pieces of plank, twelve feet long by three inches thick, were laid on the ice, over which stringers—timber beams twelve inches square and fifteen feet long—were laid, and on these again the ties and rails. Water was then pumped between the stringers, which, as soon as frozen made the road much more firm and secure.

NEWTON LEADS IN THE NUMBER OF HER CHURCHES.—Brooklyn has one church for every 1721 inhabitants; Washington, one for every 932; Cleveland, one for every 1044; New Orleans, one for every 1345; Cincinnati one for every 1350; Baltimore, one for every 1412; Boston, one for every 1666; St. Louis, one for every 1852; New York, one for every 2613. Newton leads in this respect, as scattered over the city are twenty-nine churches, or one for every six hundred and twenty inhabitants.—*Newton Journal*.

NOVEL SCENE IN THE UNITED STATES COURT.—There was a novel scene in the United States Superior Court Room at Washington, on the 2d of February. Joel Parker of New Jersey, Democratic candidate for Presidential nomination, had just had his admission to the Bar of the United States Supreme Court moved, when Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who was admitted to practice before that Court by special act in the last Congress rose, and in a shrill, piping voice moved the admission of a lawyer from South Carolina, who, she certified upon honor, possessed the necessary qualifications to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States. The lawyer whose admission she moved rose and proved to be a negro. Joel Parker, Democratic candidate for President, and this negro then stepped forward to the Clerk's desk, placed their hands upon the same Bible and were sworn in together, very near to the niche where the bust of Chief Justice Taney, the author of the Dred Scott decision, placed. The most visionary prophet of the last decade would scarcely have ventured to predict that a negro, upon motion of a woman, who is a qualified counselor before that court, would have been enrolled among the counselors of the Supreme Court of the United States together with a Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

A SCRAP OF POLITICAL HISTORY.—The Washington Post states that Mr. Lincoln wrote to Mr. Seymour in 1865, urging him to become the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, so that if Mr. Chase secured the Republican nomination, honest Republicans could vote the Democratic ticket. Mr. Seymour declined. Whereupon Mr. Lincoln, wrote him a second letter urging that the statesmanship then required demanded a higher duty than party consideration or State pride, and reiterated the confidence of the people in Mr. Seymour's honesty, loyalty, and fair dealing to all classes and interests. Mr. Seymour was proof against all these solicitations, and it was upon his inflexible refusal to become a candidate that Mr. Lincoln addressed himself to the task of securing the re-nomination of his own party and defeating Mr. Chase's ambition.

TERMS TO BE PAID AT THE TIME AND PLACE OF SALE.

FRANCIS M. PUSHER,
Administrator of Estate of George Winn, and
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Mass., Feb. 7, 1880.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
IN INSOLVENCY.

Messenger's Notice.
MIDDLESEX, SS.

WOBURN, February 4, 1880.
Notice is hereby given that Hon. GEORGE M. BURKE, Judge of Probate Court of Insolvency in and for the County of Middlesex, has filed his petition against the joint and separate estate of John W. Adams and Augustus Adams, both of Winchester, and Jonathan Reed, and later of John Dole Parker, deceased, at Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, on a road leading from Burlington to Woburn, containing about one-half acre, more or less, and bounded on the west by land of Mark Fiske, and on the east by land of Francis M. Puscher.

Also, one other lot of land situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about five rods, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz.: Beginning at the northerly corner, thence the line runs southerly about six rods, thence westerly about four rods to the road leading to Woburn, passing through the land of John Dole Parker, deceased, and ending at the point of beginning.

Also, one other lot of land containing about seven and one-half acres, more or less, situated in said Burlington, northerly by land of Mark Fiske, and southerly by land of Francis M. Puscher.

Said premises being the first four lots of land with the buildings thereon, described in said mortgage, to be sold at the time and place of sale, determined by said Dole Parker, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms to be paid at the time and place of sale.

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WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Mass., Feb. 7, 1880.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
PROBATE COURT.

Middlesex, SS.

WOBURN, January 29, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that Daniel Doherty, aged 52 years, in Woburn, Jan. 31, William Pierce, aged 72 years, in Woburn, Feb. 1, Jeremiah A. Keele, of Boston, aged 27 years, and Timothy C. Keefe, of Forest Home, Amherst Co., Jan. 13, John D. Wood, formerly of Woburn, aged 28 years and 9 months.

DODGE'S DRUG STORE.
Geo. S. Dodge, - - Pharmacist,
165 Main Street, 126 Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices to be paid at the time and place of sale.

In Woburn, Jan. 29, Daniel Doherty, aged 52 years, in Woburn, Jan. 31, William Pierce, aged 72 years, in Woburn, Feb. 1, Jeremiah A. Keele, of Boston, aged 27 years, and Timothy C. Keefe, of Forest Home, Amherst Co., Jan. 13, John D. Wood, formerly of Woburn, aged 28 years and 9 months.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

Journal Club Column

Mr. DICKSON'S BMP.—We had a lecture on phonology in Musser's hall a few nights ago, from a traveling professor of that science, and part of it was quite entertaining. He had on the stand several plaster heads mapped out in town lots, and after he explained what they meant, he invited persons in the audience to come up and let him feel their bumps and explain their characters. Several times he hit it pretty accurately, and excited a considerable amount of applause; but after a while old Dickson stepped up for examination. He is an absent-minded man, and he wears a wig. While dressing himself before coming to the lecture, he had placed his wig on the bureau and accidentally tossed his plug of tobacco into it. When he put the wig on, it was just like him not to notice the plug, and so when he mounted the platform he had a lump just over his bump of combativeness as big as half a hen's egg. The professor fingered about awhile over Dickson's head, and then said:

"We have here a somewhat remarkable skull. The perceptive faculties quite good; ideally large; reverence so great as to be unusual, and benevolence very prominent. Secretiveness is small, and the subject, therefore, is a man of candor and frankness; he communicates what he knows freely. We have also," said the professor, still ploughing his hand through Dickson's hair, "acquisitiveness not large; the subject is not a grasping, avaricious man, but he gives liberally, he—he—he, why, it can't be! Yes. Why, what in the—! Munificent Moses! that's the most awful record of combativeness I ever heard of! Are you a prime fighter, sir?"

"Prize fighter!" exclaimed Dickson, "Why, what do you mean?"

"Never been a soldier, or a pirate, or anything like that?"

"You certainly must be crazy," said Dickson.

"Ain't you fond of going into scrimmages, and rows, and plugging people on the nose?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, sir, then you're untrue to your nature. The way your head's built qualifies you, I should say, in a special manner, as a knocker-down and dragger-on. If you want to fulfil your mission you will devote the remainder of your life to battering up your fellow men and keeping yourself in one interminable and eternal muss. You've got the awfulest fighting bump that ever decorated a human skull. It's phenomenal. What'll you take for your head when you die?—Gentlemen, this man is liable at any moment to commence raging around this community like a wild-cat, banging you with a club or anything that comes handy. It isn't safe for him to be at large."

Then Dickson put his hand up to feel the bump and he noticed the tobacco. He pulled off his wig, and there was the plug sticking just behind his left ear. Then the professor, looking at it a moment in confusion, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will now—the lecture is—that is, I have no more—Boys turn out those lights!"

Then the audience laughed, and Dickson put on his wig, and the professor started to catch the late train.

The science of phonology is not as popular in our town as it was, and Dickson still remains peaceful.—*Maz Adler.*

A MODERN NOVEL.—The Lady Alice sat in her boudoir, engrossed in a bright brocade of a jardiniere pattern. She was waiting for the appearance of her lover, Augustus Fitznoodle. The bell rings. Lady Alice starts from her chair, presses her hand to her heart, and murmurs, "The he. He comes; he comes." She would have said a good deal more if her false teeth hadn't dropped downward and compelled her to shut her mouth.

The servant enters. He makes a bow, and says: "A gentleman awaits your pleasure."

Lady Alice replies: "Let him enter."

The door flies open and a tall form appears. It rushes forward. Lady Alice shudders and gasps, "Tis not Augustus."

The form bows low and the lips speak: "Fair lady, the fame of your beauty resounds throughout the land, and I have traveled many miles from distant countries to gaze upon your face and inform your ladyship that I am agent for the best corn extactor, pimple eradicator, and freckle exterminator ever offered to the public, and at the low price of ten cents a box, three for a quarter, or sixteen for a dollar, and a beautiful chromo thrown in."

"It is needless to continue this tale. Augustus appears and saves the Lady Alice, and in her delight the Lady Alice is willing to give herself to Augustus, but Augustus sarcastically replies that so good a deed as he has done doesn't deserve to be punished in this manner, and the curtain falls.—*Ode City Derrick.*

They had their usual evening quarrel as they sat by the hearth. On one side lay quietly a blinking dog, and on the other a purring cat; and the old woman pleaded with her growling husband: "Yust look at dat gat unt tog; they never gwarrs un fight like us." "Yah," said the growler; "I know dot; but yust die dem together on dime, and den you see blazes!"

"Have you been stealing apples?" asked the minister. "Yes, sir," answered the boy, sheepishly. "And are you trying to hide them from me?" continued the good man. "Yes sir," said the culprit, and then added, his face brightening up, "you said last Sunday that we must avoid the appearance of evil."

No one knows who invented the fashion in society of turning down the corner of a visiting card; but the fashion of turning down the corner of a street was first thought of by the man who owed a small bill to the tradesman he saw coming.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The expression of a boy's face at the end of a straw that lacks two inches of reaching the cedar in a barrel, is supposed to be the model that the artist selected in the delineation of Adam leaving Paradise.

A sentimental young man thus feelingly expresses himself: "Even as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns so does she endow woman with pins."

Miscellaneous.

Border Life in Pleasant Valley.—Pleasant Valley at its debouchure on the narrow flat strip upon the north bank of the Potomac is simply a rough ravine, only wide enough to merely accommodate a wild wagon road and a wilder little rivulet, that tumbles and sparkles over ceaseless rocks and beneath overhanging vines, hastening to its suicide in the placid Potomac. Pass a mile up this wagon road, beneath the shadow of the foothills of South Mountain, and you emerge into one of the prettiest agricultural valleys of Maryland, which can boast many of the old families, whose homesteads between Thrift and whose granaries teem with plenty.

When the war broke out it filled this peaceful Arcadia first with astonishment, then with apprehension, and finally with woe and desolation. The residents of the valley, as soon as they had time to realize the state of affairs, mostly declared for the Union. Prominent among these was John D. Morris, a wealthy farmer, who with brain and hand means every aid he could to the Union cause. In this he was ably seconded by Dr. Garrett, Abel Hutchings, Colonel Simon Birch, Redmond Ferry, Mrs. Greason and many others, who contributed their means and sent their sons, brothers and sweethearts into the Union ranks.

About three miles up the valley there is yet to be seen a large, old-fashioned house of log and frame, rendered almost fantastic in appearance by a crowd of connected and disconnected outbuildings of all ages and shapes. Near the house was a huge barn, having also its collection of supplemental structures, giving it the general appearance of a story liable to be contained at any time. Behind the barn was an immense orchard of apple, cherry, peach and pear trees, old and gnarled. Outside of all this came a series of fields, backed by the Virginia forest.

Such, at the opening of the war, was the Greason homestead, which, it was the pride and boast of its possessors, had been in the family ever since Maryland had been a State. It was owned by Mrs. Annabel Greason, and occupied by her with her two sons, Hyland, or "Hi," and Maxwell, or "Max," and their sister Constance, familiarly known among the neighbors and friends as "Stancy." Hi Greason was about twenty-three, and Max two years younger, while Stancy was rejoicing in the sunlight of her eighteenth. All three had been educated in Northern schools, and had imbibed Northern principles, among which was the negro's right of freedom. The whole family, with its politics and history, was of course well known to its neighbors on both sides of the Potomac, and found but little favor with exuberant advocates of the Southern cause. The 17th of August, 1861, had been a particularly warm, sultry day, culminating in a shower in the evening. This shower detained Stancy Greason, Bella Morris and a lady friend down at Knoxville, where they had been spending the day, until night set in. They had just mounted their horses for the short ride home, when a messenger from Berlin rode at headlong speed into the village, shouting as he rode—

"Turn out! turn out everybody! The Loudon Rangers are fording the river just above Berlin, and they'll be here in an hour!"

Miss Greason and Miss Morris waited to hear no more. They applied the whip to their horses, and made for their respective homes at racing speed, spreading the alarm as they went. Captain Morris' party was soon gathered at his place, and moved down to the mouth of the valley, leaving word for Lt. Greason to follow him. Stancy, as soon as she reached home, had mounted a boy on her horse and sent to the store to urge her brother to hurry to the help of Captain Morris. Then came an hour of anxious waiting. Nothing was heard from down the valley, nor did Lt. Greason make his appearance. Stancy became wild at this delay, and taking a bare horse from the stable, mounted and started to the store. Half-way there she found her boy messenger lying beside the road bruised and bleeding, while his horse had thrown him at the gunfire of one of the guards, who had not sense enough to do anything more than reload his gun and stand still. Stancy reached the store finding her brother with about half his men there, with no orders. He was quickly started down the valley, while the alarm horns were sounded to call the balance of men in, for whom orders were left to follow the main party at once.

In the meantime two hours at least had passed, and Captain Morris looked in vain for the approach of the enemy up the ravine, where they were naturally expected to make their appearance. Lt. Greason was marching rapidly down the valley to join him, keeping a wary lookout in the dim starlight. Stancy Greason, after finishing her work at the store, started home by way of Captain Morris' to get something for the injured boy. A quarter of a mile from the Captain's house she met Bella Morris on horseback, bare-headed and riding as if for life.

"Is that you, Stancy? Oh! mercy, those nasty rascals have got into the valley! They came up the old road from below Knoxville, and our yard is full of them now!

I saw them coming while I was looking for our men, and started after your brother at the store!"

"Get up hyar, folks, and turn out yer cattle!"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" called Hi Greason from the window.

"We're from t'other side, and we want yer horses. Come, now; turn 'em out, and don't keep us waiting."

After a moment's hesitation Hi and Max concluded not to give up the horses without a struggle. There were about twenty of the raiders, while in the house were only the two young men and the farm hands. It was soon found that the latter would fight, and the guns were got out. Then the boys went to the window again.

"We have no horses here that we can spare, and we advise you to go away peacefully, or there will be trouble for some of you."

"Oh! there will, will there?" said the leader derisively. "Now, look here you abolition cuss, you just come down here and burn out them horses of your'n in less than a minute, or we'll make it hot for you."

For reply Max fired at the fellow's head, and knocked his cap off. Then the trouble began in earnest. The raiders rattled their bullets against the sides of the old house and at the windows, while a few of the party proceeded to batter in the doors. Those inside were not idle, and two or three of those outside had been wounded, which made the others desperate. Constance Greason, with her mother and the other women folks, had been ordered to the cellar when the firing commenced; but now Stancy forgot her fears of being shot, and running out into the dining-room, where the farm hands were standing ready to shoot down the first man that came through the broken door, she screamed out:

"The little cannon! John, get the little cannon out of the kitchen!"

The suggestion was no sooner made than acted upon. The little piece of ordnance

was loaded with about a half-pound of powder and a quarter of a peck of boiler punches, as it had been left by Quartermaster Adams, of the First Wisconsin. The gun was hauled into the dining-room and lifted, carriage and all, on the long table. Then John, the hired man, yelled out to the assailants—

"Go 'way from out there, now; right away, 'telle I'll blow the heads off'n more'n a hundred of you the first bang!"

He didn't wait to see whether they went away or not, but took the hot poker which

Stancy handed him and jammed it into the vent-hole. There was a roar, a bang and a rattle, followed by a shower of curses and a scampering of horses' feet, after which all was quiet, and soon the besieged emerged outside, to find their enemies all gone and the row of currant bushes on the opposite side of the yard mowed off as clean as though it had been done with a scythe. The raiders, finding their reception so warm at the Greason place, left the valley for the time being, getting more than half-a-dozen horses to compensate for more than twice as many ugly wounds.

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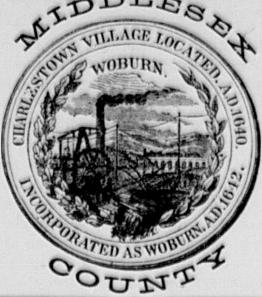
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WOBURN



JOURNAL.

VOL. XXX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1880.

NO. 7.

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ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE

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Poetical Selection.

A VALENTINE.

Beware of one who loves thee but too well!
Of one who fain would bind thee with a spell,
With power to draw thee, as an unknown hand
Lures the impassioned traveler to its strand.

Oh! if thou wouldest be free,

Beware of me!

Beware of eyes that softly fix on thee,
Tamed in their restless glances by thine own,
And of a voice, where all things may be
In maiden hearts are told in every tone.

If thou wouldest still be free,

Beware of me!

But if a long, born within thy soul,
Gives thee a fair glimpse of unknown bliss,
Then let thy love speed on to its goal,
Nor thy true rest and joy for blindness miss.

If thou wouldest not be free,

Then come to me!

—Scribler.

Selected Story.

Aunt Marston's Legacy.

Aunt Marston was dead, and I sat looking at the legacy she had left me in her will. "To my beloved niece, Nelly Stanhope, the faithful nurse, the loving comforter of my declining years, I bequeath my gold ball earrings, with the brooch to match, marked with my initials in black enamel." Thus ran the passage referring to me.

When my cousin, Lucinda Marston, handed me the little memento case she could scarcely repress a smile of triumph as she thought of the difference a few short weeks had made in our relative positions.

I had been brought up by Aunt Marston, had lived in ease and luxury all my life, while my cousin had been obliged for years to earn her own living by sewing.

I had always looked upon Greylanes as my home, while she had never been invited to spend even a week at the delightful old country house on the Hudson since she was a child.

And now she had come into possession of the old homestead, and I, the favorite, whom she had hated and envied for so many years, was put off with this insignificant bequest!

"After all your toadying," she said, with a sneer, "it is too bad to be cut off with a shilling; but if Mr. Lewis"—the other executor—"knows anything about it, they are worth a great many shillings, for he says they are solid eighteen-karat gold, and that Ornolu, who made them, would give you a tidy dollar for them to-day. However, you are welcome to them. And now I suppose you will see the necessity of looking about for another home."

The bitter, insulting words, the desolate, deserted feeling at being thus cruelly turned out of the only home I knew, overcame the unnatural calmness with which I had hitherto borne my irreparable loss, and I threw myself on my bed and wept, as I never in my short, happy life thought it possible I could weep.

I don't know how long it lasted, but when I became calm my heart still ached, but my train seemed clearer, and I could look my situation in the face.

I was no scoundrel; I knew that well, for I loved my aunt dearly, and had always given her a daughter's devotion, without one thought beyond the present; I even told Charlie Burnett, to whom I was engaged with her consent, that "we'd better bide a wee"—for I could not leave my second mother to spend her last days alone, or cared for by hirelings.

Aunt Eunice had often said to me, "You and Charlie will not have to wait long, dear child, and I will see that your future is provided for." I did not care for myself, but I felt so disappointed for his sake, when I found that I was left absolutely penniless.

I think now, as I look back, that after she became paralyzed she wanted to say something to me about it; for as she lay there so white and still, almost like a piece of statue, the muscles about her lips would twitch as if trying to form words, and the ever restless eyes would turn on me with an earnest, appealing look like the yearning, pitiful expression of a dumb animal trying to make its suffering understood.

But she died and made no sign, and now Charlie must plod along in the old way, and I must try to earn my own living, for I had made up my mind that I would never be an additional burden on the poor fellow.

I threw the jewel-case from me with a sigh of disappointment as I thought it all over, and then, ashamed of myself, took it up again and kissed the well-known trinkets, in fact, the only ones my aunt ever wore, and put them tenderly away among my other treasures—her gifts and Charlie's—in the trunk I was packing.

Upon my signifying my desire to sell the jewels an agreement was made, and I went out of the store a rich woman, with Ornolu & Co.'s check for twenty thousand dollars at lowest rates by

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cough gets worse and worse every day. If he could only go in the country for a month, the doctor says, rest himself, keep in the open air, drink plenty of milk, and take some gentle exercise, such as a little rowing or riding, he would get well.

My head aches with thinking how to get the money that will save Charlie's life. My darling husband, so unselfish, so devoted, deserves of himself of even the smallest indulgence for me and our little ones!

I think bitterly on the unequal division of the good things of this world; so few have all, and so many have nothing; but when I say so, Charlie laughs and says I'm a little communist, a dangerous character, and should be suppressed.

As usual, while I sit sewing, I am devising a thousand impractical schemes, when my reverie is interrupted by my elder boy, Robert.

"Oh, mamma! see those beautiful pines!"

I spank out and see a phæton drawn by a spaniel who is mounted on a black pony, and seated at her ease, her lapdog beside her, I recognize my cousin, Lucinda Marston.

How circumstances have changed! She and her dog in my place. I and my children living a life of privation! My husband dying for the need of the money she lavishes on her horses and dogs in a week!

I cannot help a reproachful feeling toward my aunt as I reflect on her capricious treatment of me. At sight of that cruel face I live over again that dreadful interview when my cousin gave me the jewels. Her words rang in my ears once, but with a new meaning.</p

Journal Club Column

THE TELEPHONE IN A COAL FAMINE.—The coal famine has developed a new use for the telephone. To illustrate by every day occurrences in Cincinnati:

Irre patron goes into coal office and demands, in the name of the bird with the broad and sweeping wing, why his coal, that he had bought and paid seven prices for a week ago, had not been delivered?

"Good gracious!" exclaims the clerk, "haven't you got your coal yet? Too bad, too bad! I'll call the main office and see about that."

Clerk goes to the telephone, and after the preliminary "Hello," "Well," "Yes," "I hear," etc., he carries on his part of an all-day conversation with the main office in the presence of Mr. Jones, as follows:

"Yes, I know that; but we took his money and promised to send it last Tuesday. He hasn't seen a pound of it yet."

"Oh, that's it; when you got the order at the office they didn't have any, and there was none of that kind to be had at any of the other yards?"

"Yes. Well, Mr. Jones has been entirely out of coal all this time, and thinks we ought to have returned his money when we found we could not furnish it according to agreement."

"What's that? In less than an hour, did you say? You'll send it around in less than an hour? I'll see if Mr. Jones can wait that long."

[Mr. Jones is consulted and thinks he can wait an hour longer.]

"Mr. Jones says if his coal is delivered in an hour it will do."

"What? You can get it around in half an hour if necessary?"

"Sure of it, are you?"

"Thanks. See that you make no mistakes this time. Good day!"

Mr. Jones goes home in the evening and finds no coal. Goes back to the office next morning. The telephone dodge is again sprung on him. This performance is repeated daily, with slight variations, for a week. At the end of this time the river rises and coal drops a thousand per cent. Jones gets his cart-load, paying therefor a sum sufficient to buy a flatboat load at the reduced prices, and gets no interest from the coal men for the use of his money, either. Besides this, he has burned up \$15 worth of his back fence, not to mention the back fence of his neighbor. Big thing, this telephone.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He looked over all the papers on the news-stand, and not finding what he wanted said to the plump, pretty girl clerk:—"I want a Fireside Companion." "What, sir?" she blushed. "I want a Fireside Companion." "Oh, yes, sir, I hear you now, and she chewed the corner of her apron, "Well—well—do you think I would do?" It turned out happily.

"My wife," remarked a prominent manufacturer, "never attends auctions. She went once, and seeing a friend at the opposite side of the room, nodded politely, whereupon the auctioneer knocked down a patent cradle, and asked her where she wished it delivered."

Scarlet flannel skirts are again in vogue, and it will require the careful scrutiny of the most experienced engineer to tell whether the red object he sees fluttering in the distance is a danger signal or a woman shooting her geese off the track.

A man ate seven cucumbers, a few radishes, a basket of strawberries, and drank a part of a goblet of water before going to bed. To-day he says:—"A person has no business to drink water just before retiring."

An old rail-splitter in Indiana put the quietus upon a young man who had chaffed him upon his bald head, in these words: "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours I can raise hair to sell."

There is an unprecedented activity among steel manufacturers. They are all working overtime, and it is feared that the supply of metal will run short. A Chicago girl has ordered a pair of skates.

Kentucky girls have been married in the Mammoth and Buffalo girls on the Niagara suspension bridge. The first must have deemed matrimony a cell, and the latter a state of suspense.

Some mean fellow says—"When you kiss a Boston girl, she holds still till you are through; when she flares up all at once, and exclaims—"I think you should be ashamed."

The editor of an Illinois daily paper says that he does not depend upon journalism for his daily bread, but raises hens. We wonder whose hens he "raises."

Thirty persons in a small town in Michigan were recently poisoned by eating sausages. This comes from leaving brass collars on dogs.

"Had you, sir," said Erskine to a dilatory tradesman, "been employed to build the ark, we should not have had the flood yet."

"Let the toast be—dear woman!" as the hungry husband said to his wife who was in a hurry to clear off the breakfast table.

"What comes after T?" asked a teacher of a little abecedarian. "You do to see cousin 'Liza," was the embarrassing reply.

But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say "there is no place like home" at the same time.

Miscellaneous.**THE DEACON'S EXPERIMENT.**

"I hope the children haven't been any trouble to you, Miss Peck?" said Deacon Grinder, as his one-horse chaise drew up on the green in front of Miss Phileena Peck's house.

Miss Peck hurried out, all smiles, to greet the portly widower. "The little darlings!" she cried effusively, "Trouble indeed!" Why, deacon, how you talk! It is a positive pleasure to have them here. I should like to keep them a week."

The deacon smiled and shook his head. "That would be a little too much," said he. "Come, children, jump into the wagon."

And the three apple-cheeked little Grindlers—two girls and a boy—were hugged and kissed, and lifted into the wagon by the beaming spinner.

"I shall be lonely when they are gone," she said. "I do so dote on children! Remember, darlings, that the gooseberries will be ripe next week and that your Peck will be only too happy to see you again."

The widow Clapp came hurrying out as the chaise rattled by, with a tin pail in her hand. "Dear me, Deacon Grinder," said she. "You are always in such a hurry. Do stop a minute can't you? Here's a pair of honeys combs. I know the darlings will like it on their bread and butter of an evening. When are you coming to spend the day with me? I declare, Josie is growing a perfect beauty!"

"Tut, tut, Mrs. Clapp!" said the deacon. "Handsome is that, handsome does. That's my motto."

"Nobody can't do handsomer than my little Jo," said Mrs. Clapp. "And there's Tommy grown as handsome as ever was, and Dolly the very picture of you; drop in to see them evening this week."

The deacon had hardly guided his old horse around the corner of the village green when Miss Barbara Bowyer tripped out of the millinery store.

"I do hope you will excuse me, Deacon Grinder," said she, with all the pretty confusion which naturally belongs to a maiden of six and thirty summers, "but I was so edified with your beautiful remarks in prayer meeting Monday night, that I couldn't help setting myself to work to think what I could do for you. And here's a collar I've stitched for dear Tommy, and a handkerchief I've embroidered for Josie, and a doll as I've took the liberty to dress for Dorothy. Oh, don't thank me, pray. It ain't nothin' compared with the peace of mind I got listening to your precious remarks!"

But Naomi Poole, sitting at her needle work, by the old red farmhouse window, had only a smile and nod for the party as they drove by.

"Ps," said Josie, who was a shrewd-faced child of eleven, "don't Miss Poole love us as well as Miss Peck, and Mrs. Clapp and Miss Barbara?"

"I hope so, my child," said the benign deacon. "Why do you ask the question?"

"Because she never gives us anything," said Josie.

"She is poor, child—she is poor," said the deacon. "But I am sure you all have her good wishes."

"I'd rather have the honey," said Tommy.

"And gooseberries and dolls," added little Dorothy.

But when the deacon sat alone by his hearthstone that evening, his sister, Miss Mahala Ann Grinder, expressed herself on the subject with great plainness and perspicacity. "If you've really made up your mind to marry again, Josiah,"—said she,

"I think it would add to my domestic felicity," said the deacon, serenely.

"In that case," said Miss Mahala Ann, "I do hope you'll make a sensible choice, and not allow yourself to be imposed upon by a set of selfish widows and scheming maids."

"Sister," said the deacon mildly "you are severe."

"No I ain't," said Miss Mahala Ann. "If you wasn't well to do in the world, and hadn't a nice home and farm, and money at interest, they wouldn't none of them look twice at you."

"Do you think so?" said the deacon, and pondered the question long and earnestly in his own mind. "Upon the whole," said he, bringing down his palm upon the table, "I ain't sorry that those investments of mine in the Mariposa Silver Company have proved a failure."

"What do you mean?" said Miss Mahala Ann, curiously eyeing him over the top of her spectacles.

But the deacon only shook his head and smiled.

"Time will show," said he; "time will show."

The news that Deacon Grinder was wrecked in Mariposa Silver mining stock flew like wildfire through the peaceful community at Fitchville Four Corners.

"Well," said Miss Phileena Peck, "I am beat!"

He had never had judgment in money matters," said the widow Clapp.

"I've thought all along he was living too fast," said Barbara Bowyer.

"Those poor little children. What is to become of them?" said Naomi Poole, wistfully.

The next day the deacon made his appearance at Miss Peck's homestead, pale and rather shabby, with a child in one hand and one following him.

"Miss Peck," he said, "I suppose you have heard the news?"

"Yes," said Miss Peck, looking vinegar and tuck nails. "It's your failure as you mean."

"I think of going to California," said the deacon, "to see what I can do, and in the meantime could you be induced to give my children a home—"

"Oh dear, no!" said Miss Peck. "I never could get along with a pack of children! I dare say you could find some half orphan asylum or place of that sort by inquiring around a little."

Miss Peck sat very upright, and glared so frightenedly out of her light blue eyes at the deacon, that he was fain to beat a retreat as soon as possible.

He knocked next at the widow Clapp's door. A slipshod servant-maid opened it.

"Is Mrs. Clapp at home?" he asked. A head was thrust over the stair railing and the widow's shrill voice cried out:

"Is that Josiah Grinder with his swarm of young ones? Tell him I'm particularly engaged. Do you hear Betsey,—particular."

Miss Barbara Bowyer was arranging trimmed hats and rolls of bright colored ribbons in her bow window as the deacon and his little ones entered the shop.

"Miss Bowyer," said the deacon, "you were a genial and charitable soul! It is to you that I trust to make a home for my motherless little ones, while I endeavor to retrieve my fortunes in the far West."

"I couldn't think of such a thing," said Barbara, dropping a box of artificial rosebuds in her consternation. "And I really think, Deacon Grinder, you haven't no right to expect it of me! It's all I can do to support myself, let alone a pack of unruly children! I dare say the overseers of the poor could do something for them, or—"

"I couldn't think of such a thing," said the deacon. "That would be a little too much," said he. "Come, children, jump into the wagon."

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1880.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—Sunday will be the one hundred and forty-eighth anniversary of the birth of the "Father of his Country" and ours. It is one of the four legal holidays in this state, but the fact of its coming on Sunday will render the balls and festivities with which it has been accustomed of late years to observe it impossible, and give to the clergy an opportunity of delivering a sermon to the thoughts and reflections incident to the occasion. And they surely are not wanting for plenty of hints and suggestions for strong and healthy discourses. There is sufficient contrast in every way between the times of Washington and those of our own day to furnish every pulpit in the land with a different and most interesting topic. Those inclined to look upon the dark side and ignore the existence of the silver lining of the clouds, those who see in the strides of inventions and practical matters cause for congratulation or for sorrow, those who have watched the history of nations and the world, those who have noted the religious movements, and those who have been specially interested in the cause of education and science will all find plenty that may profitably be said upon this day, so fraught as it is and ever must be with patriotic memories and inspiring thoughts to every American and true friend of the greatest republic and fairest land the sun shines upon.

SELECTMEN.—Regular meeting Thursday evening; all present but Cummings. Thos. D. Heyey, J. Fred Leslie and E. W. Gray, were recommended to the Supervisor of Census as enumerators. The revision of the voting list, jury list, and the registration of voters, was left to the Assessors. The Finance Committee were authorized to examine the sinking fund, and other trust funds in the hands of the Treasurer and report. On the petition of Nathan M. Johnson and others for a change of grade of Chestnut street, it was voted to insert the subject in the Town Warrant. The communication of the School Committee, and report for Cemetery Committee were received. The clerk was authorized to request heads of departments to make their reports as prompt as possible, and in view of the increased cost of printing, to make them as concise possible. The application of G. R. Gage, for Lyceum Hall for a temperance lecture, Feb. 19, was granted. Voted, to adopt the recommendation of the Overseers of the Poor that Charles Spear be retained as keeper of the Almshouse for one year, from April 1, 1880, at \$500. Mr. Spear having agreed to accept the position on said terms.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR.—The Phalanx ball, next Friday evening, promises to be a very brilliant affair. The committee have nearly perfected their arrangements, and announce that the Governor and Council, the military committees of the House and Senate, the officers of the Fifth Regiment, and other military gentlemen have announced their intention of being present. The Lyceum Hall will be decorated by Col. Beals, of Boston, the music will be of the best, and no pains will be spared by the company's committee to make the occasion one to be remembered as well as thoroughly enjoyed. There will be no gallery tickets. Tickets may be obtained of either of the gentlemen composing the committee, who are, Capt. Ellard, Lieut. Converse, Sergeants Skelton, Simonds, and Halliday, Corporal Madison, and Private Gleason. This evening is also the twenty-fifth anniversary of the dedication of Lyceum Hall, that event having occurred on Feb. 27th, 1855, which coincidence will add to the interest of the occasion.

Though the Canadian weather prophet, Venner, and our own "Old Prob" may not be absolutely infallible in their predictions of the weather to come, they must still be regarded as real public benefactors for the infinite variety they have given to the discussion of the weather. Total strangers are now able to sustain a lively and mutually agreeable conversation upon that topic for hours, where before the time of Venner and Old Prob it could not be stretched to exceed five minutes, including the recollections of early boyhood and the story of how in 18—it was necessary to tunnel through twenty-feet drifts to get to the barn and "fodder the cattle."

Mr. Thompson reports business at the savings bank to be steadily improving. The number of depositors is rapidly increasing, while less and less is being drawn out from day to day, and public confidence in the institution is evidently fast returning; and indeed it has no very good cause to longer withhold itself, for where in the State is there another savings bank that was forced by the depreciation of its securities to suspend business, that finally paid one hundred cents on the dollar to its depositors?

BAPTIST CHOIR ASSOCIATION.—The Baptist choir and their families have formed an association for social purposes, and held a very interesting sociable on Thursday evening at the residence of the Director, Mr. P. E. Bancroft. An excellent supper was served, and the evening was spent with music and singing.

The agent for the Little Wanderers' Home, of Boston, preached at the Methodist church last Sunday morning, and at the Baptist church in the afternoon.

Mrs. E. A. Hall, formerly well known in Woburn, after many years' study in Europe, has returned to Boston, and will give lessons in singing.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

A MODEL GRIST-MILL.

On Horn Pond Mountain there is a bowl excavated from the solid rock, about one foot in diameter and holding perhaps two or three gallons, which was used, tradition says, by the aboriginal inhabitants of the land as a mill wherein their squaws pounded maize with which to make ready their lord and master's supper upon his return from the chase or the war-path. As the town of Woburn was settled in 1640, it must have been 240 years ago that the dusky Minnehabas of that time bent over this primitive grist-mill and laboriously toiled at the task set for her by her savage husband, slowly and painfully reducing to a coarse sort of hominy her handfuls of Indian corn. What a gulf appears between that rude relic of a barbaric age and the establishments of to-day, where wheat is made into flour and corn into meal by magic, and almost without human aid or interference; and what a commentary upon the successive stages of advancement and the progress of our high order of civilization would be a glance at each of the different and constantly improving methods of reducing the grain from the state in which nature delivers it to us, to a proper condition for our use. We should find recorded there, as in almost every other branch of manufacturing, the steps, slow, uncertain, and trembling though many of them are, by which the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans have mounted to the eminence in every way between the times of Washington and those of our own day to furnish every pulpit in the land with a different and most interesting topic. Those inclined to look upon the dark side and ignore the existence of the silver lining of the clouds, those who see in the strides of inventions and practical matters cause for congratulation or for sorrow, those who have watched the history of nations and the world, those who have noted the religious movements, and those who have been specially interested in the cause of education and science will all find plenty that may profitably be said upon this day, so fraught as it is and ever must be with patriotic memories and inspiring thoughts to every American and true friend of the greatest republic and fairest land the sun shines upon.

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appropriation for extension of the Town Hall (\$1,000) was all expended. The liabilities of the town amount to \$4,972.00. Available assets, \$4,530.20, leaving the net amount of town debt \$441.80. The taxes have been promptly paid. The amount due from Collector of 1878, is \$139.65. Nathan Simonds the present collector has only \$211.99 of taxes uncollected.

RESIGNATION.—It is with regret that we chronicle the resignation of Miss Ida L. Hutchinson, teacher of the East school. Since Miss Hutchinson graduated at the Woburn High School, she has taught at the East school, and judging from the excellent character of the school, she has devoted herself assiduously to her duties, and has made a decided success in the vocation she adopted. The pupils under her care have made extra progress, and have become very much attached to their teacher. The school closes this Friday, and we understand Miss Hutchinson makes her exit as a schoolteacher. Whatever sphere in life she is called upon to fill, she carries with her the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

DISTURBERS OF RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.—Several young men from Woburn visited Burlington last Sunday, and in a state of intoxication went into church and disturbed the services. A repetition of the offence will bring them to punishment.

SCHOOLS.—The district schools close this Friday. Miss Nellie H. Parker has tendered her resignation, having received a higher call.

BUILDINGS.—The almshouse is nearly completed. Mr. Brown, the contractor, is engaged in building a cottage for George Reed, at the south part.

LECTURE COURSE.—Rev. E. G. Porter, of Lexington, gives his third lecture of a series on Palestine and the Holy Land, at Ham's Hall, next Wednesday evening.

BIRDS.—Blue birds and robins have made their appearance.

WILMINGTON.

BOUNTY CASES.—The bill introduced last week in the House to authorize the towns to pay certain sums of money to certain soldiers who served as part of the quota of this town in the late war, was rejected. We learn that there was no objection to the bill on the part of the representatives of the town, while the bill which was successfully passed two years ago, met with severe opposition.

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The Farmers' and Mechanics' Club, met on the 7th inst., at the residence of Mr. John T. Wild.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Harper's for March.—It long ago ceased to be a question as to whether or not any number of *Harper's* would be good or not. The quality of the article served up by Mr. Curtis is never to be doubted. The only query now is not, How good will it be? but What good things will it contain? The name of the firm of Harper & Brothers has long since passed into a synonym for the highest excellence, and anything bearing their imprint is sure to be good and to suit some tastes. This number of the magazine is especially rich in timely and instructive descriptive articles, and in illustrations, the engravings being most beautiful in conception and execution. The most fascinating thing in the number is William Hamilton Gibson's "Winter Idyl," not only from the peculiar charm of the author's pictures, but also from the beauty of his descriptions of winter scenery, and from the familiar associations recalled by every page of this delightful paper. Among the other contents, the article by Lieutenant Lemly entitled—"Among the Appalachians," Mr. Jarvis' paper upon the new school of Italian painting and sculpture, C. C. Coffin's entertaining account of the great farms of Dacotah, "An Irish Wake," by J. L. Cloud, and "Vacations aspects of Colorado," will claim especial attention. There are poems by Longfellow, Paul H. Hayne, Mrs. Mace and Jas. T. Field, and a long list of short stories and articles, all deserving of attention. It is for sale at Horton's book store.

Peterson's Magazine for March.—This has long been a favorite magazine with the ladies and the current number is of a character to maintain its reputation. It contains the usual amount of information concerning the fashions of the season, with illustrations, a song entitled "Hearts and Homes," an illustrated article on "Household Decoration and Furniture," the usual complement of short stories and poetry, and installments of Mrs. Burnett's story of "A Fair Barbarian," and Mrs. Stephen's "Lost."

Roman Catholicism and Americanism.—The various letters written to the Boston *Herald* upon the above subject by Rev. J. P. Bland and Rev. J. O'Brien have created so much interest that they have been collected and published in pamphlet form, "in response," says the introduction, "to many requests." The controversy was inaugurated by a sermon preached upon "The Public Schools," by Mr. Bland, January 4, a report of which appeared in the *Herald*. This was replied to by Mr. O'Brien, and the discussion soon left the restricted limits of the schoolroom and entered upon the broader field indicated by the title of the pamphlet before us. Sold by Horton.

Scribner for March.—Is at hand and is a fair sample of the degree of excellence to which the publishers have latterly brought the magazine. Eugene Schuyler gives a generous installment of his history of Peter the Great numerously illustrated, and the other continued stories and articles are advanced a stage toward completion. For special attractions the number has a profusely illustrated article by W. McKay Laffan and Edward Strahan called "The Tile Club Afloat," "Cham," by Richard Whiteing, "Two Views of Napoleon," "Over Sunday in New Sharon," by Henry King, "The Words of the United States Government," by Mrs. Jackson. There are a number of poems, including one by Miss Phelps, G. F. Lathrop and T. W. Hig-

ginson. The various editorial departments are full and interesting.

The Nursery for March is filled with entertaining readings for the little folks for any season of the year. Special attention is called to "Great Bargains," "The Goat and the Monkey," "All Aboard," "Edith's Ride," and "Fishing for Trout," all of which are admirably illustrated. The poems by Josephine Pollard, George Cooper and Mary D. Brine, are of course all worth reading, as is everything in the number.

THE far-famed Whitmore & Clark's Minstrels will appear at Lyceum Hall, next Tuesday evening, with a new programme complete, introducing four end men—Geo. M. Clark, Hank White, and the unrivaled Hennessy brothers. This company keep up to a high standard of excellence in their line, and are sure of a hearty welcome here. Reserved seats at Horton's.

The Springfield (Vermont) Reporter of Dec. 26 says: "Whitmore & Clark's Minstrels had a full house at the Town Hall last weekend Thursday night, and they gave the best show they have for years. 'George and Hank' and the 'Hennessies' on the ends, with the singing by Fred Petts and James Davy, and the music by Prof. Maynard's Orchestra, made good first part, while the new forces the Hennessies produced a pedestal Lancashire clog, and songs and dances, 'George' in his budget of songs filled in the second part very creditably. The last farce was a roarer and nearly killed the audience. We laughed 'till our sides did ache.' The company are meeting with crowded houses everywhere, and they are deservedly popular."

CONVICTED.—At East Cambridge, Thursday, David E. Tenney, alias Daniel Edwards, alias Edward Sprague, alias E. R. Herricks, retraced his previous plea, and plead guilty of entering the stable of E. Rockwood Hoar, at Concord, and stealing a horse, carriage, harness, side-saddle and other property. Also that he was guilty of stealing a horse and buggy from Andrew J. Curtis, of Bristol. Tenney's record shows him to be a very bad character. He was born in Concord, and at the early age of nine years was convicted of stealing a quantity of jackknives from a store, and has spent a large part of his life in prison. In 1849 he was arrested in Plymouth for breaking and entering, and served three years in the State Prison for that offence; in 1853 he was convicted of burglary in Lowell, and sentenced to five years in the State Prison; in 1863 he was again convicted at Cambridge, of breaking and entering, for which he was sentenced to three years in the State Prison. He afterwards served a sentence of fifteen months in the House of Correction, and in 1867 was sentenced to the State Prison for a term of four years. He tried the climate of New Hampshire in 1872, but as usual fate was against him, and he was sentenced to three years in the State Prison in that State. He was released when that time expired, and was sent to the Worcester House of Correction for an extended term. His last vacation was spent in Concord, where he committed the thefts for which he was indicted. For the stealing from E. R. Hoar he was sentenced to fifteen years in the State Prison and for the larceny of the property of A. J. Curtis, to three years additional in the same prison. Tenney is now 46 years old, has spent over twenty years of his life in prison, and will be 64 when this sentence expires. Tenney formerly lived in Woburn, and was once convicted for stealing a sofa from the Woburn depot.

GRANT AND RICE.—The managers of the Grant "boom" cannot do better than by selecting ex-Gov. Rice, of Massachusetts, to complete their ticket. For various reasons, this is a fit selection. In the first place, Gov. Rice is a strong Grant man, and, as such, was one of the earliest in the field, outside of the blatant crowd which has never ceased to shout for Grant since he went out of office. Gov. Rice is well placed. Gen. Grant represents the vigorous, pushing, brawny West; Gov. Rice the keen, cultivated and brainy East. Both are intensely American, with abounding faith in the future greatness of the Republic, of broad gauge, with no pet theories beyond the strengthening of the general government and the enforcement of the laws. Gov. Rice would lend dignity and grace to the chair of the Senate, and, as one of the happiest of occasional orators, he would be a proper supplement to the man whose reticence is, after all, one of his strongest points. Grant is a soldier; Rice is a merchant. Both are strong supporters of peace and order. The ticket so constituted would be harmonious, euphonious and popular.—*Herald*.

MEAT, VEGETABLES, CANNED GOODS, Fruits in their season, etc., etc., At 119 Main Street, Woburn, —

T. H. HILL, & CO., REAL ESTATE AGENTS, NO. 196 MAIN STREET.

FOR SALE. House, Mr. Pleasant Street. House, one acre of land. Building land, Bedford street. House and Barn, Beach street. House, Winter street. Pleasant street. Building lots on Arlington street.

TO LET. House of 8 rooms. House of 12 rooms. Tenements of 6 rooms each. House with 25 rooms. Office, Room \$200. East street. House—Church street. House—Myrtle street. House and Barn. Pond street. Rent \$180.

119-MAIN STREET-119. Cash Provision Store

The subscriber will inform the citizens of Woburn, that he will open a FULL AND FRESH STOCK of all kinds of

Meat, Vegetables, Canned Goods, Fruits in their season, etc., etc.,

At 119 Main Street, Woburn, —

Saturday, February 14th. A complete stock of everything in the world, to be had at the lowest prices for cash.

By a careful attention to the wants of his customers, he hopes to merit a share of your patronage.

145 T. FRED. EMERY.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL. Second National Cat Show.



Opens March 1, for six days.

For full particulars address Music Hall, Boston.

E. GIROUX, CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER,

SUP. REAR OF RESIDENCE, 146 Everett Street, Woburn.

Carriages, Sleighs, Buggies, and Express Wagons, built to order. Repairing promptly attended to.

WANTED. The following numbers of the Woburn Journal—Vol. 6, No. 39 (July 4) and 44 (Aug. 8) 1857, Vol. 7, No. 6, Nov. 14, 1857. Vol. 8, No. 1, Jan. 1, 1858. Vol. 13, Nos. 1, 2, Oct. 3, 1861. Vol. 15, Nos. 7, 8, 9, Nov. 14, 21, 28, 1864. Vol. 16, Nos. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 1864. Vol. 17, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 1865. Vol. 14, No. 19, Feb. 4, 1865.

For which a fair price will be paid. Or Vol. 13 would be bought entire, bound or unbound.

144

STOCK HAY FOR SALE.—About 30 tons of good meadow hay for sale by ABEL SIMMONDS, Burlington.

To LET.—The "Carroll" House, No. 207 Main Street. Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY, 116

To LET.—Stall and Carriage Room. Address P. O. Box 75.

To LET.—A desirable Tenement To Let on Pleasant street, to a small family. For terms apply at this office.

85

ROOMS TO LET. suitable for light manufacturing or for offices. Can be arranged to suit tenants. Terms moderate. Furnished if desired. Inquire of G. F. JONES.

93

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS

—AT—

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.

Prices very low.

MOSES BANCROFT, SAWING MACHINES AND FINDINGS,

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SEWING MACHINES AND FINDINGS,

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Journal Club Column**Miscellaneous.**

AN INNOCENT ABROAD.—The other day the police at the Union depot noticed a feeble-looking old man wandering in and out to kill time until his train should depart, and as he often displayed quite a roll of bills, he was cautioned to look out for pickpockets and confidence men.

"Wouldn't anybody rob an old man like me, would they?" he innocently asked.

The warning was repeated, but he jogged along as before, and after a time was seen in consultation with two strangers, who had walked him around to the wharf. An officer got him away from them and angrily said:

"Didn't I warn you against strangers? Those fellows are after your money."

"But how can they get it when I have it in my pocket and my hand on it all the time?"

"Well, you look out."

"Yes, I'll look out; but I don't want to be uncivil. When anybody talks to me I like to talk back."

The strangers soon had him on the string again, and in about a quarter of an hour they left him in a hurried manner, and he sauntered into the depot with his wallet in his hand.

"There! You've let 'em beat you!" exclaimed the officer. "How much did you lend them?"

"Wall, they wanted twenty dollars," he slowly replied.

"And you handed it over, of course?"

"I gave 'em a fifty dollar bill and got thirty back."

"Well, you'll never see the bill again."

"I kinder hope not," he chuckled, as he drew down his eye. "It was a counterfeit which my son found in Troy, and being as I am very old and innocent, and not up to the tricks of the wicked world, I guess it gets into the cars before somebody robs me of my boots!" If any one should come around looking for me, please say I'm not at home!"

—Detroit Free Press.

“I’m hungry and ragged and half sick and dead broke,” muttered a tramp as he sat down for a sun bath on a wharf at Detroit, “but it’s just my luck. Last fall I got into Detroit just two hours too late to sell my vote. Nobody to blame. Found a big wallet on the street in December and four police came up before I could hide it. Luck again. Got knocked down by a street car, but there was no opening for a suit and damages because I was drunk. Just the way. Last fall nials were way down. I knew there’d be a rise but I didn’t buy and hold for the advance. Lost \$10,000 out and out. Alas that way with me. Glass went up 25 per cent., but I hadn’t a pane on hand excepting the pain in my back. Never knew it to fail. Now lumber’s gone up, and I don’t own even a fence-picket to realize on. Just me again. Fell into the river t’other day, but instead of pulling me out and giving me a hot whiskey they pulled me out and told me to leave town or I’d get the bounce. That’s me again. Now I’ve got settled down here for a bit of a rest and a snooze, but I’ll be routed out in less than fifteen minutes, and I know it. I’ll be just my hangard luck!” He settled down, slid his hat over his face, and was just beginning to feel sleepy when a hundred pounds of coal rattled down on him. “I knew it! I knew it!” shouted the tramp as he sprang up and rubbed the dust off his head; “I said so all the time, and I just wish the durned old hogheads had come down along with the coal and jammed me through the wharf.”

“I’m some one who signs himself Ruthie, sends to the Baltimore *Gazette*, the following which the author of *The Gilded Age* will probably consider as funny as anything he ever wrote: “A very fortunate horoscope that of Mark Twain, who was born November 3, 1835. He had the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and Mars all in conjunction, forming a satellitum, and these four planets formed a trine aspect with Jupiter and Herchel. The only evil aspect in the figure is the Moon in opposition to Saturn. Most of the planets are in watery signs, and he drinks a great deal of lager beer. When they are mostly in fiery signs, it is said by Mr. Pearce, the author of the *Text Book of Astrology*, that they give a taste for stronger stimulants. Mark Twain has Saturn in Libra, which will cause kidney troubles.”

“I’m a gentleman living near Indianapolis, who has been so unfortunate as to lose five excellent wives, destined to erect a headstone for each, commemorating her virtues, but has been deterred by the expense. The other day a happy thought struck him and he proceeded to carry it out. The five wives were buried side by side in the same graveyard. This is the happy thought: The Christian name of each wife to be on a small stone—“Emma,” “Jane,” “Mary,” “Margaret,” “Elizabeth”—a hand, cut on each stone, pointing to a large stone in the centre of the lot, and under each hand, “For epitaph see large stone.”

“Country Schoolmaster—“Why weren’t you at school yesterday?”

Johnny—“Please, sir, we had a family festival.”

Schoolmaster—“A family festival? And what was it, pray, a wedding, baptism, or what?”

Johnny—“No, sir; it was butchering hogs.”

“Little Freddie was undergoing the difficult operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the manoeuvre.

“Why, Freddie,” said mamma, “you ought not to make such a fuss. I don’t fuss and cry when my hair is combed.”

“Yes,” replied the youthful party, “but your hair isn’t hitched to your head.”

“In a neighboring district school, a little boy, six years old, was seen to whisper, but denied doing so when reprimanded by the teacher. He was asked if they did not tell him in the Sunday School where bad boys went who told falsehoods. Choking with sobs, he said: “Yes, ma’am; it’s a place where there’s a fire, but I don’t just remember the name of the town.”

“Little Charlie had his hair “bobbed” the other day, but did not like the operation of brushing. “Ma, that barber’s brush made me squawk.” Mother—“I did not hear any noise.” Charley—“But I squawked in my thoughts.”

gathering up the bills, and replacing them in his book. “We’ll see about that. I dare say there’s plenty more coming—bills, I mean. Johnson was a gay man, I can tell you.”

“A gay man!” repeated Mrs. Carter, wonderingly.

“Well, well, I am sorry to press these little things; but when people dance, they must pay the piper, you know.”

“Mary,” said Paul, after the man had gone, “what do you think of that paragon of yours, now?”

Mary’s answer was a torrent of tears.

Her idol had been rudely shattered to atoms, and she felt like a ship adrift.

“Mary,” said Paul, after the man had gone, “what do you think of that paragon of yours, now?”

“I have,” said Paul, sighing.

“Hello!” said Maurice, opening his eyes.

“Married life unhappy? Now I come to notice it, you look rather pale. Jealous of any one?”

“What’s the matter now, Paul?” asked Carroll, anxiously, as his friend strode into his room with a very downcast countenance.

“How does Mrs. Carter take it?” asked Maurice, grinning.

“Very hard,” cried Paul gloomily, “I don’t think I’ll hear much more in praise of the late husband hereafter.”

“I should think so,” said Maurice, laughing.

“It’s a great relief,” said Paul, “but at a heavy cost.”

“Oh, if that is all that troubles you,” said Maurice, smiling. “I can relieve you of your anxiety. Behold the bills!” and he thrust a bundle of papers into Paul’s hand.

“Why, how did you become possessed of them?” asked Paul, wonderingly.

“Well, the fact is,” admitted Maurice, “I wrote them.”

“You?”

“Yes, I sent the man—one of my friends, with them. The fact is, I made up that plan. The bills are false, and Johnson, I don’t believe, owes any man a shilling.”

“Maurice Carroll,” said Paul, sternly; “that’s about it—continually holding him up as an example for me to copy from. Not in an angry manner, mind; but in a mildly reproachful tone that is immensely aggravating.”

“Well, you know,” said Carter, hesitatingly, “my wife before I married her was a widow, and her name was Johnson.”

“Exactly. Romantic name. Proceed.”

“Well, Johnson was a pretty good sort of a fellow, I believe,” continued Paul, “though rather humdrum. I don’t believe Mary loved him so devotedly while he lived, but now she idolizes him, and reverences his memory, and all that sort of thing.”

“Ah, I see,” said Maurice, nodding sagely, “she’s always throwing his great worth at your head?”

“Maurice Carroll,” said Paul, slowly; “that’s about it—continually holding him up as an example for me to copy from. Not in an angry manner, mind; but in a mildly reproachful tone that is immensely aggravating.”

“Well, you know,” said Carter, hesitatingly, “my wife before I married her was a widow, and her name was Johnson.”

“It seems so,” said Paul, dismally, “and that’s the worst of it. As far as I can find out, he never did anything wrong from the day of his birth to the day of his death. I could only find out any offense that he had committed, I might hush her up; but I can’t. He never even thought anything wicked.”

“H’m,” said Maurice, thoughtfully, “well, I pity you, and if I can relieve you, I will. Take a cigar, and forget Johnson it you can.”

“I can’t,” groaned Paul, desparingly.

“Paul,” said Mrs. Carter, mildly, “have you brought that silk dress I asked for?”

“I forgot it, Mary,” said Paul, meekly. “How stupid!”

“Never mind,” says Mrs. Carter. “Johnson never forgot anything I told him.”

Mrs. Carter sighed, and there was a short pause.

“Paul,” she said, presently.

“Well?”

“Do you think you can go to the station to meet Mrs. Allway when she comes on her visit to me?”

“I’m afraid not,” said Paul, quietly.

“My business will not admit it. I am really very sorry.”

“Very well,” said Mrs. Carter, resignedly, “I’ll go myself. But Johnson never allowed his business to interfere with any project for obliging me.”

“We can’t all be like Johnson,” said Paul a little tartly.

“Very true,” said Mrs. Carter, quietly.

“The late Mr. Johnson was a very good man.”

“Do you suppose he ever did any wrong?” asked Paul, cynically.

“I don’t think he ever did,” said Mrs. Carter, decidedly. “I am firmly convinced.”

Here she was interrupted by a ring at the bell.

A middle-aged man was shown into the room, inquiring for Paul.

“Mr. Carter, I believe?” he said, inquiringly.

And, as he spoke, he produced from his coat pocket a bulky note-book.

“I am,” said Paul, surprised at his manner; “do you wish to see me for anything important?”

“Well,” said the stranger, coolly, “that’s according to what light you view it in. But see,” he went on selecting several slips of paper from his book, “I have here several little bills against the late Mr. Johnson, your wife’s former husband.”

“Against Mr. Johnson!” exclaimed Mrs. Carter, incredulously. “You must be mistaken. Mr. Johnson left no bills unpaid at his death.”

“P’raps you think so,” said the man, mysteriously; “but you’re wrong. Mr. Johnson was an uncommonly sly fox, and I reckon you didn’t know all of his affairs.”

“What do you mean?” asked Mrs. Carter, looking as if she was about to burst into tears.

“This bill,” said the man, slowly, disregarding the interruption,—“is for cigars, brandy, etc., furnished to the deceased.”

“Mr. Johnson never smoked or drank,” said the relict of the late lamented, firmly.

“Ten pounds,” continued the relentless stranger, “this is for carriage hire for self and friends, during the two months prior to his decease. Twenty-two pounds; this is for a dinner given by Mr. Johnson to a party of his friends.”

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WOBURN



JOURNAL.

VOL. XXX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

NO. 9.

TO CURE

Ordinary Coughs, Hoarseness, Tickling in the Throat, &c.,

With which so many people are troubled at present, buy a bottle of

SYRUP OF COHOSH,

And use according to directions. Sold by

WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist,

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1 WOBURN.



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No. 159 Main street, Woburn.

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Hours (At Woburn, 8 to 9 A.M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P.M.)

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FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.

I have this day been appointed AGENT of the
above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stone-
ham. All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

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159 Main St., Woburn.

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Best Harness in the world for the money,
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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OFFICE,
Woburn, promptly attended to. 19

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
89 Court Street, BOSTON.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention. 11

North Woburn Street Railroad.
FALL TIME TABLE.
Horse cars leave No. Woburn at 6.10, 7.05, 8.25,
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Monday and Thursday at 9.00 P.M., Saturday
at 9.15 P.M.
Leave Woburn Center at 6.30, 7.30, 9.00, 10.35,
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ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

Poetical Selection.

MY SCHOOL.

I sat in the school of sorrow,
My Master was teaching there;
And my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart oppressed with care.

Instead of looking upward,
And seeing His face Divine,
So full of tender compassion,
For weary hearts like mine.

I only thought of the burden,
Of the cross that before me lay,
The clouds that hung thick above me,
Darkening the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say "Thy will be done!"
And the Master came not near me,
As the leaden hours went on.

At last, in despair, I lifted
My streaming eyes above,
And I saw the Master watching,
With a look of pity love.

To the cross before me He pointed,
And I thought I heard Him say:—
"My child, thou must take thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day."

Not now may I tell the reason;
Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And appoint thee all thy way."

Then kneeling, the cross I lifted;
For one glimpse of that Divine
Had given me strength to bear it,
And say "Thy will; none fit."

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line. **Advertisers** are requested to print with their advertiser's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

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COUNTY EXPENSES.—We have received a thin pamphlet of eleven pages, purporting to be a "statement" of expenditures of the County of Middlesex. Generally this pamphlet has contained nine pages. At the Republican County Convention last Fall a resolution was introduced calling for a report in detail, such as is given by auditors of towns, and the extra two pages may be in deference to this expression of the people. The report and the one made by the Savings Banks Commissioners ought to agree, especially as the former is vouches for by Judge Brooks, Register Tyler, and Clerk of the Courts Hurd. Why they do not agree is at present a subject of inquiry by a Legislative Committee. We find the dog account for the first time in this report, but in an unsatisfactory form. The County received for licenses from the various towns and cities \$18,477.60. The Treasurer reports "paid and due for damages done by dogs, officers appraising damages, and for killing dogs" \$932.94, which is about five per cent of the receipts. Where that money was expended and to whom it was paid, the taxpayers are entitled to know. Perhaps now that the ice is broken, next year the Commissioners will give us two pages more, and a little more information. The County officials cannot but be aware of the restive feeling in the County respecting the finances, and we had hoped to see this year a greater improvement by the way of a financial exhibit. Probably the investigation now in progress by the Legislative Committee will suggest something before another year.

It appears that the County has received from fines, costs, forfeitures and unclaimed fees in criminal prosecutions, from P. L. Converse, Esq., \$551.95 and from George S. Littlefield, Esq., \$225.80. The police and district courts have cost \$16,332.50 and the receipts from them have amounted to \$9,037.13. The expense at the House of Correction and Jail at East Cambridge were \$25,572.69, and at Lowell, \$6,913.08. The receipts at the former were \$26,734.27.

A BETTER WORK.—If some of those who have been so busily engaged in circulating a pledge for political purposes, would in a Christian and philanthropic spirit, make a pure and simple pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors, they would do far more to stop the sale of rum, than they can by political effort. Within a few days we have heard men who have drunk for a lifetime, express a desire to sign such a pledge for an example to others. That kind of temperance work is not much practiced now in this town.—*Adv.*

HERE is a field for our temperance loving contemporary. Go to those men with that kind of a pledge and give them the opportunity they so much desire. If that kind of temperance work is not much practiced, it is time it was, and who so competent to perform it as Mr. Mark Allen? The field is wide, already for the harvest: why stand ye here all the day, idle?

The ladies of the North Congregational Society gave a tea party i^o the house hall, to-night.—*Wob. Adv.* Feb. 26.

FOR the benefit of some of our friends who have or may be liable to be misled, we would remark that our esteemed contemporary, "down street," cannot be implicitly relied upon for statements concerning theology, chronology, etc. There was a tea party as above, last week Thursday, but nothing of the kind occurred last Thursday. It is better to be a year ahead than a week behind.

STONES OF NEW ENGLAND.—Prof. Burbank is giving a course of ten lectures in Mineralogy, at Natural History Building, Boston. More than fifty persons have availed themselves of this opportunity of becoming familiar with the common stones minerals of New England. We notice that Woburn is well represented there. These students are, most of them, teachers in and about Boston.

WOMEN VOTERS.—The Selectmen have given notice that they will be in session at their office, No. 173 Main Street, on Wednesday afternoon next, March 3, from 2 till 6 o'clock, for the purpose of registering women entitled to vote.

MR. HORACE J. ALLEN whose departure we chronicled last week, returned to Woburn quite unexpectedly last Friday evening. He informs us that he intends to remain in Woburn for several months.

THE temperance meeting next week will be at the Congregational Vestry, and will be of the same character of the one this week. Rev. Mr. Young is expected to lecture March 11.

DE QUINCEY.—The next High School entertainment will be on March 8, and will consist of a lecture upon De Quincey by Mr. George Perkins.

IT was twenty-four years ago, this Friday evening that Lyceum Hall was dedicated, that interesting event occurring Feb. 27, 1856.

REV. MR. BARBER of Somerville will preach at the Unitarian Church, next Sunday.

THE poet Longfellow is seventy-three years of age to-day, (Friday).

JUST three weeks more of Winter, according to the almanac.

CHEW JACKSON'S best sweet navy tobacco.

SOME WOBURN INDUSTRIES.

III.

THE SHOE STOCK BUSINESS.

Like nearly every other branch of manufacturing the art of making boots and shoes has been almost revolutionized within the memory of the present generation. The old methods with which our boyhood was familiar have passed away, and in the place of the good-natured, bald-headed old shoemaker, who in his quaint little shop with its array of awls, hammers, lap-stones, trees, tarts, etc., which used to be the wonder of the boys, and the one or two high-backed chairs whose original seats had long ago given place to a piece of leather drawn tightly over the frame and grown black by long service in sustaining the avoidous of long-winded, gossipy customers; who used to measure our foot with a tape, and in the course of perhaps weeks of anxious waiting would deliver to us a pair of stout cow-hide boots, calculated to withstand the rigors of a New England winter and the vigorous usage of a New England school-boy; in place of this we now have stately factories with complicated machinery and armies of workmen, which produce shoes for the ball-room belle and the Texan cattle herder; boots for the city exquisite and the pioneer who follows the plow in its way over the endless and trackless prairies of the West; slippers to fit the delicate feet and suit the exacting fancy of the millionaire's beautiful daughter and heiress, and clumsy boots for the miner who picks wild day after day and year after year, in the dark underground mines of Colorado or Nevada, yields the golden treasure to pay for both. The shoe-maker's shop, which not very many years ago was a feature of every village, is a thing of the past, and only to be found in places remote from railroads and the wirey fitters of electricity. Now-a-days, when a new pair of boots or shoes is needed for any one, from the two-month-old baby to grandfather, we enter a store and are shown by attentive clerks a great variety of goods, to suit our tastes and our purses, and fit our feet as the shoe-makers of our youth never could; and instead of waiting weeks for them, we have only to "hie a wee" until the gentlemanly salesman makes them into a neat package.

INTO the making of every pair of shoes worn by modern man there is an amount of brain work, and the almost intelligent service of complicated machinery woven that is scarcely realized by their wearers. They represent several branches of manufacturing which are now distinct and separate branches of trade, though all contributing their share toward the harmonious whole. The makers of the finished shoes are supplied with various parts, ready to be put into their proper places, by manufacturers with machinery and appliances especially invented and adapted to produce those parts, and both are supplied with crude material from the tanners and curriers, who in their turn obtain the hides from the butchers and dealers in cattle throughout the country.

There are in this town a number of establishments that supply to the boot and shoe factories a few small parts that enter into the composition of their products. They are known by the general name of "shoe-stock factories," and as the goods made and processes employed are all similar we select one that may fairly be called a representative, and that is unquestionably the pioneer one, to illustrate all—that of N. J. Simonds, 95 Main Street.

MR. SIMONDS secured a patent for heel-stiffeners about ten years ago, and commenced their manufacture, with machinery invented and patented by himself, especially for the purpose. The goods made by him besides the stiffeners are, inner soles, heels, heelings, counters and taps, though the principle thing is the stiffeners. The raw material is the waste pieces from the tanneries. FELIX CARR.—At North Woburn, Mr. Carr has a shop for the manufacture of inner-soles, and turns out 400 cases of inner-soles, 1,200 sheets of heelings, 5,000 pairs of single heels a week; besides a small number of taps and stiffeners. Mr. Murray, has been in business about two years, and is next week to commence to put into their proper places, by manufacturers with machinery and appliances especially invented and adapted to produce those parts, and both are supplied with crude material from the tanners and curriers, who in their turn obtain the hides from the butchers and dealers in cattle throughout the country.

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ond Selectman, candidates, Otis C. Buck, Henry Sheldon, and Thomas Evans. Otis C. Buck received 21 votes and was nominated. Third Selectmen candidates, Henry Sheldon, N. Bradlee, Edward H. Sheldon, D. H. Parker, and Asa Potter. Henry Sheldon received 16 votes and was nominated. Wm. Henry Carter was nominated Town Clerk by acclamation; the same with Cyrus L. Carter for Town Treasurer. J. A. Shepard for School Committee met with some opposition, but was eventually nominated. These nominees will make excellent town officers and we hope that they will be elected by an overwhelming majority. The town meeting will take place Monday, the 1st of March, and as some very important articles are to be acted upon, it is hoped that every voter will be present. Polls open at 11 o'clock.

The entertainment of the Dramatic Club will take place Saturday evening, the 28th, at Ames Hall, when the drama entitled "Among the Breakers," and the laughable farce called "The Little Rebel," will be presented. Music is to be furnished by Simonds' Band.

BOWMAN FOR GRANT.

Hon. S. Z. Bowman, our Representative in Congress, has been interviewed on the candidacy of Gen. Grant, and we give the substance of the interview below, omitting the questions of the reporter. Mr. Bowman said:—

I certainly am in favor of the strongest and most available candidate, and if the Republican party cannot, after the nomination lay aside all individual preferences and "go in," heart and soul, and work for the candidate,—whoever he is—it might as well employ the interval in composing a suitable epithet for itself. I have no hesitation in saying that it is my earnest conviction that Gen. Grant is the strongest and most available candidate among those yet named, as well as those not named. If we wish to carry the election it is a pure question of availability; not as to whom we ought to elect, but whom we can elect; not a mere abstract question of who is the best man, but who will get the most votes. I believe, putting it on the higher ground, that Grant is at least as good a man as any other of the candidates, but putting it on the lower ground of expediency and availability, I think that no man has the elements of strength with the people that he has. It is a critical time, and the election of a Democratic President would be a national calamity, the evil results of which no human being can foresee. Our election must be sure, our majority overwhelming. There will be no counting-in of a second Republican President, you may rest assured. With a Democratic Congress to count the votes, and one which may then be desperate from the knowledge that the counting-in of the Republican President means utter death to their party, so that no action, however revolutionar, can injure it, the dice will be heavily loaded against us, and the prospect is somewhat appalling to one who reflects upon the action of that party at the special session, and the desperate disregard of law in the "counting-in" process in Maine. We can afford, therefore, in the game, to throw away a single card, and we must put forward the very strongest candidate we can find. There is a crisis in the affairs of every party, when it becomes necessary to smother individual preferences, which must be subordinated to the public good and the will of the majority. The contest before the nomination ought to be waged in a friendly spirit, so that our whole party may be united in feeling and efforts afterwards. All good Republicans will be so united.

On this I take issue with those self-styled "reformers" and "scratches" who tell us through newspapers and from pulpits and from points of advantage that if their candidate is not the one they want they will ruin the party. They make a great noise. They talk from the hotspots. They write in great newspapers. The mountain makes a great rumbling, but I think only a mouse will come out of it. I don't believe that a great constituency behind them believes in the "divine right" of scratching merely on account of a difference in judgment—mind I say merely on account of a difference in judgment, and not because the candidate is a criminal, or notorious and undeniably wicked or corrupt, so that about that fact, as such, there could be no reasonable dispute. Other doctrine is absurd, illogical, and unpatriotic. Here is their position: "If I can't have the candidate I want I will do all I can to defeat him, and thus to assist in the commission of the irreparably greater disaster (as I myself would confess it to be) of electing the Democratic candidate." He certainly is not a machine candidate. Away in Mexico, with no patronage at his command, he has not said or done the first thing to help himself. I have not yet heard of a single Grant club or organization, or even meeting. There are Sherman clubs and elaborate "booms," bolstered up by government patronage, and Blaine clubs, and other organizations, and all the candidates are vigorously (which is all proper enough) at work, and yet without any party machinery whatever, expenditure of money, clubs, organizations, or patronage, the people are spontaneously pushing Grant into the forward place. There never was a less engineered movement in this country. I am quite sure there that there has been no organized movement or machinery set in motion in Massachusetts for Grant, and I am equally sure that when the voice of the people can be heard, it will be strongly in his favor. Grantism is spontaneous. Let me say furthermore, that as to foreign and other questions of government, Grant is a man of broad and statesmanlike views, who takes the honest, straightforward path and is firm in standing by his convictions, and that is why the people will have trust in him. His election will be an omen of peace, and that is what the business interests of the country above all things demand.

I don't wish to depreciate other candidates, for whom I would be glad to work if nominated. Blaine is a strong, powerful, popular man, who will probably get the nomination if Grant does not. Edmonds, of Vermont, would make a most eligible President. Garfield is an able man. Others might be named, but of all at this crisis in the political history of this generation, which I have stated to you, I think that Grant will help the party most as a candidate. This year nomination is not election; election is not inauguration; and perhaps before the fall elections and the 4th of March, 1881, we shall be called on to pass through the most perilous of our country's trials.

THE MOTHER COUNTRY OUTDORE.—The total American contributions in aid of the poor suffered up to the 12th of February amounted to \$500,000, according to the London *Times*. Since that date probably as much as \$100,000 more has been collected in this country for the various relief funds. These contributions form an impressive and painful contrast to the niggardly gifts of the English. The English papers do not give any statement of the aggregate of contributions to England—possibly because they do not know that the amount is so large of gratification. At last accounts, however, the funds of the Duchess of Marlborough and the Mansion House Committee were in the neighborhood of \$200,000 each. But more than one-fourth of the Mansion House fund was by Australia, and much the larger part of the remainder, as well as a considerable portion of the fund of the Duchess of Marlborough, are made up of contributions from America, Canada, and India. We do not

shall be abandoned and as much forgotten as they are by soldiers in the midst of a great battle.

I believe that our first duty now is to treat all candidates and all sections of our party respectfully, or at least honestly, and I think that the opponents of Gen. Grant are making a mistake by flinging mud at him. The people are very apt to like a wrongfully-abused man, and the anti-Grant papers, if they keep on, will make his nomination sure. I am sure that the party as a whole will stand by the nomination, whichever of the candidates shall receive it. In the political catechism the first duty is to stand by the nomination and to work earnestly and enthusiastically for the nominee, and the second duty is beforehand for the people to choose through their representatives the strongest man.

Grant is the strongest man for many reasons, which I cannot explain in detail, and can only present abstracts of. In the first place he is thoroughly known everywhere. Every man, woman or child out of arms in the country knows him to-day. There is hardly a man in the world of so broad a reputation as he has. No work to be done in popularizing him! If there is a man in the country who will ask, "Who is Grant?" the only thing that that man shows a fitness for, according to our rules of empaneling juries, is to go into the jury-box. In the second place he has been thoroughly tried in many positions and in the Presidential Chair. The people know just what he is, and feel that with him there will be no experiments. They don't want to experiment with men in times like these. Men always prefer the goods they have tried and know about, even if they may not be quite as good actually. They want, in Western phrase, "a dead sure thing" this time, with a solid South and a Democratic Congress and an electoral count in front of them.

In the third place they know, whatever his faults, that he is thoroughly honest-honest in word and honest in action. For years he has been under a light not inferior to that "fierce light which beats upon a throne." Yet his worst enemy has never charged him with a dishonest or dishonorable action. He has made mistakes, as every man does, whose foresight isn't as good as his "hindsight." He has been deceived by friends, and who of us has not? He has stuck to friends, honestly believing in them, when it would have been better for him to have abandoned them. But he has gone through the hottest fires and fiercest abuse of politics without the taint of personal wrongdoing clinging even to the hem of his garments. Again his administration as to civil service reform and otherwise, using that term in its best sense, compares favorably with other administrations. The country under his administration was efficiently served. There were frauds under his administration; there have been frauds and men kicked out of office under this, but the principals in either case cannot be held culpable, because they had not omniscience. They don't want to experiment with men in times like these. Men always prefer the goods they have tried and know about, even if they may not be quite as good actually. They want, in Western phrase, "a dead sure thing" this time, with a solid South and a Democratic Congress and an electoral count in front of them.

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Journal Club Column

Miscellaneous.

THE ORIGINAL TONGUE.

WILLING TO ACCOMMODATE.—Peter Waters, although he entered Essex Market Court yesterday as a prisoner, was in the best of humor. A series of rippling smiles passed over his unshaven face as quickly as the series of hot whiskies had rippled down his throat the previous night.

"Good mornin', Judge," he said, with a duck of the head and a courtesy.

"Waters," replied the Court, unpacified by the obfuscation, "you were intoxicated in the street, picked up by the officer and carried on a stretcher to the station-house. Anything to say?"

"Ye-es," answered the prisoner. "Well, you see, Judge, it were pretty cold yesterday. Took a whisky or two as a brace 'gainst the severity of the weather. Nothin' more'n that, your Honor."

"That is your only excuse, is it?" remarked the Court, looking over and above the smile that lit up Waters' countenance.

"We-el, n-o-zactly," replied the latter, recovering ground after his second knock down. "Weather grier colder, your Honor, arter that, an' I found another bracer absolutely necessary. Couldn't stand it nohow, otherwise."

"Have you finished now, sir?" asked the Judge, sternly.

"I gesso," said Waters, nonplussed by the cool reception his advances met with. "I've said nuff. You'll let me go, I spose, this ere time."

"No; ten dollars, or ten days."

"You don't mean that, Judge. You're only joking, ain't ye?" asked the prisoner, his smile growing perceptibly weaker.

"Do. Remove this fellow."

"Why don't you make it \$20 or twenty days?" shouted Waters, all afire now with pugnacity.

"I do," said the Court.

"Do ye? Make it forty days while ye are about it."

"I do."

"Oh, this is gettin' way up," remarked Waters, sarcastically. "I just as feave take two months."

"All right!"

"Three or four, or five."

"Well, you are given five months."

"Make it six. Oh, yes!" and he clinched his hands and danced a war dance; "make it six."

"Six it is."

"Holy Moses!" he cried, as he worked himself into a great frenzy; "make it a whole year—a lifetime! There, darn ye, do your worst?"

The Court weakened at six months, and with a yell of triumph, the rippling of Waters ceased.—*New York Herald*.

DISCOURAGING.—A man who said he was trying to get enough money together to reach Toledo yesterday entered an office on Griswold street and told his story, and added that his name was Casar.

"Any relation to Julius or Augustus?" queried the citizen.

"Well, no. I want to be honest and square about this thing, and I tell you honestly that I am not related to either."

"Then I can't help you any. You are nothing but a common sort of plug, and I don't make any difference whether you ever get to Toledo or not. If you were related to the great Julius, I should feel in duty bound to help you."

The man backed out without another word, and entering the office next door, he walked up to the occupant, with the remark, "My name is Casar, and I am closely related to Julius and Augustus. Can you spare me ten cents to help me get to Toledo?"

"Sir, you are a base deceiver!" replied the other. "You are no more related to the Caesars than I am. Had you come in here, and told me a straight, truthful story I would have given you a quarter. You can go, sir!"

The man went out, and he determined to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. Halting the first man who came along, he said:

JOURNALISM IN PARIS.—They have a peculiar manner of carrying on journalism in Paris. A printer leases a large building, in which he puts down a steam engine and several presses. A capacious room, centrally situated, is set apart for the compositors, and offices in various parts of the establishment are placed at the disposal of the editorial staffs of the journals that are printed on the premises. Some of these papers may have their own compositors and types—that is a matter of arrangement; but everything is set up in the common room and printed in the landlord printer's presses. As the compositors of the various journals are only separated from each other by imaginary divisions, awkward accidents occasionally befall. In the hurry of going to press or on the dim light (French composing rooms being rarely fitted up with gas), it sometimes happens that "copy" goes astray or paragraphs get mixed; and the readers of a Clerical-Libertine organ may be horrified at seeing in the columns of their favorite and highly respectable paper part of a ranting Republican or gibing Voltarian article, originally written for its free-thinking contemporary, which, though at the opposite pole of politics and theology, is edited in a clear, official tone, "It is the Medical School!"—*New York Times*.

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No root, bark, or

herb in the whole domain of nature is so

as Hops. They have been used for centuries in the treatment of pain and disease, and are to-day the general and favorite household remedy. Uniting the complete properties of the Hop with those of the Root and Stimulus Balsams and Ginseng, we produce the Hop Plaster, marvellous in its cure of Weak Back, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Stomach and Muscles, Pain in the Chest, &c. Price, 25 cents. All Druggists sell.

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(FOR THE CURE OF INVALIDS) at Arlington Heights, eight miles from Boston.

This institution has opened under the happiest auspices. See full circular to DR. DIO LEWIS,

Arlington Heights, Mass.

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An exchange has an article on "How to run a newspaper." This should be read only by editors, as every other person in the world knows just how a newspaper ought to be run.

The sting of a bee, when placed under the microscope, dazzles with beauty.

But when placed in the end of a man's nose it resembles a rat-tail file dipped in aqua fortis, and brings out words as rough as a grindstone.

An exchange has an article on "How to run a newspaper." This should be read only by editors, as every other person in the world knows just how a newspaper ought to be run.

The manager of a church fair, when asked if there would be music each evening, replied, "No; but there will be singing."

They were twins. The parents christened one Kate, and the other Dupli-Kate.

A dentist's sign—drawing, music and dancing.

WHAT A CHILD'S KISS COULD DO.—In a prison at New Bedford, Mass., there now is a man whom we call Jim, and who is a prisoner on a life sentence. Up to last Spring he was regarded as a desperate, dangerous man, ready for a rebellion at any hour. He planned a general outbreak, but was "given away" by one of the conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny and rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his own council, and, while never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman, and the others ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party came to climbing the stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him:

"Jim, won't you help this little girl up the stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face, and the little girl held her arms out to him, and said:

"If you will, I guess I'll kiss you."

His scowl vanished in an instant, and he lifted the child up as tenderly as a father. Half way up the stairs she kissed him. At the head of the stairs she said:

"Now you've got to kiss me, too."

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face, and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again the man had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no one in the place gives less trouble. Maybe in his far-away Western home he has a Mate of his own. No one knows, for he never reveals his inner life; but the change so quickly wrought by a child proves that he has a heart, and gives hope that for your sake he will live.

There was a little difficulty in the way of the minister's giving his hearers a dose of Latin and Greek, for he knew no more of either language than the people he was to preach to. But he was equal to the emergency. He was a native of Wales, and spoke Welsh as well as he did English, though these two were the only languages he knew anything about. When he had got nicely into his sermon, he introduced a little passage of Scripture, and said: "This passage, brethren, has been slightly altered in the translation. It is only in the original Hebrew you can grasp its full meaning. I will read it to you in Hebrew, so that you may comprehend it more exactly;" and he gave them the passage in very good Welsh. The old deacons nodded approvingly, and nodded approval, as though they would say: "That's the stuff; that's the kind of thing we want."

Presently the minister, who saw by the faces of his hearers that he had made a hit, came upon another passage of Scripture that could not be correctly rendered in English. "This passage," said he "has to be read in the original to be appreciated. In all the languages, there is none in which the meaning can be so well expressed as in Greek. I will read you the verse in Greek," and again he gave them a long Welsh sentence. Again the deacons nodded approvingly, and before long the minister found it necessary to read a verse in Latin, "so that his hearers might understand it thoroughly," and gave them a little more Welsh.

Everything was going along smoothly, and the minister, as he approached the end of the sermon, thought he would give them just one more taste of the dead languages. "I am about to read to you," said he, "another passage on this subject. But it is another of those passages that have been altered in the translation, and I will read it to you in the Chaldaic, in which it was written." He was just about to give a little more Welsh, when, casting his eye over the congregation, he saw seated near the door a jolly-looking man, who was holding his sides tight to keep from bursting with laughter. The minister took in the situation in an instant. Here was a man in the church who understood Welsh, and who was laughing at the trick that had been played upon the congregation. But not a feature in the minister's face changed. Fixing his eyes straight upon the laughing man, just as the congregation thought he was about to give them the Chaldaic version, he said again in Welsh:

"For God's sake, my friend, don't say a word about this till I have a chance to talk with you."

The congregation went home satisfied that they had listened to one of the most learned of his hearers; that he had made a hit, one more taste of the dead languages, and to keep from bursting with laughter. The minister took in the situation in an instant. Here was a man in the church who understood Welsh, and who was laughing at the trick that had been played upon the congregation. But not a feature in the minister's face changed. Fixing his eyes straight upon the laughing man, just as the congregation thought he was about to give them the Chaldaic version, he said again in Welsh:

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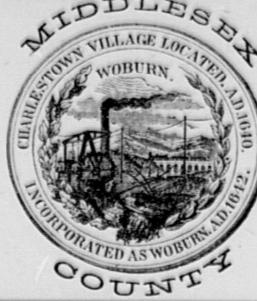
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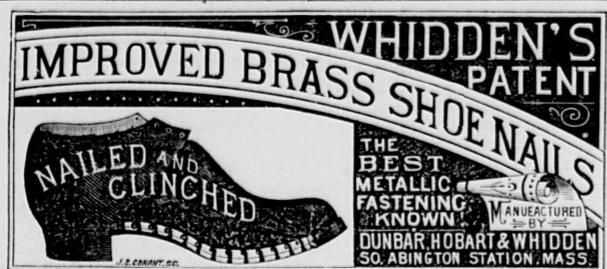
JOURNAL.

VOL. XXX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880.

NO. 10.

WILLIAM W. HILL,
A POTHECARY,
OPPOSITE THE COMMON,
WOBURN.



Professional Cards.

George H. Conn,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 2
WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.

Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.;
Hours) At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

3

Henry Hiller, M. D.,
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

4

LONDON and LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.

I have this day been appointed AGENT of the above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham.

All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

GEO. H. CONN,
159 Main St., Woburn.
July 1, 1879.

A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.
Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street

Dr. FRED. F. GAGE,
DENTIST,
7 Pemberton Square, BOSTON.

REMOVAL.
DR. B. R. HIRSHOVY,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has removed to
110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.
For particular attention paid to Surgery.

E. F. WYER, Agent,
Dealer in
Carriages, Harnesses,
Horse Furnishing Goods,
Also Agent for the
MAINE STATE PRISON HARNESS,
Best Harness in the world for the money.
63 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

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WILLIAM WINN,
AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
Office, 89 Court Street, BOSTON.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

North Woburn Street Railroad, FALL TIME ROAD.
Horse cars leave No. Woburn at 6:15, 7:05, 8:25,
9:45, 11:35 A. M., 12:45, 3:50, 4:15, 5:25, 6:35 P. M.,
and Wednesdays at 7:05 P. M., Saturdays at 8:30 P. M.

Leave Woburn Central Station at 6:15, 7:05, 8:25,
9:45, 11:35 A. M., 12:45, 3:50, 4:15, 5:25, 6:35 P. M.,
Mondays and Thursdays at 9:00 P. M., Saturdays at 9:15 P. M.

12 DEXTER CARTER, Supt.

R. C. HAYWARD,
Dealer in
GROCERIES,
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL ETC.,
At the Lowest Prices.

103 Main Street, - Woburn.

WALDO E. BUCK,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
26

174 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865
Parks & Freeman,
MACHINISTS.

And Manufacturers of
Leather Machinery,
GLASSING, STONING,
Polishing and Pebbling Jacks, etc.

Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shaving
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fitting,
Tinners and Curving Shops fitted up at shop
action.

97, 99, and 101 Main Street,
WOBURN, MASS.

All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership
formed January 1st, 1877.

15

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,
(Successor to Porter & Young.)

MACHINISTS
Steam and Gas Fitter.

16 MANUFACTURER OF

STEAM ENGINES.

Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shaving
Pulleys, Gearing, etc. Special attention given to
fitting up Tanneries and Curving Shops.

SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

5

Business Cards.

THE
CENTRAL HOUSE,
WOBURN,

Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for
Sleighing or Dancing parties. With one of the best
dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for
caring for parties, the Central House will be found to
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.

LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.

17 Catering on the most satisfactory terms
a specialty.

A. BUCKMAN.

Dealer in

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

160 Main Street, Woburn.

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.

BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.

FOWLE ST., WOBURN.

Near the Highland Station.

18

E. C. COLOMB,
TAILOR,

Church Street, - - Winchester.

Taking in hand the best tailoring establishment
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of
Winchester, and will give satisfaction to all
who may favor him with their custom.

20

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

294 Washington St., Boston.

(Opposite School St.)

Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the
best manner. Card sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50
per card. Color Pictures \$2.00. Club Pictures to schools
and families, 12 tickets for \$10. Copying of all kinds
of paper rates.

21 **H. S. DUVSHEE,** - Artist.

HARDWARE.

Farming Tools & Seeds,

Painter's Supplies,

Stoves and Kitchen Ware.

L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET

22

J. H. ELLIS & Co.,

Concrete Paving & Roofing.

Work guaranteed for 10 years.

STONE MASON'S AND CONTRACTORS.

Sand, Loam and Gravel furnished.

23 Office: Basement of Post-Offce, Woburn.

24

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,
TOWN BILL POSTER
AND DISTRIBUTOR.

WOBURN, MASS.

Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main street,
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill
Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

25

Civil Engineer and Surveyor,

26

174 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

27

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

28

Poetical Selection.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep'd and
still'd; the loaded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale
and chill; the lids that will not lift again, though we may call
and call, The strange white solitude of peace that settles over
all. We know not what it means, dear, the desolate
heart pain, The dread to take our daily way and walk in it
again. We know not what where the loved who leave us
us go.

Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do
not know. But this we know—Our loved and lost, if they
should come this day—Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of
us can say.

Life is a mystery, as deep as ever death can be; Yet, oh! how sweet it is to us—this life we live and see!

Then might they say,—these vanished ones—and
blessed is the thought, "So death is sweet to us, beloved!" though we may
have taught you;

"Sir, such work as we have done to-night
we do not do for wages. If you feel strong enough, I will walk with you to the house.

I think the storm is passing over. We live a
quarter of a mile from the light. Our accommodations are plain enough, but there is no other house on the island."

"O, I am as good as new now," said McIntrye;

"but will you leave this boy here alone?"

She smiled.

"Ned is not afraid, and he can tend the
light as well as I."

"Very well; I will go with you."

He waved a smiling adieu to the boy, and followed his guide down the narrow stairway.

Two days later, a small sail-boat put out
from the island, which, when it returned, brought McIntrye's luggage.

McIntrye's father, who was laid up with an
attack of rheumatism, had taken a fancy to the young man
who expressed a desire to spend a few weeks there at any price they
might charge. Captain Clyde straightway ordered Neddie off in his new boat to the mainland for the gentleman's traps. The
youngster obeyed this order with alacrity, for the good humored ease of the stranger, together with his evident appreciation of
"our Liz," had wrought favorably on Neddie.

Even the maiden aunt, who kept the house, smiled frostily at the prospect of this
pleasant addition to their family.

McIntrye, who had been wandering about
three or four hundred miles from home in search of a quiet place to spend the summer, congratulated himself on having drifted to
the very spot.

"Although it was an expensive style of
drifting," he remarked, with a smile, as he enclosed a bank-note in an envelope, to be sent to the owner of the little craft which
had slipped him out into the waves abreast of the light-house.

A week later, as he sauntered shoreward, there came to his ears a wild-swing strain of melody. As he listened in amazement, for he had seen no musical instrument about the place, he began to realize that it was a part of Strauss' Artist Life waltzes that he heard—a strain that he often whistled. He stepped around the jutting cliff, and there, leaning against the granite wall, was Lizzie, her chin dropped caressingly on a little red violin, as she drew the bow deftly over the strings. She flushed up like a guilty thing when she saw McIntrye.

"You whistled that the other day," she faltered, "and I liked it so much—it haunts me all the time."

He stopped forward.

"Why, Lizzie! Is it possible you play
like that without notes?"

"I don't play much now," she said, drawing
her dark brows over her eyes. "A party of ladies and gentlemen came here to
visit the light-house once, and overheard me playing. I heard one of the ladies say, 'The idea of a girl with a fiddle!' So I
thought perhaps it didn't look well."

"Not look well, indeed!" and he laughed in merry scorn. "Why, child, did you ever
hear of Camilla Urso?"

"No."

"Well, she is a lady, and she makes the
most exquisite music on a 'fiddle,' and thousands of people go to hear her. Why,
Camilla Urso herself would listen with
pleasure to your music, Lizzie," said
McIntrye, extravagantly. "Who taught
you to play?"

"No one. The violin belonged to father
and he showed me how to tune it. I pick
up tunes that I hear but I never heard anything
half so beautiful as the tunes you sing and whistle."

McIntrye smiled. His repertoire of music
consisted of snatches of operas, waltzes,
redows, and German airs, which were dimly
associated in his mind with nights of brilliant
gaiety; and he wondered dreamily how this
purely-minded, health-souled girl would look upon the elegant dissipation carried
on by the set of which he was the favorite.

A sudden glow warmed his heart with the
thought that not one of the fine ladies
who had swung languidly through the mazes of
that very waltz of the great composer's
could have rescued him so bravely from the
jaws of death as Lizzie had—Lizzie, who
stood there so quietly, with her little red
violin held to her breast and her fingers
straying lovingly over the strings.

"Yes," said the boy, "there came a flash
of lightning, and Lizzie and I, looking out,
saw the boat capsized. So Lizzie and I tend
the light—we always do when father is sick
or goes to the mainland—and we're pulled
out more than one fellow more than half
dead. Why—"

"Never mind that, Neddie," interrupted
his sister, gently, and the unspoken reproach
in her voice had the effect of making the lad
look somewhat shame-faced as he went back
to the first part of his story.

"It was fair when I left shore," replied
the man. "I ventured further than I intended.
Then the wind went down, and I could only drift until the storm arose. I
have a recollection of a fierce rush of wind and
wave that upset my boat, and a blow on my head
broken an hour before."

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor
George French, Assistant Editor.
Published every Saturday.

At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Advertisers will receive a line. Special notice, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the advertiser's name on the line refer to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880.

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THE PHALANX BALL.—The social event of the season was undoubtedly the brilliant ball given last week Friday evening, by the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, Co. G, 5th Regiment, M. V. M., at Lyceum Hall. The committee had spared no pains in making the preparations such as would ensure for the occasion a complete success, and the end amply justified the means. The hall was beautifully decorated with streamers of tinsel, the flags of all nations, and coats-of-arms of all the States, the stars and stripes, and emblematic designs, furnished by Col. Wm. Beale, of Boston. The orchestra was seated on the stage amid a tropical luxuriance of flowers and green-house plants; the chandeliers were festooned with smilax, and a canary in its cage hung on each one, adding its little mite to the efforts of the orchestra. At a few minutes past eight the orchestra performed several fine operatic selections, concluding with a grand march, when the brilliant company, numbering 200 couples formed upon the floor for the first figure, and a gay spectacle it was they presented. The dazzling uniforms of the military gentlemen, the beautiful toilettes of the ladies, and the more sombre, yet elegant dress of the civilians, made up a scene, which, from the manner in which American society is constituted, must necessarily be of rare occurrence. After the first figure was danced, the Governor and the gentlemen accompanying him, were escorted to the floor of the hall by the reception committee, and introduced to the ladies and gentlemen present. As the Governor's party entered the hall, the stage was brilliantly illuminated with colored lights, the band playing a lively march.

Among the guests present were His Excellency Governor Long, Speaker Noyes, of the House, General Otis, of the Senate, Mr. E. D. Hayden, of the House, Hon. John Cummings and the following military gentlemen:—Adjutant-General A. H. Berry, Colonel Lovell, Colonel Lockwood, Colonel Olin, and Colonel Fiske, of the Governor's staff, Colonel Trull, Adj't. Thompson, Paymaster Fairbanks, Major Richardson, Captain Phipps, Snow, Bancroft, Brown, Whaley, Lieutenants Henderson and Dawson, of the fifth regiment, Major Merrill, of the first battalion of artillery, and Captain Nettleton, and Lieutenants Torsey and Kemp, of the Lancers. They were received at the depot by a sub-committee appointed for that purpose, and escorted to the rooms of the Mishawum Club, where they were met by the reception committee.

The Governor danced twice, once leading the ball with Miss Lizzie F. Parker, Captain Ellard's fiance, and the second time with Mrs. Joseph H. Parker. At about ten o'clock, the Governor and the gentlemen who accompanied him from Boston, and the reception committee retired from the ballroom to the Mishawum Club parlors, where Mr. J. D. Gilman had in waiting for them a collation that would bring a smile to the face of the greatest of epicures. The rooms were tastefully decorated, and the tempting viands served on silver and decorated china, in a style entirely in consonance with Mr. Gilman's reputation.

The floor was under the command of Captain J. W. Ellard, with Major Richardson, Captain Crane, Lieutenants Converse, Littlefield and Young, Sergeant Halliday, Privates Gleason, Simonds and others as aids; and if they should ever be called upon to command upon sterner battle-fields, (as some of them have) and acquit themselves as well, they would prove themselves good soldiers.

The music, which was furnished by Edmund's Band, of Boston, was all that could be desired, and in harmony with the general excellence of everything pertaining to the ball, which must be reckoned as among the notable events of 1880.

A large number of people of all sorts gathered at the First Church, Sunday evening, to bid the pastor good-bye, previous to his departure for the East. Dr. March presided and remarks were made by Hon. J. G. Pollard, Revs. E. Mills, Leander Thompson, and Chas. Anderson, and others. The quartette sang some appropriate selections, and at the close of the meeting a general handshaking was indulged in.

The Wakefield Citizen and Banner passes from the hands of Mr. W. H. Twenty to Mr. C. W. Eaton, who assumes the editorship of the paper. Mr. Twenty has published a good local paper, and we hope Mr. Eaton will make the retiring editor's place good, as he no doubt will.

It is very tantalizing to receive a letter from a correspondent, who starts a very neat paragraph describing matters of interest, and runs off into an &c. We have lots of imagination, but "imagination's utmost bounds" are soon reached, after a few paragraphs of this sort.

The frost is nearly all out of the ground, and the roads are getting dry and dusty, though there is plenty of time yet left in which to shovel snow and break roads.

The high water in Whiteher's Brook has been improved lately by the boys who go a-sailing on rafts.

A fine Spring rain Wednesday night.

Y. M. A.—The Young Men's Association of the Baptist Church, held the usual monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, Mar. 2, in their room, and enjoyed an unusually interesting and profitable session. The subject for the evening was "George Washington," which was ably considered in the following order:—Washington and his times, —E. A. Pierce; Washington as a civilian, —Rev. E. Mills; Washington's farewell address, —Jos. P. Jayne; Washington at Valley Forge,—Charlie Brown; Washington crossing the Delaware,—F. A. Partridge; Hints at war times, Charles T. Wood; Washington surrendering his commission,—F. S. Burgess. At intervals during the exercises, patriotic songs were rendered by James A. Brown, and duets on violin and piano, by Herbert Frampton and Charlie Brown, in very pleasing style. The meeting was largely attended, and by all present was considered the best the association has held for many months, and at the close of the programme it was voted to hold another literary entertainment on Tuesday evening, Mar. 16, subject,—"The Revolution and war of 1812." A full list of parts was assigned, and a good time is expected. The Association voted to hold a vocal and instrumental concert on Tuesday evening, Mar. 23, of which further notice will be given.

LITTLE CORINNE.—The juvenile opera company, which presented the operetta entitled "The Magic Slipper," at the Lyceum Hall, Monday evening, were not welcomed by a very large house, but succeeded in pleasing those who did attend. The operetta is evidently modelled somewhat after the fashion of the famous "Evangeline," though lacking the originality and life which has made that extravaganza so popular. The acting and singing of Little Corinne was much admired, as was that of all the other members of the troupe, and one is not obliged to qualify praise bestowed upon them with the saving clause, "considering they are all so young;" for their acting would do credit to older heads and more pretentious actors. The dancing of one of the little girls, and of the Daily Brothers, was also worthy of notice.

IT is none too soon to be thinking how you will vote at town meeting. Every man whose name is on the voting list has a duty to perform which he should not shirk. Our ancestors fought bravely that we might go to the polls and say there who should perform our will and enforce our laws. It is an insult to the memory of the men who gave us the freedom we enjoy, not to manifestly fulfil to the letter the whole duty of a citizen. The ladies, too, find themselves made to bear with the men the responsibility of our school system. Let them, also, remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,"—and good schools.

NEW DRUG STORE.—Mr. Frederic B. Leeds, a graduate of the Mass. College of Pharmacy, and a druggist of considerable experience, and large acquaintance in Woburn, has opened a drug store on the corner of Main street and Montvale Avenue. He has the most eligible site in town, a well-selected stock of goods, knowledge, and experience, and we have no doubt will meet with the good success he surely merits. See advertisement.

NEW STORE.—Messrs. J. & H. M. Seaver open-to-day (Saturday) a full line of groceries, at 196 Main street, opposite the Post Office. These gentlemen are both thoroughly conversant with their business, and are well known in town. They intend to keep a full line of the goods usually kept in grocery stores, and invite all to give them a call. They guarantee low prices, good goods, and polite attendance.

TULLY GALLAGHER.—T. H. Hill, Esq., visited Hartford, Conn., on Tuesday, and was granted a hearing by the Committee on Fards, of the Connecticut Legislature. Mr. Hill appeared for Tully Gallagher's friends, for the purpose of procuring Gallagher's pardon, he having been imprisoned as a tramp, in fact becoming the first victim of the new Connecticut "Tramp Law."

RETURNED.—Mr. Thomas V. Sullivan has returned to town, much improved in health. He starts for California, next Monday, where he has secured a lucrative situation. We wish him a pleasant journey, and success in his new position.

The solution of the fifteen block puzzle, which was published in the Boston papers this week, was worked out by a Woburn gentleman, days before it appeared in print, and was not considered a great feat, either.

This month the prudent farmer gets out his farming tools and assures himself that they are put in proper condition for the active work of the coming season, which will begin in earnest next month.

Deacon Gage accompanied Rev. Dr. March as far as New York on his way to the East, and saw him safely bestowed on board the steamer Labrador, of the Transatlantic line, which runs to Havre.

The weather steadily persists in ignoring the dolorous prophecies of the weather-wise, to the effect that we shall have enough of winter yet, and continues to wear April smiles.

The State officers of the W. C. U. contemplate holding a grand mass meeting at an early date.

The milliners will soon go to market for their Spring styles, and we may expect their "openings" in a few weeks.

Chas. Bancroft, of this town, drew a chin tea set at the Wakefield I. O. O. F. fair, Friday evening, and Sidney Buxton a bag of flour.

Required nine days, and a vote of instructions from the Overseers of the Poor, for the Chief of Police to serve a warrant, recently.

The Committee of Public Safety is arranging for a series of popular temperance meetings, with some talented speaker to lead.

The State officers of the W. C. U. contemplate holding a grand mass meeting at an early date.

Ex-Sergeant-at-Arms Morrissey, the treasurer of Plymouth County, was at the State House, Thursday forenoon, hard at work against the bill limiting the terms of county treasurers.

It is very tantalizing to receive a letter from a correspondent, who starts a very neat paragraph describing matters of interest, and runs off into an &c. We have lots of imagination, but "imagination's utmost bounds" are soon reached, after a few paragraphs of this sort.

The frost is nearly all out of the ground, and the roads are getting dry and dusty, though there is plenty of time yet left in which to shovel snow and break roads.

The high water in Whiteher's Brook has been improved lately by the boys who go a-sailing on rafts.

A fine Spring rain Wednesday night.

COUNTY FINANCES.—Some one has sent us an anonymous pamphlet called "A Few Facts in connection with the Financial Affairs of Middlesex County," which contains tables showing the taxes of the counties in the State for the five years past, the taxation per capita, and the per cent. on valuation, the Middlesex County debt and tax since 1872, and a comparative statement in reference to the county jails and houses of correction in the State. It is, of course, gratifying to learn that the per capita tax of this county is only 40 cents while the other counties average 75 cents, and that our tax in 1879 was only \$115,000 while in 1872 it was \$190,000, and that the county debt has been reduced from \$160,000 in 1872 to \$12,000 in 1879. And it is pleasant to contemplate the fact, if it be true, that the Eastern Cambridge jail is managed so much more judiciously than any other in the State that its balance sheet shows a profit from the prison labor. These figures may be correct, but they are not vouchered for by any one, and people could not be blamed should they look upon this anonymous document with some distrust.

But assuming that it is so, the people want to know. Results are easily seen, but they were arrived at is what is wanted to be known just now. It affords a business man satisfaction to have his book-keeper inform him that he has lost or gained such a sum of money during the year. He must know the *how* and the *why*; and that is just what Middlesex County people want to know. An irresponsible document like this one before us is of no value whatever. Its rose-colored statements are not the facts that are being called for. A bill of particulars is wanted.

W. C. T. U.—The temperance meeting at the Methodist Church, Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was well attended. After singing, reading from the Scriptures, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Morrison, a statement of the financial standing of the Union was read, showing that there had been \$81.19 received during the year just passed, and \$71.39 disbursed, leaving an unexpended balance of \$9.80. After the first quarter of the year, the ladies finding themselves somewhat in debt, gave up their hall, and have by uniting effort succeeded in paying their whole indebtedness, as well as some bills contracted by others, which were not really bound to assume, but did so, as they had been made for the temperance cause. Miss Lizzie Cummings, of Stowham, recited "The Newsboy's Debt," and the speaker of the evening, Mrs. McLaughlin, of South Boston, was introduced. She spoke for half an hour, giving a history of some of her experiences in the West, with the woman crusaders; paid a glowing tribute to the power of song and music to win people to the right, and closed with a stirring appeal for the cause. The lady is an easy and fluent speaker, uses the best of language, and her whole heart is evidently in the cause of which she is so good an advocate.

HENRY YOUNG, JR.—One hundred and ten years ago today, (Friday) March 5, 1770, the British soldiers in Boston fired upon the populace, several of whom were killed. This act has since been known as the Boston Massacre, and though it happened more than five years before the breaking out of the Revolution, it was doubtless one of the various causes that led up to that war.

FIRE.—The alarm of fire last week Friday was caused by the explosion of a kerosene lamp in Michael McCue's house in District 5. The fire was extinguished with out the aid of the department, which responded promptly to the call. The alarm had not yet been given, if a little presence of mind, and water, had been first used.

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SELECTMEN.—Thursday afternoon, all present but G. F. Jones, who is absent in Vermont. Petition of James Maguire for laying out of Grove street, and of J. E. Rogers for extension of Nashua street to Green street, referred to Highway Committee. Revised Jury List adopted. Voted to hold a special meeting, to close Selectmen's report, on the 11th of March. Chief Engineer's report received. Bills approved.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.—A meeting to consider the advisability of forming a Court of the Independent Order of Foresters was held at Grand Army Hall, Wednesday evening, and though it was not then definitely decided to establish a court, it was evident that that would eventually be done. The order has much in it to commend itself to the consideration of such as wish to obtain cheap life insurance, while its social character is an additional argument in its favor. Another meeting will be held next Wednesday evening at the same place, when final arrangements will doubtless be made.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880.

priate money to repair and widen the road leading from the Hay Seales to the Henry Haraden farm, and to straighten the old County Road at Stephen Buck's land. The article to see if the town will provide gas-line street lamps was carried to this extent: it was voted to make a trial of two lamps, one in front of the Town Hall and one in front of the Church. This is a step in the right direction.

N. B. Eames & Son have cut and stored 450 tons of the very best quality of ice.

ENTERTAINMENT.—The entertainment of the Dramatic Club at Ames Hall last Saturday evening was a grand success. The house was crowded and the acting was first-class. Everybody was well up in their parts and gave universal satisfaction.

Fifteen men belonging to the Union Ice Co. went to Greenfield, N. H., last Sunday, to cut ice. They expect to return in about two weeks.

Winchester.—Captain John Bradford spoke at the Reform Club meeting last Sunday evening.

Mr. Fred Waldemeyer was married Thursday evening, to Miss Foster, of North Cambridge.

The Unitarian Sunday School Concert will be given tomorrow (Sunday) evening, at half-past six o'clock.

Mr. D. N. Skillings is very sick, and his symptoms were regarded as being very serious. He is better to-day.

Moved.—Mr. B. F. Holbrook moved his goods store into the new rooms fitted up for him in the Brown-Stanton block, last Wednesday evening.

Removed.—B. F. Holbrook has removed into his new store in the Brown-Stanton block, where he will be pleased to show his customers a large lot of new goods purchased before the late advance in market, which he will sell at the lowest market price.

Y. M. A.—The following officers were installed at the Young Men's Association rooms on Monday evening last:—President C. O. Billings; Vice President, George H. Carter; Secretary, C. L. Harrington; Treasurer, F. W. Prince; Directors, H. F. Johnson, F. W. Daniels, Eugene Ayer. After the exercises at the hall, the Association was entertained at the residence of L. S. Quimby.

RUNAWAY.—Friday morning, Hemingway's horse ran away from Greenlaw's mart. Young Hemingway had taken the bridle off the horse, when the animal broke away from him. The boy somehow got upon one of the shafts and clung there while the horse ran up Main street, and up the hill near Winn's stable, where he was stopped. The boy was unable to stand up, but did not seem to be badly hurt.

LADY OF THE LAKE.—The entertainment given at the Unitarian vestry last Wednesday evening, by the Good Will Club, was a most pleasant success. Every seat was sold some time before the hour for opening, and the committee will be able to turn over a tidy sum to the church. The poem was read by members of the Club, and illustrated by tableaux and songs. The reading was very good, and the singing also, especially the songs by Mrs. Bailey and Mr. Ayres, and the tableaux were put upon the stage in a fine manner. The whole furnished a most enjoyable evening's entertainment.

BACK LOG CLUB.—The performance of "Our Mutual Friend," at the Back Log Club entertainment two weeks ago, was so excellent and so amusing that a very general desire has been expressed that it should be repeated, and a petition has been numerously signed and presented to the directors, asking for a repetition. The matter will be decided this evening at the meeting of the club, and if it should be determined to repeat the performance, it will probably be given next Tuesday evening. In that case, the audience will undoubtedly be even larger than at the first really delightful performance of this interesting dramatization of Dickens' well-known novel.

DEATH OF A NOTED INDIVIDUAL.—We are pained to record the death of one, who, although a private individual, has been in a certain sense a public character for the last thirty years, and one who has numbered his friends by hundreds, and who will be greatly missed. We refer to Mr. Solomon Lawrence Fletcher, who departed this life last Saturday noon. On Monday, the 23d inst., he spent his holiday with friends in Woburn, and unfortunately took a violent cold. He was about town as usual, however, until Friday, when he was obliged to confine himself to his room, and summon medical aid. The physician reported to his friends that Uncle Solomon was very sick, but a serious termination of his illness was not expected until Saturday morning, when he rapidly grew worse, and expired as above. Although preferring to live by himself in rooms in Lyceum Hall, his last hours were made comfortable by the kind offices of friends, who have always taken a deep interest in his welfare, and who spared no pains to make his descent into the dark valley as easy as possible. His disease was congestion of the lungs, which, at his advanced age, he had not sufficient strength to overcome.

Tuesday morning the remains were taken to the vestibule of the Congregational Church, where they were viewed by a large concourse of people, from twelve o'clock to the close of the funeral services, which occurred at half-past one.

The exercises at the church commenced with a voluntary on the organ, by C. L. Harrington, organist of the church, followed by the singing of "I cannot always trace the way," by Mrs. Bailey, Miss Pond, Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Russell; reading of the Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Cheney, of the Methodist Church. A choir of children sang,—"Nearer, my God, to thee." Rev. Mr. Metcalf addressed the assembly as follows:—

The terrible scenes which ended the early life of Jesus have been often described in this and other Christian pulpits. Mingled with them, however, were some of a different character which must have been as grateful to the Saviour at the time, as they now are to his disciples. Thus, about a week before his crucifixion, as he reclined on a lounge at supper, Mary came behind

him and anointed his feet with a pound of very costly ointment whose odor filled the whole house. Some of the spectators murmured at the waste, but Jesus said, "Let her alone: against the day of my burying hath she kept this." For in that hour when he was about to pass from earth, this proof that some hearts believed, loved, and trusted him, came like a ray of sunset glory at the end of a stormy day.

And this came to my mind last Saturday, when I heard that our friend who had gone in and out among us for thirty years, and had been identified with the town ever since it was a town, had passed away. I thought of the recent evening when three or four hundred met here, in this church, partly to hear a lecturer whose eloquence we admire and whose character we honor, and partly to compliment Mr. Fletcher, to whose benefit the profits of the occasion were to be applied. We thought we were providing for his life—

we found that it was against the day of his burial. For how little we dreamed that, ere the lecturer would set foot in the streets of old Jerusalem, the man for whom he lectured would be summoned, as we trust, to the New Jerusalem, the city of our God! We should all be glad that this annual benefit came early enough this year for him to enjoy it. It showed him that he was still esteemed and thought of by his fellow citizens, and that he would not be left friendless in his old age.

He need not be anxious as to what he should eat, or drink, or wherewithal he should be clothed, for he would be cared for by those into whose hearts the Heavenly Father had put the spirit of Christian love.

It seemed as if what was done for him in his last days was but the return of the bread which he long ago cast on the waters. Many of you remember how he watched over and cared for an aged mother; how he "bore and forbore," kindly, patiently, and lovingly; how his heart clung to her, so that her name was among the last words he uttered, and his last wish was to be buried at her side. He kept what has been called "the first commandment with promise," and his days were long in the land. It was right that he who sowed bountifully should reap in the Autumn of life. So generous a spirit as his should never fail to call out equal generosity. For if our friend was prodigal, it was always for others, never for himself. If the very proceeds of his benefits must be kept from him, it was not through fear of his putting them to unlawful uses, but of his spending them all at once in his wish to make others happy. If some used money more prudently than he, how many used it more benevolently?

Mr. Fletcher had two traits of character, to which I, who have known him for nearly fourteen years, wish to bear testimony.

First, he had a love for music, poetry, flowers, and every thing beautiful. This love entered into his life so deeply, that it refined his whole nature. It added to that fine courtesy of his, with which he was ready to meet friend and stranger, young and old. He had a gentlemanly bearing which rebuked very many of our coarser ways of speaking and acting; and many a one who seems ashamed of studied politeness, and cannot say "please" or "thank you," and shrinks from a cheerful salutation or a gentle good-bye, might well take a lesson from this man who loved all things beautiful, not only in nature, but in life.

And secondly, he devoted himself to the happiness of others. How often he has rowed us and our friends across the waters! How often he has brought us the first titles of the season! How full of sympathy he was for the sick and suffering! How much he planned for the children's enjoyment!

We call a man of wealth, a man of means, and it is a good use of words; but this man without any wealth, found means enough to carry sunshine and joy wherever he went. How many in our community have made more hearts happy than he! For if dollars and cents are means of helping our fellows, kindness, sympathy, and love are means also, and are sure of accomplishing the wished-for end.

Let us lay this tribute upon his bier as we meet here to-day. With a kind, loving, generous heart, he lived more for others, than himself, and in all our endeavors to make the community happier and better, he did his part. He hath done what he could.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr. Seymour, of the Congregational Church. Rev. Mr. Barnes, of the Baptist Church, read the concluding hymn, which was sung by the congregation.

The remains were taken to North Billerica for interment, where Mr. Fletcher's parents are buried. At the grave, Rev. Mr. Cheney, who accompanied the funeral party, offered prayer, and the remains of "Uncle Solomon" were consigned to their last resting place.

Burlington.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.—The Young People's Union connected with the St. Paul M. E. Church celebrated the first anniversary of their organization on Monday evening, in the vestry of the church. The "Original Fourteen," of Burlington, Mass., who so kindly entertained the Union a few weeks ago, were present by special invitation, and were cordially welcomed. Supper was served at 8.30. After the banquet the company was called to order by the President of the Union, Eugene R. Fox, who proposed several toasts, which were responded to as follows:—"The Original Fourteen," by M. H. Nichols; "Our First Party," E. C. Estabrook; "The Anniversary," E. J. Graves; "The Ladies," C. A. Rodgers; "The Webster Debating Society," Walter Pingree; "Our Honorable Members," Rev. D. Sherman. The several responses were received with favor and loudly applauded. A pleasing entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, readings, &c., was given, after which the time was spent in social recreation till the hour arrived for the departure of the guests, when the company broke up. The Union is at present in a very prosperous condition, having an active membership of 54, and a total membership of 80, with \$200 in the treasury. The present officers are as follows:—President, Eugene Fox; Vice President, Cora M. Deane; Secretary, E. E. Sanborn; Treasurer, W. A. Nichols.—*Lynn City Item*.

REPORTS.—The Town Reports are printed, and in the hands of the Auditors, who will see to it that they are distributed.

TOWN MEETING.—Town meeting next Monday. Don't forget it.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

All the "Sassaparilla," "Tonic Bitters," "Beer and Iron," "Iron and Bark," and many other Spring medicines, the best for each individual case, at

DODGE'S DRUG STORE,
Geo. S. Dodge, Pharmacist,
163 Main Street, Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, March 2, Jennie M., daughter of Harry and Anna M. Childs, aged 4 years, 10 months, 11 days.

In Woburn, March 2, Frank A., son of William B. and Abby L. Smith, aged 1 year 2 months, 20 days.

In Woburn, March 2, Cyrus A., son of

John and Mary, Feb. 25, Solomon L. Fletcher, 79 years, 2 months.

In Winchester, Dennis Kaffen, 27 years,

In Winchendon, N. H., Feb. 27, Miss Sarah E. Simes,

In Winchester, March 1, Eugene Raymond, aged 22 years.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880.

Journal Club Column

THE CATARRH REMEDY AGENT.—There is no reason why the inventor of a remedy to cure the worst case of catarrh inside of five minutes, "shouldn't feel it his duty to place a bottle of the same in everybody's hand—price twenty-five cents, no cure, no pay." Therefore the long-legged chap who pulled the door-bell on John R. street the other day, had none of that timidity in his bearing which characterizes rag buyers, lightning rod men, and solicitors for the sufferers. He had a good thing, and he knew it. When the door opened, and a hard-featured woman about forty years of age, confronted him, he pleasantly went to business and asked:

"Madam, is your husband ever troubled with catarrh?"

"Can a man who has been dead for seven years be troubled with catarrh?" she firmly replied.

"But the children are liable to be attacked any hour this season," he remarked.

"Whose children?"

"Yours, madam."

"I never had any, sir. What brought you here anyway? Why do you come asking these questions?"

"Madam, I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh. It is a good thing. I'll warrant it to knock any case of catarrh sky-high in less than five minutes."

"Well, sir, what is all this to me?"

"Why, madam,—why—" he stammered.

"Do I look as if I needed any catarrh remedies?" she demanded, as she stepped out on the platform.

"Madam, I would not have you think for the world that I thought you had the catarrh, but I suppose the fair and lovely can be attacked as well as the brave and the strong."

"And what have I got to do with all that ragsmole? Who are you, sir, and what do you want?"

"Madam, he whispered, taking down one step, "I have a compound remedy for the catarrh."

"Whose catarrh, sir?"

"Madam, I am selling my catarrh—"

"Where is your catarrh—where is it?" she interrupted.

He got down on the second step, and softly began:

"Madam, I have a sure cure for catarrh, and I'm selling lots of it."

"Well, what do I care? Must you ring my doorbell, and tell me you are selling lots of catarrh medicine?"

He got down on the walk, clear of the step, and he tried to look beautiful around the mouth, as he explained:

"Madam, didn't I ask you if your husband was ever troubled with catarrh?"

"Yes, sir; and didn't I reply that he was dead? Do you want to see his grave?"

"No, madam, I do not. I'm sorry he's dead; but my catarrh remedy can't help him any. Good bye, madam."

"Here, sir, hold on a minute," she called.

"What was your business with me?"

"Why, I have a remedy for the catarrh."

"So you said before."

"I asked you if you didn't want to purchase, and—"

"You are a falsifier, sir—you never asked me to purchase!"

"Do—you-want—a-bottle?" he slowly asked.

"Yes, sir; give me two of them. Here's my money. Next time you want to sell your catarrh remedy, don't begin to talk about America being discovered by Columbus. Here you have bothered me fifteen minutes, and put all my work behind, and it's good for you that I didn't bring the broom to the door."

He retreated backward through the gate, his left eye squinted up and his mouth open. He shut the front gate, leaned over it, and looked at the front door. By and by he said:

"Darn 'em! You never can tell where to find 'em."

Did ye rade the account of the woman who committed suicide in New York wid a razor?" said Pat Malone, one of the neighboring towns. "An' here's another in Philadelphia joined into the water and drowned himself. It's man they is, sure. Faix, an' af're I'd kill myself! I'd blow me brains out wid a pistol, I wud! The law should step in and prevent it. It's murder it is, just as much as to kill any wun else, and the man who killed himself awt to be tried by a jury of his peers and hanged!"

Meeting a newsboy whose face was scarred with scratches, and looked like a map of some great railroad centre, a *Register* reporter asked the youngster what the matter was. "Feller spoke disrespectful of my sister: said he'd bet she was cross-eyed, and I sailed in." "Is your sister cross-eyed?" asked the reporter. "Hain't got no sister," was the reply. "It was the principle of the thing what I got licked for."—*Des Moines Register.*

It was proposed to erect a monument in the village square to the Father of his Country, and old Squire Higgins was called upon for a liberal donation. "I can't give anything this time," he said; "but you may know that I always carry Washington in my heart." "Well," answered the man with the subscription paper, "all I can say is, that you've got the Father of his Country in a very tight place."

A teacher asked a bright little girl, "What country is opposite us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir," was the answer. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.

Two ladies are discussing a third, who is of course absent. "She is really charming," says one, "and, above all, she has such an air of intelligence." "Yes," answers the other, "but there are no words to that air."

"Now," said the doctor to an old porter who had broken his arm, "we must get a sling for this."

"Yes, dear doctor, replied the man, feebly, "and let it be a gin-sling—hot at that."

Mrs. Partington says like has bought a horse so sprightly that it always goes off on a decanter.

Miscellaneous.

How the Widow Cummiskey was won. The Widow Cummiskey was standing at the door of her little millinery store in the Avenue D, as Mr. Costello came along. Mr. Costello stopped.

"Good evenin' to you, ma'am," said he. "Good evenin' to you, Mr. Costello," answered the widow.

"It's fine weather we're havin' ma'am," continued Mr. Costello.

"It is that, thank God," replied Mrs. Cummiskey, "but the winter's coming at last, and it comes to all, both great and small."

"Ah," said Mr. Costello, "but for all that, it doesn't come to us alike. Now, here are you, ma'am, fat, rosy, an' goodlookin', equally swate as a summer greenin', a fat pippin, or a winter russet—"

"Arrah, would yer whilst, now," interrupted the fair widow, laughing. "Much an old bachelier like you knows about apples or women. But come in, Mr. Costello, an' take a cup of tea with me, for I was only standin' be the doore, lookin' at the people passin' for company sake like, an' I'm sure the kettle must have sung itself house."

He moved his chair still nearer, and stole his arm around her waist.

"Niver you think I'm ticklesome, Mr. Costello," said the widow, looking boldly at him.

"Tell me," he insisted, "d'y'e like me as ye did him?"

"I—I—most—I most disresemble now how much I liked him," answered the widow, naturally embarrassed by such a question.

"Well, thin," asked Mr. Costello, enforcing his question by gentle squeezes of the widow's round waist, "d'y'e like me well enough as myself?"

"Hear the man!" exclaimed Mrs. Cummiskey, "said Mr. Costello, casting a look of approval around the apartment.

"Yes," replied the widow, as she laid the supper, "it is that when I do have company."

"Ah," said Mr. Costello; "it must be lonesome for you with only the cat and your cup of tea."

"Sure it is," answered the widow. "But take a seat and set down, Mr. Costello. Help yourself to the fish, and don't forget the purtaries; look at them—they're spittin' their sides with laughin'."

Mr. Costello helped himself and paused. He looked at the plump widow, with her arms in that position assumed in the pouring out of the tea, and remarked, "I'm simile of the comforts of a home, Mrs. Cummiskey, though I've none myself. Mind now, the difference between the taste o' tea made and served that way, and the tay they gives you in an 'atin-house."

"Sure," said the widow, "there's nothin' like a little home o' yer own. I wonder ye never got marrit, Mr. Costello."

"I was about to make the same remark in reference to yourself, ma'am," answered Mr. Costello.

"God keep us!" exclaimed Mrs. Cummiskey, "aren't I a widder woman this seven year?"

"Ah," rejoined Mr. Costello, "but it's thinkin' I was why ye didn't get marrit again."

"Well, it's sure I am," said the widow, thoughtfully, setting down her teacup, and raising her hand by way of emphasis, "there never was a better husband to any woman than him that's dead and gone, heaven save and rest his soul. He was that asiy a child could do anythin' with him, and he was as humorsome as a monkey. You favor him very much, Mr. Costello. He was about your height, and dark complected, like you."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Costello.

"He often used to say to me in his batherin' way—sure, Nora, what's the worruld to a man whin his wife's a widder? manin', you know, that all the temptation an luxuries of this life can never folly a man beyond the grave. 'Sure, Nora,' says he, 'what's the worruld to a man whin his wife's a widder?' Ah, poor John!"

"It was a sensible sayin' that," remarked Mr. Costello, as he helped himself to more fish.

"I mind the day John died," continued the widow. "He knew everything to the last and about four in the afternoon—it was seventeen minutes past five exactly he was the clock, that he died—he says to me, 'Nora, say he, 'you've been a good wife,' says he, 'an' so there's no love lost between us,' says he, 'an' I can give ye a good charakur to any place,' says he, 'an' I wish you could do same for me where I'm goin', says he; 'but it's case equal,' says he, 'every dog has his day, and some has a day and a half,' says he, 'an,' says he, 'I'll know more in a bit that Father Corrigal himself,' says he, 'but I'll say now,' says he, 'that I've always been a true son o' the church,' says he, 'so I'll not bother my brains about it.' And he says, says he, 'I'll leave ye in good hands, Nora, for I'll ye in yer own hands, says he, 'an' if at any time ye see any wan ye like better nor me, marry him,' says he. 'Ah, Nora,' says he, for the first time spakin' it solemnly, 'ah, Nora, what is the worruld to a man when his wife is a widder?' And,' says he, 'what's the worruld to a man whin his wife's a widder?' Ah, poor John!"

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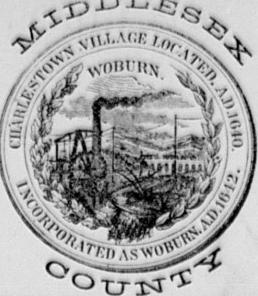
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WOBURN



JOURNAL.

VOL. XXX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1880.

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A TANGLED SKEIN.

Life is but a tangled skein,
Full of trouble and travail,
Knots that make heart and brain,
We must study to unravel,
Slowly, slowly,
Bending lowly
O'er our task, and trusting wholly
Unto him whose loving hand
Helps us smooth each twisted strand.

In our hands at early morn,
And at night when darkness lingers,
Still the distaff must borne,
While the thread slips through our fingers.

Lightly, lightly,
Twisting, tightly,
Colors that shall gleam out brightly
When the fabric feels the strain
Of misfortune, grief and pain.

He who lacks of skill or thought
Is in awkwardness betraying,
Will the lines of grace distort,
By the frictioe surely fraying
Thread so tender,
Fine and slender

Stands accused as an offender,
And himself alone must blame
For the knots that cause him shame.

Some may wind a silk thread,
Soft and smooth and beautiful;
Others flux may hold instead,
Or the coarse and shaggy woor.

But if ever
Our task wear

From the strains of sin to sever,
We may weave them bright and fair
In the hands that angels wear.

Life's a complex skein indeed,
Full of trouble and travail,
More than human help we need
All its maze to unravel.

Slowly, slowly,
Bending lowly
O'er our task, and trusting wholly
In God's love, we patience gain
As we wind the tangled skein.

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Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
George French, Assistant Editor.
Published every Saturday.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1880.

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DON'T BURN THE BRIDGES.—The radical and somewhat inconsiderate action of the Young Republicans at their convention last week, in declaring that their votes would not be given to either Grant or Blaine, is rather sharply criticized by the more conservative portion of the Republican press. It certainly places them in a position from which many possible contingencies may make it desirable they should be at liberty to retire. It is no evidence of independence to bind oneself not to vote for a man who is supposed to be the candidate of a "machine" or a "ring." It savors very strongly of the very partisanship which it is intended to rebuke, and is likely to turn itself into a partial support of the party to which the Young Republicans declare themselves opposed. The truly independent voter does not thus cheaply barter away his right to change his mind, even up to the last moment before casting his ballot. The advice of the *Boston Advertiser* in an editorial upon this subject seems to us good and wise to follow in political matters: "Do not cross any bridge before you reach it, and do not burn any bridges you have crossed."

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POST OFFICE FOR CUMMINGSVILLE.—A petition has been sent to the Post Office Department from Cummingsville, for the establishment of a post office there, with Mr. E. F. Cutler as postmaster. The mail for that village, Post Master Wyman informs us, is larger than that of North Woburn, Montvale, or Burlington, and an office there would be a great convenience to the people. There is a good prospect that the petition will be granted and the office established, in which case the mail for it would probably be made up from the office here, though the petitioners hope to get a direct mail.

THE Adversary has been breathing fear and threatenings and slaughter against us all the week, because the *Journal* is a newspaper. Great things were expected of the *Adv.*, but by the time it went to press, its rage petered out into mild form of proverbial philology. The *Adversary* used to take high ground on the subject of journalism, and bragged that nothing, no nothing, could keep news out of its columns. Mark is undoubtedly a good actor, but he finds the part of the Roman father as difficult to play as did old Middiewell.

BARN BURNED AT WESTON.—Saturday night a barn in Weston, owned by Benjamin Bourne of Auburndale, was destroyed by fire, together with a large quantity of hay and 20 pigs. The fire was probably of incendiary origin. Loss about \$600. The light was seen in Woburn, and some of the whistles started, but the firemen soon found it was too far off for their business.

LEIGHT OF HAND.—Signor Bosco will give three exhibitions of sleight of hand at Lyceum Hall this (Friday), tomorrow and Monday evenings. Every purchaser of a ticket will be entitled to a check that will draw some kind of a prize also. The prizes will vary in value from nothing to a set of chamber furniture.

Leap year is said to give the young ladies some special privileges, but we see none of them standing on street corners, or occupying standing-room in the church vestibules, waiting for the congregation to be dismissed that they may escort some nice young man home.

SOLDIER'S HOME.—The trustees of the Soldiers' Home are considering the purchase of an estate for their use, and will visit Woburn next Thursday to inspect the house and farm on Vernon street, owned by Hon. J. G. Pollard. The location is a very desirable one for such a purpose, combining many attractions, and we hope the trustees will decide to locate the Home in Woburn.

It is no longer a secret, that the plays in preparation among our own people, are the new Comic Operetta "Penelope, or the Milkman's bride," by Frank C. Walker, a burlesque and lively piece, which will be immensely taking, and the old but ever new Extravaganza of Bombastes Furioso, which will receive an unusually good setting.

FEST DAY.—The Governor has appointed Thursday, April 8th, as a day to be set apart for "fasting, humiliation, and prayer," and his most admirable proclamation may be found in another part of the paper.

If the Young Republicans propose in a certain contingency to vote for Bayard, should they not change their name to Young Democrats? They are certainly entitled to be so called, by brevet.

NO LICENSE.—Stoneham voted at the annual meeting to have no liquor licenses this year, and made no appropriation for the enforcement of the laws. Well done, Stoneham.

THANKS.—We have received the second annual report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Asylum at Danvers, through the courtesy of Dr. E. M. Harding.

Venom geologist says we are to have a storm; it snows use to rain him as a false prophet. We must take it, weather we like it or not.

SOME WOBURN INDUSTRIES.

THE GROCERY BUSINESS IN WOBURN.

DeQuincey.—The lecture by Mr. George Perkins before the W. H. S. G. A. Monday evening, was not quite as well attended as the other entertainments of the association have been. It was, however, an interesting and scholarly production, worthy the attention of all admirers of the great and peculiar genius of the English opium-eater. Mr. Perkins is evidently a great admirer of the writings of this author, and his lecture may be open to the criticism of showing this admiration a trifle too plainly, if it is to be considered in any sense as a critical estimate of the life and writings of DeQuincey. It evidenced a thorough familiarity with the works of this strange genius, and the selections given of the impassioned description of his weird dreams, when under the influence of the pernicious drug, which proved the bane of his life and happiness, were samples of such use of the English language as but very few men have ever been capable of producing. The contemplation of DeQuincey and his writings is apt to be a subject that does not bring with it sensations of the greatest pleasure to every one. The minds of but few are constituted as to enjoy the blood-chilling writings of the man, who, in spite of his great acknowledged genius, must still be considered as one of the most unfortunate ones that ever lived.

TEMPERANCE.—Rev. Geo. H. Young's lecture at the Methodist vestry, Thursday evening, was entirely worthy of a full house, whereas there were barely fifty persons in the room. Why? The committee under whose auspices these meetings are held with their families, ought to make a much better showing than this. The lecture was one particularly adapted to temperance people and their methods of work. Mr. Young did not hesitate to freely criticize some of the methods employed, saying that much of the work began at the wrong end, and that more apostolic work must be done.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1880.

Wilmington.

APRON PARTY.—The vestry of the Church last Thursday evening presented a very animated appearance upon the occasion of Mrs. Noyes's "Snow Birds Fair." At 8 o'clock the vestry was crowded. Three tables were laden with articles both beautiful and useful that found a rapid sale. Several visitors from Woburn entertained the company with music, singing and select readings. The refreshment tables were spread at 9 o'clock when the numerous company regaled themselves with excellent coffee, ice-cream, cakes and sandwiches. Universal praise was expressed regarding the quality as well as the quantity of the good things provided. The receipts amounted to \$50. There is great credit due to Mrs. Noyes and her little flock of snow birds for furnishing such a pleasant and sociable entertainment. To use the words of a citizen when leaving the vestry "it was a grand success and I don't think any other town can beat it."

RESIGNATION.—Quite a breeze of excitement has been caused by the announcement of the resignation of Messrs. Lemuel C. Eames and Oliniel Eames as School Committee. The former's term would expire in 1881, the latter in 1882.

THANKS.—Mr. Edward Buck of this town, on his way home from Lowell last Saturday, found a ladies' satchel which proved to be the property of Mrs. Dr. Hiller, who desires us to express her most sincere thanks for the preservation and restoration of her property.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF WILL POWER.

—There are many instances known of individuals charming snakes, but there is no authentic record of human beings charming a bird. This remarkable feat has been accomplished in our midst within a week. Last Thursday Mr. Henry Sheldon, one of our selectmen, had occasion to visit the Poor Farm. While talking to Chas. Gowen, the superintendent, he observed three partridges feeding on the ground and remarked to him, "You see those birds, I am going to charm one of them." The superintendent jokingly replied, "If you can do so I shall call it pretty clever." Upon this Mr. Sheldon steadfastly fixed his eyes upon one of the three birds and advanced quietly toward it. The bird appeared to be perfectly fascinated and instead of flying away with its companions remained upon the ground, steadily returning Mr. Sheldon's gaze, who advanced silently, laid his hand upon it and lifted it up. Mr. Sheldon says that he has never before charmed a bird, but when he saw the partridge he had an idea that he could do so, having on several previous occasions charmed snakes. There can be no doubt that this is a most unusual and rare occurrence.

Burlington.

TOWN MEETING.—The attendance at the Town meeting, on Monday afternoon, was good, there being about the usual number of voters present. Mr. Charles G. Foster was chosen Moderator. The first business was to elect Town officers, which was proceeded with as far as to elect all the principal ones, when some one made the astonishing discovery that according to the new law in regard to elections, passed by the legislature of 1879, the proceedings had all been illegal, and the election therefore void. The law was produced and found to require that all ballots for elective officers should be printed or written with black ink. The ballots that had been used were written with a pencil. This put a sudden stop to the election, and after some discussion it was decided to begin anew and write the ballots with ink, and had proceeded so far as to elect the Moderator the second time, when somebody else made the discovery that the provisions of this act should not authorize the rejection of ballots already cast into the ballot box. This caused another discussion, and raised the question whether the election would not after all be considered a legal one. As nothing definite could be arrived at the meeting was adjourned until Monday, March 15, at twelve o'clock, M.

The officers elected were, Samuel Sewall, Henry Nichols and John Pollock, Selectmen; Samuel Sewall, Edward Reed and Henry Nichols, Assessors. Mr. Reed declined to serve as an assessor, and it was just at this point the discussion as to the legality of the proceedings arose and the meeting adjourned. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Reed for his services as assessor the past year, also, to the other members of the board.

The only lady voter in town, Mrs. Mattie Sewall Curtis, was in attendance and ready to cast her first vote for a member of the Board of School Committee, but that office was not reached.

FAIR.—Wednesday evening next, there will be held at Town Hall, a Festival in aid of the parish. The following committee have charge of the arrangements: Thomas L. Reed, A. D. Clement, M. H. Nichols, Mrs. M. E. Curtis, Mrs. Ida Snow, Miss Mary A. Butters and Miss Leila Walker. A literary programme, including choice musical selections, "A Thorn among the Roses" and "The Rival Politicians." Supper will be furnished. Confectionery, ice-cream, and other attractions will be offered. Admission, 15 cents.

EXHIBITION.—The Centre School closed last Friday forenoon and in the evening the parents and friends of the pupils were invited to the Town Hall, where the following programme was carried out. Song by the School; Salutatory by Arthur Wood; Dialogue, "Thief of Time," by Masters Charlie Foster, Willie Wood, Geo. O'Brien, Walter and Lester Shelton; Song, "Awful Words," by the School; Essay, on "Birds," by Lester Shelton; Essay, on "Sleep," by Susie Taylor; Solo, entitled "Now Moses," by Miss Jessie Wood with Edward Taylor as "Moses" (pantomimically, this piece was cleverly acted); Dialogue, "No Cure, No Pay," by Misses Jessie Wood, Susie Taylor and Lizzie McIntire; Essay on "Whiskers" written by Susie Taylor and read by Geo. O'Brien; Song, "Brooklet," by the School; Lieutenant Turnipton's experience at the General Court," by S. Edgar Prouty, (this speech was finely rendered); "America," closed with exercises, and the young folks participated in games and a general good time for an hour or more. The scholars under the tuition of Mr. Charles E. Estabrook have made excellent progress. The standard of the School is of the highest.

Gov. Long's Fast Day Proclamation.

By and with the advice and consent of the council, I hereby appoint Thursday, the 8th day of April next, to be kept throughout the Commonwealth as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. Let us keep it in the devout spirit of our fathers. Be it a day of rest; and, whether we worship together or apart, let the bush of the love of Almighty God, and a thrilling sense of our dependence upon him who hangeth the earth upon nothing, and in whose keeping are our immortal souls, fill our hearts and quicken us to higher service. Let us pray that his blessing may still be upon our Commonwealth, and make its institutions and its homes yet more and more the nurseries of virtue, peace, and happiness; that our labors may bring forth good harvests and our lives good fruit; and that our charity may expand toward the measure of the divine example and teaching of His Son, till it reach our fellow-men everywhere; and hold them all inched children of one Father in heaven. And let us especially remember those who are desolate and oppressed, so that the Master's words may be said to us: "I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me."

Given at the council chamber in Boston, this 17th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1880, and of the Independence of the United States the 104th.

JOHN D. LONG
By His Excellency the Governor,

with the advice of the council.}

HENRY B. PEIRCE, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

REPUTATING VIRGINIA.—Governor Halliday promptly vetoed the repudiation bill of the Virginia assembly when it was sent to him, last week. The bill was entitled, "An Act to Re-establish Public Credit," but the ringing words with which the governor denounced its provisions and punctured its thin-skinned pretensions will not leave his people in very much doubt as to his opinion of it. The closing sentences will explain the purport of the bill, and will not be amiss for every one to read.

This is a fearful lesson for a republic to teach its citizens—how to break, not to keep, faith—and it must return one day in some form with disastrous import. Could these things be done, and be pronounced in accordance with the State and Federal Constitutions, both of which disclose that no law shall be passed impairing the obligation of contracts, would it accomplish the end which the bill professes to aim? It eliminates—I use its own term—more than \$13,000,000 of hitherto acknowledged principal of debt by one stroke of the pen. It eliminates one half of the promised interest upon the residue.** It then eliminates nearly all that may be left by subjecting it to state, city and county taxation, and thus holds of the State's obligations, abroad and at home, are treated worse than civilized nations in these latter days treat a public enemy."

TULLY GALLAGHER.—Thomas H. Hill, Esq., has received notice from the Legislative Committee, of Conn., that they will report favorably in the Tully Gallagher case.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Lee & Shepard announce "The True Story of the Exodus of Israel, together with a Brief View of the History of Monumental Egypt," compiled from the work of Dr. Henry Brugsch-Bey, and edited by Francis H. Underwood. "The True Story of the Exodus of Israel" sounds like a challenge. But, whatever may be the conclusion which it leads, the main question is—Is it true? If it is not true, people may still believe that the waves of the Red Sea continue to roll over the chariots and armor of the drowned Pharaoh's host. It is true, it will lead to a more reasonable view of the ancient story. Dr. Brugsch, after thirty years of exploration and study, has been able to fix the residence of the Israelites in Egypt, and the birth-place of Moses. The various proofs he has brought forward on this point are irresistible. He also takes up the Scriptural account, examines the names of places mentioned in Exodus, and traces the route of the Israelites. He shows that they never came near the Red Sea until some days after the catastrophe of the drowning of Pharaoh and his host. Having a thorough knowledge of the geography, ancient and modern, he shows the errors of the translators and commentators. This account Dr. Brugsch declares to be wholly in accord with Scripture. The book is valuable in other respects, especially for the new light thrown upon the immense antiquity of the kingdom, and its wonderful monuments with their wealth of historic inscriptions. It will be illustrated with a map of Ancient Egypt, reproduced from the original in Dr. Brugsch's "EGYPT UNDER THE ROSES" and "THE RIVAL POLITICANS." Supper will be furnished. Confectionery, ice-cream, and other attractions will be offered. Admission, 15 cents.

EXHIBITION.—The Centre School closed last Friday forenoon and in the evening the parents and friends of the pupils were invited to the Town Hall, where the following programme was carried out. Song by the School; Salutatory by Arthur Wood; Dialogue, "Thief of Time," by Masters Charlie Foster, Willie Wood, Geo. O'Brien, Walter and Lester Shelton; Song, "Awful Words," by the School; Essay, on "Birds," by Lester Shelton; Essay, on "Sleep," by Susie Taylor; Solo, entitled "Now Moses," by Miss Jessie Wood with Edward Taylor as "Moses" (pantomimically, this piece was cleverly acted); Dialogue, "No Cure, No Pay," by Misses Jessie Wood, Susie Taylor and Lizzie McIntire; Essay on "Whiskers" written by Susie Taylor and read by Geo. O'Brien; Song, "Brooklet," by the School; Lieutenant Turnipton's experience at the General Court," by S. Edgar Prouty, (this speech was finely rendered); "America," closed with exercises, and the young folks participated in games and a general good time for an hour or more. The scholars under the tuition of Mr. Charles E. Estabrook have made excellent progress. The standard of the School is of the highest.

Plated Ware.

Best kind, at 154

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Next of Kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Timothy J. Carter, formerly of the County of Sangamon, and of Illinois, now of Woburn, in said County, Copartners under the firm name of J. W. Adams & Co.: Insolvent Debtors.—Notice is given that the trial of said insolvent debtors will be held in the Court of Insolvency, in Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the 2d day of April, 1880, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any, why the same should not be granted.

It is further ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks before the trial, and to publish it to the public on the 3d day, at least before and during the trial.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, that fourth day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, J. H. TYLER, Register.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS

AT—
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.

Prices very low.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a bond certain mortgage deed given by John R. Ford, deceased, to Alvin H. Ladd, on the 1st day of January, 1878, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, libis 1095, folio 611, will be sold at public auction on the premises of Monday the twenty-first day of March, 1880, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgagee, namely—A certain lot of land situated in the town of Woburn, in the western side of Mount Pleasant Street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bounded as follows, viz.—Beginning at the northeast corner of a street at the corner of said street and a passage way leading westerly out of the same, from thence the line runs easterly to a post, thence easterly to a post, one hundred and two feet and a foot to a corner; thence westerly by land of J. F. Fribold to a post at land of J. F. Fribold, thence southerly to a post, thence easterly by land of J. F. Fribold to a post, thence westerly by land of S. L. Ladd to a post, thence easterly by land of S. L. Ladd, sixty-six feet to a post; thence easterly by land of S. L. Ladd, passing westerly to the point of beginning.

\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

DAVID G. CONVERSE,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.

Woburn, March 2, 1880.

JOHN HARRINGTON & CO.,
17 & 18 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

Oriental Silver Polish, 5 cts. per Box

159 Regular Price 25 cents.

Special Price to Agents.

AGENTS, MALE & FEMALE.

We offer an endless variety of articles to copywriters, at a price that will enable any one to realize from

3 TO \$10 PER DAY.

We warrant our goods as represented or money refunded. Illustrated Catalogues sent free. BOSTON NOVELTY CO., 365 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF—

ACTRESSES.

An assortment of 25 Imprints sent to your address on receipt of \$1.00. WOBURN, MASS.

ANY STYLE DESIRED.

RANDAL, 63 WEST 14th ST., NEW YORK.

158

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

Light Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks,

My stock of hens is first-class in every

respect, shall sell a limited number of eggs only.

Fowls and chicks always for sale. Write for particulars.

GEO. H. CARTER, Winchester, Mass.

152

J. H. TYLER, Register.

152

WILMINGTON.

Golden Days.—We have received the

first number of the new juvenile paper

"Golden Days" for Boys and Girls.

One of the most potent fountains of crime is

seen on every newsstand, and floods the

country. These papers directly instigate

crime, and their extinction would be a bles-

sing to humanity; but as there exists no

means of suppressing them, and as our chil-

dren will read, it follows that the best anti-

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1880.

date is to furnish the youth with good wholesome reading, presented in its most attractive form, with a view of winning them away from the corrupting papers, to that which entertains and instructs. *Golden Days* seem to meet this requirement.

Married.

In Winchester, March 7, by Rev. R. Metcalf, Otis A. Wilson, of Boston, and Carrie E. Pratt, of Woburn.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

All the "Sassafras," "Tonic Bitters," "Beef and Iron," "Iron and Bark," and many other Spring medicines, the best for each individual case, at

DODGE'S DRUG STORE.

Geo. S. Dodge, Pharmacist,

165 Main Street, 101 Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, March 6, Mary, daughter of Michael and Mary Ryan, aged 1 day.

In Woburn, March 8, James H. son of Andrew and Mary, aged 2 years and 2 months.

In Woburn, March 9, Patrick Taaffe, aged 34 years.

In Woburn, March 8, Pauline S. Day, aged 55 years.

In North Woburn, March 9, Henry Seward, son of Nathan H. and Sarah A. Marion, aged 2 years, 2 months, 16 days.

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Journal Club Column

EXCITED HIS CURIOSITY.—"Deadwood," said the stranger, putting down his half-eaten slice of lemon pie, and taking a long pull at the milk, "I went there when the first rush was made for the hills. Rather a rough crowd, the first lot,—you bet; more wholesome now. When I got there, I was dead broke—didn't have a dollar, didn't have a revolver, which man often need out there worse'n a meal o' vittles. I was probably the only man in the hills who didn't carry a fire-arm, and I was some lonesome, I tell you. The only weapon I had—I'm a blacksmith—was a rasp, a heavy file, ye know, 'bout eighteen inches long, which I carried down my back, the handle just in easy reach below my coat collar. Understand? Like the Arkansaw man carries his bowie knife, I'm not exactly a temperance man. I just don't drink, an' don't meddle with any other man's drinkin'—that's all. One day—I hadn't been in Deadwood more'n a week—I was sittin' in a sloon—only place a man kin sit to see any society—when a feller come in—a regular hustler, with his car full and a quart over. He'd a revolver on each side of his belt, an' looked vicious. 'Nothin' mean about him, though. Ask me to drink? Not any, thank you,' sez I. 'Not drink with me? Me—Bill Featherill! When I ask a tender foot to drink, I expect him to prance right up, an' no monkeyin'. D'y'e he-a'r me?'

"Well, when his hand went down for his revolver, I whipped out my old file quick'er, fire'd search a feather, an' swiped 'im one right across the face. When he fell, I thought I'd killed him, an' the sloon fillin' up with bummers, I sorter skinned out, not knowin' what might happen. Party soon a chap in a red shirt came up to me. Sez he, 'You the man as ke-arved Bill Featherill?' Cos, of se'e as ye are, of them don't want evry man in the hills to climb you, don't you try to hide yourself—the boys is askin' for you now.'

"It struck me that my friend had the idea, so I waltzed back, and wen up and down before that sloon for nigh three hours. I'd found out Bill wasn't dead an' was bad medicine, but it wouldn't do to let down. Party soon I see my man a headin' for me. His face had been patched up till it looked like the closin'-out display of a retail dry goods store. There was so little countenance displayed that I couldn't guess what he was a'ain't at, so I brought my hand back of my collar, an' grabbed my file.

"Hold on there, hold on,' sez he; 'gimme my hand. I'm friendly—I've got nothin' agin you, not a thing, but—you'd pardon my curiosity—what sort of a d—d wepon was that, stranger?'

DEAR MADAM.—You are hereby notified that you have been duly appointed executrix of the estate of Hester Cady, deceased, and guardian of her grand-nephew and heir.

You can have all necessary papers and information by calling at the office of North, Harding & Co., Counsellors-at-Law, 20 State street, S—

"Can it be intended for me," was Mary's wondering exclamation as she picked up the envelope, on which was written in a round, clerky hand: "Miss Mary A. Delevan."

"Such a queer letter," she added, in response to the wide opened eyes of her companion, and tossing it into her lap.

"Goodness me," exclaimed Ruth, as she made herself mistress of its contents. "And who is Hester Cady?"

"She's an old friend of Aunt Polly's, I believe. I never saw her but once; and why should make me executrix and guardian to a boy, is more than I know."

"If it was only a girl, now; you can do most anything with girls," smiled Ruth, in the serene consciousness that girls were a higher order of beings. "What will you do with him?"

"I've half a mind not to do anything with him!" responded Mary, in the same aggrieved tone and manner.

"That wouldn't do," said Ruth, with a silent shake of her pretty head.

"I don't know what I shall do with him!" sighed Mary. "Of course he'll spoil my garden, tear up my furniture, and keep me continually in hot water!"

"He wouldn't be a boy if he didn't do that," laughed Ruth. "Never mind, Mary, just turn him over to me. You have two servants, and next to no sewing, and I was afraid that I shouldn't find enough to do to keep me out of mischief. Now I've found what my mission is. I rather like boys; and I'll take this one entirely off your hands so that he shan't bother you the least bit in the world."

Though a little dubious in regard to powers that she had never seen tested, Mary was not a little cheered by this assurance, together with Ruth's hopeful way of looking at things.

The next morning the two girls started out bright and early in the pony chaise, for the good old city of S—, which was only five miles distant. They experienced no difficulty in finding the law office named, and whose only occupant was a young man of about twenty-five, who was writing at his desk.

"It is Mr. Brockley, I do believe!" whispered Ruth.

Rising to his feet, the young lawyer turned toward them a face radiant with surprise and pleasure.

It was too late to retreat, if Mary had wanted to do so, as there was nothing to do but go toward him.

"Mr. North has stepped out, but will be back shortly," said Mr. Brockley, the junior partner of the firm, in reply to her questions.

With these words he ushered the two into an inner office. Mary's cheeks were very red, but there was a grave expression in her eyes, from which she vainly strove to obtain an answering glance.

"What a pity he's married; he's just as much in love with you as ever!" whispered Ruth, upon whom this little by-play was not lost.

"For shame," responded Mary, turning very red.

At this moment Mr. North entered.

When Mary made known her errand, he stared at her for some moments without speaking.

"Are you Miss Mary A. Delevan, of Woburn?"

"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"Humph! Any one else there of that name?"

"Not that I know of," responded Mary, a little bewildered at his cross-questioning,

Miscellaneous.**WHAT SHE DID WITH HIM.**

Ruth Starling smiled through the tears that sparkled on her dimpled cheeks like dew drops on the heart of a rose.

"I love Charley dearly, and I know he loves me, but his people are rich and proud, and would never consent to his marrying a poor seamstress. When his sister, Mrs. Howe—she's only a half-sister, you know—found it out, she was angry enough, you may be sure. She waited until Charley had left town, and then told me she didn't want me any longer, with lots of other things a good deal more disagreeable to hear. I heard of Aunt Polly's death, and thought that I would come and stay with you a few weeks. All the families are out of town now that would be likely to give employment."

Mary Delevan's kind heart was touched by the timid, deprecating look in the soft, dark eyes that were lifted to hers.

"I'm so glad you've come, dear. I've been so lonely since aunt died. I don't mean to let you go away very soon either. You know I always said that you should live with me when I was married. Only, I am not married yet."

Ruth looked curiously at the face on whose sweet serenity there was now a touch of sadness.

"And what about that handsome young lawyer, Brockley, who was so attentive to you the last time I was here? It is not fair for you to keep me in ignorance when I have told you everything."

"There is nothing to tell," said Mary, with a smile and sigh. "Mr. Brockley was poor. Aunt Polly didn't believe in love, you know. She thought people ought not to marry unless they 'bettered their condition,' as she called it. Aunt was old and infirm, and I could not leave her. My lover—if I can call him such—got tired waiting, I suppose. At all events, he went away, and has married since, I have heard. Let us change the subject."

The subject was then pretty effectually changed by the entrance of Kitty, Mary's little maid, with a letter, whose contents threw her young mistress into a maze of perplexity and astonishment. They were as follows:

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"Twenty-two."

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but ending in supposing it to be a lawyer's way.

Then a moment later.

"The boy you mentioned, where is he?"

"Boy?"

"Yes; Mrs. Cady's grand-nephew?"

"Oh yes. Well, your ward is a pretty big boy, madam. I'm expecting him in every minute, then he can speak for himself. Excuse me, madam."

And out of the room he darted.

"Did you hear that, Ruth, faltered Mary, in a tone of dismay. "A big boy. What can I do with him? I've half a mind to run away."

"Nonsense! Mary, don't be frightened. Didn't I tell you that I'd take charge of him? I'm not afraid of any boy, big or little."

Here a young man entered, who, glancing at the speaker, advanced eagerly towards her.

"Ruth?"

"Charlie!"

"I never thought to find you here."

"Nor I you."

Then suddenly remembering Mary, Ruth added:

"Miss Delevan, Mr. Smith."

"Also your ward, Mrs. Cady's grand-nephew," said Mr. North, who was just back of him.

"Impossible!" cried Mary, looking in helpless bewilderment at the smiling face that was all of a head taller than her own.

"That is the way the will reads, at all events," said the lawyer, smiling. "Mrs. Cady had some very peculiar notions; her nephew is twenty-one—just your own age, I believe—but he is not to come into possession of his property until he is twenty-five, or marry without his guardians consent. If he's as wilful as most young men on point, you will have a lively time of it."

"I'm not in the least wilful; Miss Delevan will have no trouble with me at all," interposed Mr. Smith, whose countenance was expressive of the most satisfaction.

"I—think there must be some mistake," stammered Mary, looking from one to the other.

"That is what I think," said Mr. North. "I have a strong suspicion that Mrs. Cady had in view, when she made her will, your Aunt Polly, as she was generally called, but whose real name was Mary, and who died about the same time. However, there being no other Mary A. Delevan in existence, there is no one to dispute your right to the office in question, unless Mr. Smith decides to do so."

"Which I have no intention of doing," was the gallant response. "With the exception—here he glanced at Ruth—there is nobody else that I would like to have for my guardian angel."

"I think I shall transfer you to her," laughed Mary. "Ever since I had the letter I've asked myself over and over again what I should do with you; now I've found out. You promised to take him off my hands, you know," she added, turning to Ruth.

Mr. Smith eagerly protested his entire concurrence with this arrangement, and if Ruth was silent, her smiles and blushes were quite as eloquent.

The three now took themselves down the stairs to where the pony chaise was standing, and Mr. Brockley followed.

It was Ruth's turn now.

"I'm going back with Charlie," she said, as that individual drew her arm in his. "Judging from appearances, I don't think you'll miss me much."

Guided by that roguish glance, Mary turned towards Mr. Brockley, who was standing quietly beside the carriage, her eyes very bright with indignation at her heart.

"Mr. Brockley, how is your wife?"

"I am not married, Mary. And what is more, unless you marry me, I never shall be."

Too happy for words, Mary suffered the speaker to assist her into the carriage and take a place by her side.

What was said during the long and delightful drive that followed, is none of your concern, reader; but the satisfactory understanding that resulted from it can be inferred from the double wedding that took place a few weeks later, when Mary became Mrs. John Brockley, and Ruth, Mrs. Charles Smith.

WHY SHOULDN'T THEY?—The other day a young girl of our acquaintance, who is pursuing a selected course of study in one of the collegiate institutions of the city, was examining the printed curriculum with reference to deciding what study she should take up next term. While consulting about the matter, she read over the long list of text-books on science, language, literature, and mathematics, when suddenly she exclaimed: "I'll tell you what I would like to study—I would like to study medicine. I don't mean that I want to be a physician and practice, but only to know what to do at home if anybody is sick or anything happens. I am sure it would be more useful to me than—" and she turned to the prescribed course of study—"than spherical trigonometry and navigation. What's the use of my studying navigation? But we can't run for the doctor every time anybody sneezes or coughs, and I would like to know what to do for any one who is a little sick." Here is a matter concerning which young women need some simple but careful instruction. But who gives them any? As daughters in the family, they can repeat the dates of the Grecian and Roman wars, work out an intricate problem in algebra, and give the technical names of all the bones in the body; but if the baby brother left in their charge burns his hand or is seized with croup, how many of them know the best thing to do while waiting for the doctor? And when, as wives and mothers, the duties of life increase, how many of them have any practical knowledge which will help them to meet calmly and intelligently the every-day experiences of accidents and illnesses which are inevitable in every family?—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Giving Mary a seat by the window, which he lowered for her express benefit, Mr. Brockley withdrew, pausing for a moment on the threshold, in vain hope of receiving a look from the blue eyes that were obstinately bent upon the floor.

"What a pity he's married; he's just as much in love with you as ever!" whispered Ruth, upon whom this little by-play was not lost.

"For shame," responded Mary, turning very red.

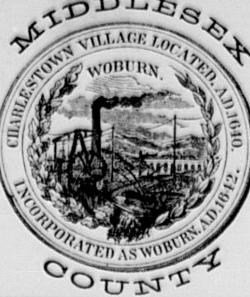
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"Are you Miss Mary A. Delevan, of Woburn?"

<p

WOBURN



JOURNAL.

VOL. XXX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.

NO. 12.

**WE ARE SELLING
MORE AND MORE,
HILL'S
Elixir Bark and Iron,
AS A
SPRING TONIC.
WILLIAM W. HILL,
Opposite the Common, Woburn.**



Professional Cards.

**George H. Conn,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 2
WOBURN, MASS.**

**CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.
Office at Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.
Hours at Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.**

**HENRY HILLER, M. D.,
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.**

**SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON. 4**

**LONDON and LANCASHIRE
FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.**

I have this day been appointed AGENT of the above Company for Woburn, Winchendon and Stowham. All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

**GEO. H. CONN,
159 Main St., Woburn.**

July 1, 1879. 5

**A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.
Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street**

**Dr. FRED. F. GAGE,
DENTIST,
7 Pemberton Square, BOSTON.**

**REMOVAL.
DR. B. R. HARRON,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has removed to
100 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.**

Particular attention paid to Surgery. 8

**E. F. WYER, Agent,
CARRIAGES, HARNESSSES,
HORSE FURNISHING GOODS,
Also Agent for the 61
MAINE STATE PRISON HARNESS,
Best Harness in the world for the money,
63 Sudbury St., BOSTON, MASS.**

Auctioneers.

**WILLIAM WINN,
AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.**

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL office, Woburn, promptly attended to. 10

**E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
Office, 89 Court Street, BOSTON.**

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main Street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention. 11

**North Woburn Street Railroad,
FAIR TIME TABLE.**

Horsecars leave Woburn at 6 A. M., 8.25, 9.45, 11.30 A. M., 12.45, 3.00, 4.15, 5.25, 6.35 P. M., Mondays and Thursdays at 8.30 P. M. Saturdays at 8.50 P. M.

Local Woburn Centre at 6.35, 7.30, 9.00, 10.35, A. M., 12.05, 1.45, 3.35, 4.45, 5.50, 7.05 P. M. Mondays and Thursdays at 9.00 P. M. Saturdays at 9.15 P. M.

12 DEXTER CARTER, Sup't.

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Poetical Selection.

INEVITABLE.

There's no need of your voice or your presence,
The moon does not bend to the sea—
Be thou true, and the tides of my being
Resistless flow upward to thee;

Can an apple escape gravitation?
Does earth lift her hand for the steel?
Be self poised, and compel by attraction
What hides from a vulgar part;

The invincible forces are patient,—
No magnet runs after the steel;
Let your will be supreme, and its potency
My life and my fortunes shall feel;

The needle must dip to the pole-star,
The climate encircle its zone;
So the heart, through all times and conditions,
Must know and will worship its own.

Selected Story.

JACK PLAYNE'S STORY.

This story is not about myself at all, though it is written as if it were going to be. I am a man that knows the boy the story is about. I am only Jack Playne. He was a very different sort of a fellow from me.

His mother was the widder Hennings. His father had been dead six or seven years, when this history begins. They came to Greenbush for a good many summers before he died, and after that his widder made up her mind to stay there. You see, Hennings didn't leave much—just a couple of thousands on a life insurance, and the cottage and acre in Greenbush. All the rest was used up in settling the estate.

But you'd never guess, not from her talk, that she didn't own a private bank. She talked about the convenience of a fixed income: "One could calculate so exactly how far it would go and never be disappointed." And she would groan over the income tax, when poor thing, it never came nigh her.

You see, she came of an excellent family. In early times, one of her ancestors was governor, and a great uncle had been a senator, before it was "low" to be a senator. That is she used to say so. I don't know about it. I've always had to work hard and live plain, and there was the taxes hot and heavy, whatever else happened, and "senator" always looked high enough for me. And in most all the families of her connection, the boy went to college and the girl to boarding-school and spoke French and played the piano. Not that I have heard of them being much money in the family, but they paid their way and studied hard, and got to be lawyers, or doctors, or preachers. Never none of 'em downright worked with his hands for a living.

One reason the widder stuck to Greenbush was the school. The teacher was excellent, and as it cost nothing, nothing could be better for her son, ("Rash," for short.) "until," as she'd say, "he's ready to prepare for college."

Seems to me as if I could see her now. The same black satin dress, winter and summer. In winter, a threecandle black cloak; in summer, a net shawl, darned in some places very nicely, and black mitts, and the same black satin bonnet, made over and over, once a year, through it all. She had some lace she could put on when she went out to tea at the doctor's or the square's, and a set of jet and gold ornaments, which were very old, to fasten the lace and swing in her ears. And the widder Hennings was a splendid woman! tall, straight as an Indian, and head set well back on her shoulders. I often watched her go up the broad aisle, and thought I'd like to have tested her with a plumb line, she was so straight. But Eliza says I'm forever carrying the shop with me. Then she'd a wonderful high, hooked nose, and eyebrows that arched over her black eyes like the front door of the old mansion house; and hardly a gray hair in her head. Must have been an awful cross for such a fine-looking woman to give up dress, and all the poms and vanities of this world to live in such a plain way in Greenbush.

Dear heart! she never kept no help, only once a fortnight Bettie Doolittle did out the heaviest of her washing. The little things, such as handkerchiefs and collars, she did herself, and called her "fine wash." It looked like a doll-baby's washing-day.

The cottage itself was a cheaply-built, plain-finished affair, with common wood-work; but I often found time to do little jobs for her in slack times; and what with the garden, and the interest on the life insurance, and the water color, and wax flower sheets she gave to the squire's wife and the doctor's daughters, she got along.

She often made presents of embroidery to brides and babies, and presents were made to her. Once she got a barrel of potatoes, once a barrel of winter apples, and often a bushel of pears, or something like that. On the whole she got along. If anybody came in while she was making crocheting, or her tatting, or her embroidery, (not an inch of which she ever used at home) she would talk about how much more ladylike it was to have nice under-clothing and plain dresses, than "outside show and rags." Eliza used to say that the things on her clothes lines were tended till they were real curiosities. However, they were better than debts, and didn't tangle her steps like mortgages, for the place was clear and her own. For my own part, I never could see the sense of such a common sort of a person as Queen Victoria living in such style, and such a natural born queen as widder Hennings working so hard and faring so plain.

But as for Rash. Not but what he was the best of sons, ready to help in everything she wanted done. And didn't he put into lessons when he found how his mother's heart was set on his learning! And how

worse for being so near at hand; and so I just draughted it off, and whittled it out. See—here is the draught!

And with that he took it out of the box.

Now the widder, though she is as proud as Lucifer, is nobody's fool; and she sees plain enough that there was more than a common jack of a carpenter in her boy; for she could draw and paint in water colors herself, and was called a good hand at it. So the long and short of it was, that she gave her consent to Rash going into my shop to learn my trade, at the end of the school term. And then she sent Rash up stairs with his treasures and went to bed.

And what a sick headache she had next day! Rash got his own breakfast and came over after sister Eliza to stay with his mother, and that's how he told me all about the talk. She had a blind, sick, stupid headache all day. She got up when the sun went down, and she didn't really feel like herself for a day or two. And I consulted her hair was never so black and glossy again, as it had been.

Eliza Playne, my sister, went over and stayed with her a day or two.

But how Rash did work; never slighted the least thing—faithful early and late. I tell you one don't get such "prentice work often! And such work holds out forever, in more senses than one.

When Rash was about eighteen, and pretty near out of his time, Squire came home. He'd been traveling in Europe several years, buying worlds of pictures, books and curious things generally, and the next thing was to fit up his house. I had a job, of course; but in his library he wanted extra work—aloves for his books, gather carvings and what not; and of course it needed an extra good hand.

"I've just the hand for fancy carving like that," says I, "and if you'll trust him with it, he'll go at it like a training day."

"Who is it?" says the Squire. "Mind, I don't want it botched, and I ain't afraid of my money."

"Not a bit of it," says I; "it's young Horatio Hennings, son of the widder Hennings—who lives in the cottage by the big willow."

"Dear, dear," says the Squire, "I know her folks, and it must have cost her a struggle to have her boy learn a mechanic's trade."

So when I just sat down and told the Squire the whole story, how the boy wouldn't be kept back, though he wasn't unimpassioned of his books, but that he had such a hankering after tools, that he'd have stolen his chance, if he hadn't been allowed; and what excellent work he turned off and all about it. And the Squire he listened and langhed, and said he:

"Send him in. I don't know him, nor he me; but take care he don't spoil it just."

"Just as I expected, the job was to Rash's mind. He got up them alcoves in first rate style, and threw in a lot of fancy carving. There was an alcove for the English classics, as the Squire called 'em, and Rash built it out of the best oak, and carved a wreath of oak leaves and acorns over the arched cornice. The one for Greek and Latin he ornamented with laurel leaves, and the big ones, the histories, had a center piece of armor and banners and shields and what not. But the one for American authors, he carved the finest thing you ever saw. Over the top was a mass of water lilies, magnolias and golden rods, and dropping down the sides were vines of the "trailing arbutus," he called it, but for all the world our May flower. Why the library was just a picture before anything went up in it! It's years ago, and folks haven't done wondering at it yet. I'd not have done it for ten thousand dollars.

When it was all done, and the chips all swept out, the Squire invited a party to see his improvements. Not large party, but some choice friends from Boston and New York, and some acquaintances he'd made in travelling, and an Englishman who had written books himself, who was stopping with him. And the best of all was, he invited Rash and his mother, too. He did, now, really!

Rash went to Boston, and bought her a new black silk, a good one, and a dress cap (widder's cap, they called it), and a new suit of clothes for himself. He'd had good wages for overwork a good while.

It was a wonderful bright moonlight night, and as I sat by my door, smoking, I saw them pass. Mrs. Hennings had on her new black silk, opened from the neck to the waist in front, and some fine, old, yellow lace in the neck, fastened with her little black pin, and earrings on, and her widder's cap and her shawl, and new laylock kid gloves on her hands. Shapely hands, too, if she did work; and in one of them a fine old Japanese fan, which her grandfather brought home in some of his voyages.

And Rash! He's grown to be a tall lad—almost a young man, and really out of his time now, with rosy cheeks and black, curly hair, and just a shade on his upper lip. And his clothes fitted as well as if they were wet and clung to him. I tell you, as he stepped along with his mother, Rash looked "good enough to eat," so Eliza said.

The Squire invited them to the house and took 'em all into the wonderful library, to have coffee or ices or something. Whatever it was, it was a mere excuse to get them there. Then he began to show his alcoves and explain them; and when they'd seen all the taste and judgment he'd shown in picking out his flowers and leaves and vines to match the kind of books, and everybody had admired it, the English author, in particular, was specially struck. The Squire brought in Rash, and introduced him and his mother to everybody. And he got one order from a New York man on the spot; and the

workers, I risk my reputation for sanity by declaring that I put no great confidence in law or legislation, for gaining God's kingdom on earth. Back of statute book must be a moral sentiment or your law lacks sustaining. My friend who sits on the Justice's seat, gives his opinion that it makes but little difference whether the law be license or prohibition—liquor will be had by those who want it. There is a disposition among many good temperance folks to denounce any who doubt whether prohibition can prohibit, and who believe that a stringent license law may after all be more effective than a prohibitory law, which, with moral sentiment refusing to back it up, fails to do what is expected of it. But in all this is no cause for denunciation. Righteous people will always differ on methods though they may be seeking similar ends. It is one of the evidences that human nature is not big all the way around that there is in the temperance ranks this element which hurls anathemas at those who doubt the advisability of certain methods. I confess I have enjoyed remaining in my home many times when so-called temperance conventions have been held, simply because they were in charge of a narrow arrogance which would brook no dissent, but rampantly rode rough-shod over all courtesy, amenity and Christian charity.

When it comes to questions of method, there is time for wisdom of serpents, together with characteristics of the dove. But let me be not misunderstood.

As Rash handed his mother a cup of tea, he said in a low voice:

"Now, mother, isn't it better to be a first-rate carpenter, than such a poor professor as I should have made?"

"I don't think you would have failed at anything," she answered.

But the Squire heard her and laughed.

"I don't know about that," says he, "many a good mechanic is spoiled to make a poor professional man. It's far better to be sure the work is your own work, and its best of its kind, than to be noted about the kind of work. And, by and by, Horatio, here's a bit of spending money for you, and I'll come round to-morrow and get a receipt in full."

So ended the royal evening. Next day the Squire called round and proposed that Rash should go to New York and study with an artist friend of his, who was also an architect, for a year. Didn't he jump at the chance! As for the envelope, it had a check for a thousand dollars; (the work was done cheap at that—haven't I told you it was for Rash?) and he'll go at it like a training day."

"Who is it?" says the Squire. "Mind, I don't want it botched, and I ain't afraid of my money."

"Not a bit of it," says I; "it's young Horatio Hennings, son of the widder Hennings—who lives in the cottage by the big willow."

"Dear, dear," says the Squire, "I know her folks, and it must have cost her a struggle to have her boy learn a mechanic's trade."

So when I just sat down and told the Squire the whole story, how the boy wouldn't be kept back, though he wasn't unimpassioned of his books, but that he had such a hankering after tools, that if he could be swept away, a very large part of the cost of supporting courts, reformatories and prisons, would be saved to the public treasury.

Neither do I propose to exhibit, as I do, so many times done, any pictures showing the effect of intemperance on the stomach; that sort of exhibition might be advisable if my audience was less respectable; but if we had here the drunkards of our town. But a temperance meeting is not a popular place for that sort of people; they prefer the saloon. It is one of the infelicities of our church administration that our congregations are so "respectable;" the preacher may want to hit the head of some glaring sin, but he gets to feeling that the sinners are at home, or in his neighbor's church, and so off he goes into some tirade against ancient sin;—battering the walls of Jerusalem, forgetting that if his Master were here, the modern Sodoms would get some hard raps. But possibly nearly all our direct temperance work begins at the wrong end; if we had the apostolic fervor, we shouldn't put very much confidence in simply public addresses, but out we should go into street and alley, and getting down into the hearts of the poor fellows, who many times are just as conscious of their degradation as we can be, we would, divine grace assisting us, put against their feeble wills the

WOXBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.

Wobburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
GEORGE FRENCH, Assistant Editor.
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SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.

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UNLUCKY READING.—A most dramatical and startling finale to the trial of Nathan P. Pratt, the ex-treasurer of the Reading Savings Bank, was the publication in the Sunday *Herald* of a lengthy document, claimed to be a confession of Sydney P. Pratt, a son of the accused. If the half of this document be true—and though its authenticity is doubtful in some quarters, it is believed to be substantially true by those who are acquainted with him and the circumstances—it shows a record of cunning and daring crime hardly to be equalled in all the annals of defalcation and betrayed trusts. Its tone is so coolly indifferent and often almost humorous, that one finds it difficult to believe he is not reading a fable instead of a man's confession of years of systematic and unscrupulous robbing of unsuspecting people, whose savings it was his business to protect. But the depravity of Sydney P. Pratt is not the only thing revealed by this remarkable paper. It showed that the carelessness of the directors of the bank, and the state bank examiner, was nothing short of criminal, and that those officers were in the fullest sense of the term, ornamental. They allowed the younger Pratt to conduct all the affairs of the bank as seemed to him good, and confined their inspection of his work to merely verifying the mathematical correctness of the footings in his books. The Boston *Post* remarks that if even a small part of the statement is true, the directors "ought to first make up the amount stolen, present it to the sufferers and then go North, say as far as Alaska, and freeze up with the country," and to this we add a hearty amen.

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.—We call special attention of all thinking people to the admirable lecture recently delivered by Rev. Geo. H. Young, entitled, "Humanitarian Offsets in Temperance Work," and will be found entire on our first and fourth pages. In regard to the establishment of a club room, or coffee house after the style of those in successful operation elsewhere, a word in explanation may not be amiss. There is in Liverpool, England, a stock company, called the "British Workmen Public Company" with a capital stock of \$100,000, which a year and a half ago, had twenty-nine "cocoa rooms" established in that city, which were paying ten per cent dividends on the money invested. There has recently been organized the "New York Coffee House Company" in New York City, which begins with a capital stock of \$50,000, in two thousand shares of \$25 each, and it will be modelled after similar experiments in Liverpool, London, Glasgow and Edinburgh. The names of the directors, viz: Messrs. Morris K. Jesup, Henry E. Pellew, Cornelius R. Agnew, Charles Collins, Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., Jos. W. Drexel, John A. Stewart and Wm. H. Appleton, and of the bankers, the United States Trust Company is all that is necessary to show that the enterprise is in good hands, and is genuine in every sense. But about one quarter of the subscriptions will be called for one year. What is possible in New York and London on a large scale, is equally possible in Woburn on a smaller scale.

THE TRUE WORK OF THE CHURCH.—Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston preached at the Unitarian Church, Sunday evening, upon the above topic. The church was well filled with people anxious to hear the celebrated radical preacher, and if they came expecting to hear an able discourse, they were not disappointed. Mr. Savage preached what may be called a strictly doctrinal sermon, it being for the most part, devoted to pointing out what he considered the inconsistencies and weaknesses of evangelical creeds and beliefs.

THE MASSACHUSETTS PRESS EXCURSION.—The executive committee of the Massachusetts Press Association held a meeting in Boston, Wednesday, President John S. Baldwin, of the Worcester *Spy* presiding, and it was voted to make an excursion to Washington and Richmond. The visit will take place in the latter part of April, and the association will probably leave Boston on the afternoon of Thursday, April 22, Messrs. John S. Baldwin and Luther L. Holden were appointed a committee of arrangements.

That's gnome matter—A ghost story.—*Yaweb Straus*.—One would hardly expect to see Yaweb dispose of spirit in that manner.—*Romeo Sentinel*.—It is strange that paragrapers will keep goblin up these nonsensical sayings.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.—Crystal, of Hackensack, was hot-headed enough to copy the above entire. Will somebody please phan-Tom?—*Yaweb Straus*.

This is tomb much.

A dressmaker got mad because her lover serenaded her with a flute. She said she got all the fluting she wanted in her regular business.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*. If she went on that principal, why did she get ruffled?—*Yaweb Straus*.

And why put on so many trifles?

The Somerville *Journal* remarks that in a month or so our fields will become seedy.

Sow they will. It's wheat to corn-tempo, but it's all in your rye as yet.

PAUSE MEETING.—The Y. M. C. A. will hold a pause meeting at its rooms, Sunday afternoon at four o'clock.

SOLDIERS' HOME.—Gen. Horace Binney Sargent, Cyrus C. Emery, John McKay, Jr., James F. Meech, and Dr. W. Symington Brown, of the board of trustees of the Soldiers' Home of Massachusetts, visited Woburn, on Thursday, for the purpose of inspecting the farm on Vernon street, owned by Hon. J. G. Pollard, with a view of locating the Home there. They arrived on the 145 train from Boston, and were met at the depot by a committee of citizens and from the Grand Army, and taken in carriages to the farm. They expressed themselves as well pleased with the place and its adaptability to their purposes. It consists of about twenty-three acres of good land, and there are good buildings. The plans of the trustees, as we understand them, are to make no very extensive alterations, but to place the farm under an efficient superintendent, and make it as near self-supporting as possible. After examining the farm, the visitors were taken to Grand Army Hall, where a lunch was served; after which they were shown about the town, and returned to Boston. They did not commit themselves to any positive promises; but the inferences from what they did say, was that they were most favorably inclined toward making Woburn the location of the Soldiers' Home.

OUT IN THE COLD.—The business boom has struck about every kind of business except the newspapers; and it has, in fact, struck them, though on a different track from the others. The manufacturers and dealers in almost every kind of merchandise have realized handsome profits from the great advance in prices, and demand for their goods. The editor is left almost alone out of the good times. He has to rejoice and be merry over the good fortune of others, while being obliged to pay sixty per cent. more for the paper he prints the good news on. The good times brings him scarcely any new subscribers, and he might about as well undertake to collect his old bills as to raise the price of his paper. About the only thing for him to do is to grin and bear it, even if the grin is more of pain than of joy. But editors become so used to reflecting the feelings of other people that they can smile and smile at the return of prosperity, and only realize that it has returned to their neighbors and not to them, when the monthly paper bill, one-half larger than of old, becomes due, and the money drawstring to his anxious count only the usual pitance.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—This day so dear to the hearts of all true Irishmen was observed this year in somewhat different manner from usual, much more in conformity with the teachings of the great patron saint of Ireland, who taught nothing of the popular dogmas of the Catholic Church, nor that processions, banners, and great display were necessary for the salvation of souls; but he did teach a simple and easily comprehended religion, and the efforts of the Irish people of America to observe the anniversary of his birth by trying to help their distressed brothers in the old country would meet with his hearty approval and help, were he on earth now.

Y. M. A.—The Young Men's Association held their regular monthly meeting for literary and musical exercises, on Thursday evening at their rooms, when the programme as previously announced was successfully carried out. Messrs. Burgess, Robie, Wood, Perham, Nichols, Pierce, Jas. Brown, C. Brown and W. Fletcher acquitted themselves most creditably in their several parts, and the subject discussed.—The Revolution of 1812, though old, is nevertheless always new, and its frequent consideration is well calculated to inspire a spirit of true patriotism and devotion to country.

NEW TRIAL.—Some time since Charles H. Pollard and Joseph H. Buck who had carried on the coal business in Stoneham and failed, were tried and convicted of fraudulent omission of property from the schedules. Tuesday this verdict was set aside by Judge Nelson, of the United States District Court, and the motion for a new trial granted. The judge said that he was of the opinion that "the evidence at the trial was wholly insufficient to prove any fraudulent omission of property from the inventory filed by the defendants in their bankruptcy proceedings, and that the verdict is set aside for this reason only."

RUNAWAY.—Quite a sensation was created among the teams on Main street, Monday afternoon, by a horse attached to a tip-car taking it into his head to go on an excursion down street, just as his driver was dumping a load. The rattle and clatter of the cart dragged along the street inspired the brains of other horses with revolutionary ideas and there came near being a stampede of all the horses on the street. Not less than three incipient runaways were nipped in the bud. No harm was done.

KEEPING TIME, TIME, TIME.—They do say that the Elgin watches, sold by Geo. W. Nichols at No. 169 Main street, are the best timers out. The man who owns one has no excuse for being late for the train, nor would he run any risk of being reproved, as was Washington's secretary, for being late for an appointment on account of the slowness of his watch.

GRAND ARMY SOCIAL.—The Grand Army Hall was packed Wednesday evening, at the regular monthly literary and musical entertainment given by the members of the Post. An attractive programme, consisting of singing, reading, instrumental music and character sketches, was presented.

THANKS.—We doff our hat and make our thanks to Mr. Albert Gleason, Jr., for a bag of magnificent oranges placed upon our table. They were delicious, and there are plenty more where they came from, at his stand corner of Main and Walnut streets.

TEACHER'S CONVENTION.—The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Middlesex County Teachers Association is to be held at the Franklin street church, Somerville, April 8th. There are 1800 teachers in the county entitled to go to this convention, but there has not in the past been an attendance of more than one-third that number. These conventions are always occasions of great profit to the teachers, and every one should exert themselves to attend. The school authorities of Somerville are making ample arrangements to entertain all who may attend.

SELECTMEN.—Regular meeting Thursday evening. All present but Cummings, G. E. and Charlie A. Jones. Lewis Perry, of Stowham, was granted a hearing on his claim. The warrant for town meeting was closed.

PAUSE MEETING.—To-day is the one hundred and fifty-third anniversary of the death of Sir Isaac Newton.

Slight snow storms Sunday and Tuesday.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Peterson's Magazine for April is already on our table, ahead as usual. Every month, almost, this popular lady's book has some new and special attraction. The one this month is a series of designs in embroidery, furnished by the "Philadelphia School of Art-needlework." The principal steel plate is a charming picture of a little girl, seated on a bank, gathering grasses and flowers, on one of these windy March days. For nearly thirty years *Peterson* has held a front rank as a lady's book, and for excellence in every department and cheapness, it is without a rival. It has such contributors as Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, Mrs. Jane G. Austin, Frank Lee Benedict, Maria Holley, and the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife," etc. The price is but \$2 a year, with liberal deductions to clubs. Specimens are sent, gratis, with full particulars, to those wishing to get up clubs. Address, Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HAL: A STORY OF A CLODHPOPER. By W. M. F. Round. Lee & Shepard; pp. 253; paper, 50.

The author of this volume is well known, from his connection with several publications, and ranks high among the writers whose works are favorably received. The story abounds in hard hits at aristocracy with neither wealth nor character to uphold it, and affords another proof that deeds of the deepest villainy, however securely hid, may be brought to light by the most trivial circumstances, and the guilty parties receive just punishment.

The author has well used his opportunities for describing the different characters here noticed from personal knowledge, and all who read it will at least give him credit for writing in a style that will interest every one.

READING CLUB, NO. 8. By Geo. M. Baker. Lee & Shepard; pp. 191; paper, 15 cents.

The previous numbers of Mr. Baker's selections have been very popular, and this one contains fifty pieces in prose and poetry, nearly all new, and specially adapted for public readings and recitations.

ACCIDENTS. By Henry James, Jr. Houghton, Osgood & Co. pp. 347. \$1.50.

This was intended to be classed as a novel, but we fail to find the usual amount of fiction which most readers expect to find. The characters are mostly American, who go abroad for pleasure. One or two love engagements help to keep up the interest for a time, but none of the characters have individuality enough to make it of much interest. The works of even the best writers must of course vary in value, and we do not think this equal to most of Mr. James' writings. However, those who read the works of any author may vary in judgment of their value, and others may think better of this do.

The April number of *Harper's Magazine* is rendered exceedingly attractive by its many beautiful illustrations, and every article in its table of contents is noteworthy. The number opens with the first part of Mrs. John Lillie's paper, "Music and Musicians in England." The rural charms of Chester Valley, Pennsylvania, and the associations of Valley Forge are the theme of an excellent paper by Mrs. Ella Rodman Churchill, with remarkably fine illustrations by Howard Pyle. Santa Fe, New Mexico, as described by Ernest Ingelsoll, and illustrated by J. Harrison Miller, is a subject of intense interest.

The Irish famine gives special interest to Miss Clowd's illustrated article, describing an "Irish Fishing Village." The Upper or Swiss Rhine— seldom visited by tourists—is charmingly described by S. H. M. Byers. D. R. Bianchi contributes an instructive article on the works of Luca della Robbia and his school. The April number of *Harper's Magazine* is rendered exceedingly attractive by its many beautiful illustrations, and every article in its table of contents is noteworthy. The number opens with the first part of Mrs. John Lillie's paper, "Music and Musicians in England." The rural charms of Chester Valley, Pennsylvania, and the associations of Valley Forge are the theme of an excellent paper by Mrs. Ella Rodman Churchill, with remarkably fine illustrations by Howard Pyle. Santa Fe, New Mexico, as described by Ernest Ingelsoll, and illustrated by J. Harrison Miller, is a subject of intense interest.

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Journal Club Column

"To have and to hold from this time forth," said Augustus, who is studying law, as he took Matilda Jane on his lap, on the evening they became engaged. And Augustus placed upon her finger a ring, and clasped upon her snowy arm a bracelet, and murmured "Know all men by these presents, etc., and that he might show that he was in lawful possession of the chattels, he did then and there produce what purported to be a bill of sale, wherein was stated that "In consideration of one dollar to me paid, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, I do bargain, sell and convey one plated ring, the value whereof is twenty-five cents, and one pinbrace bracelet, of value seventy-five cents." To which Matilda, realizing that she had become "articled to an attorney," replied "I am lawfully seized in fee simple," and "I am held and firmly bound unto Richard Roe," which Augustus regarded not, knowing him to be a fabulous character, incessantly in litigation with John Doe, and whose name he knew Matilda took upon her lips, only from adhering too literally to the text. And Matilda, having vested in Augustus "power of attorney," as a form did repeat, "I do appoint Augustus to be my true and lawful attorney, in token of which I have pledged my hand, and now cause the seal of our lips to be affixed." And Matilda, observing that it was now the end of the term for which this court was sitting, did this court adjourn; but Augustus, as petitioner, did humbly pray that the court might not adjourn *sine die*. And so she fixed the day, and the attorney turned away.

WOMAN'S SOFTENING INFLUENCE.—"It's astonishin'," remarked the old forty-niner, this morning, as he nodded over his glass to our reporter, "it's astonishin' what a coward a man is at home—a regular crawlin'-sneak, by Jove!" I've traveled a good bit, and held up my end in most of the camps on the coast since '49. I've got three bullets inside o' me. I've shot an' been shot at, an' never heard nobody say I hadn't as good grit as most fellers that's goin'. But at home I'm a kyon. Afore I'd let the old woman know that her hot biscuit wasn't Al, when it's like stiff amalgam, I'd fill myself as full as a retort. I've done it lots o' times. Most of my teeth is gone from tugging on beefsteaks that the old woman had fried. D'y'e think I roar out and curse when I go over a chair in the dark? No, sir. While I'm rubbing my shins and keeping back the tears, I'm likewise sweating fur fear the old woman has been woke by the upset. It didn't use to be so," sighed the old fellow, thoughtfully rubbing his shining scalp. "When we was first hitched, I thought I was the superintendent, but after a year or two of argyng the p'int, I settled down, shovin' the cat at low wages. I kin see any man of my age and size," cried the old gentleman, banging the saloon table with his wrinkled fist. "I'll shoot, knife, stand up or rough and tumble for coin, but when I hang my hat on the peg in the hall, and take off my muddy boots, and hear the old woman ask if that's me, I tell you the starch comes right out of me."—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle*.

"No, dis club nobber hez any de-peh," replied Brother Gardner. "I used to incouraige sich fings, an' dar was a time when I fel myself a power in de land on debate. But I libed to see evil effecks. I diskivered dat if ole woman wanted an armful o' wood, I wanted to stop fur half an hour and argy the matter. If I wanted a cl'an shirt, she had fifteen different reasons why de hull plie war in de wash. Members de society squatted in grocery stores, an' made themselves believe day was at work an' arisin' \$2 a day, two of dem would stop on de street an' argy fur half a day obre quey: 'Which am de greatest benefactor, de elefant or de whale?' I finx we are doin' well 'nuff as it am, an' we will leave debates to outsiders."

A newly-married man went home the other night, and found his wife asleep on the lounge. He knelt beside her, and devoured her with his loving eyes. "John," she murmured, in her sleep. "Yes, my pet—what is it?" he whispered, thrilled to his heart's depths, by the calling of his name. "John," she again murmured, "spare-rib is only nine cents a pound." The thrill passed off.

"Henry," she said, "you don't know what a soothing influence you have on me."

"My darling," he whispered softly, while a glad light came into his eyes, "can it be so?"

"Yes," she said; "when you are here, I always feel inclined to sleep."

"Why, Bridget, how came you to burn the bread so?" "Och an' is it burned it? Sure, thin, ma'am, but it's no fault o' mine, for wan't ye afeer tellin' me the last thing afore ye went out, a large loaf must bake one hour, an' I made three large loaves, so I baked 'em three hours jist; or what else should I do?"

It makes a mother's heart revert to her younger days when she comes into the parlor next morning after her daughter's beau has been around, and finds only one chair front of the fireplace, and the others sitting along the wall, as if they hadn't been touched for three years.

A New York inventor claims to have discovered a process for making all fabrics water-proof. But what is more needed is an invention to make milk cans water-proof. Or the cow. We believe that it has never been definitely settled whether the water leaks through the cow, or the can.

"Will you name the bones of the head?" said a teacher to one of his class, at a medical college.

"I got 'em all in my head, teacher," replied the pupil, "but I can't give 'em."

A gay rooster came tripping light fantastic tos up to the occupant of a quiet nest, and said, "Will you dance, Biddy?" "Excuse me," said the hen, "I am engaged for this set."

"How nicely this corn pops," said a young man, who sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. "Yes," she responded demurely, "it's got over being green."

The women who do fancy work don't fancy work.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Continued from first page.

so much easier to get folks ready for heaven by and by than it is to make them heavenly now! But our moral work is all of one great piece: it doesn't consist of patching here and there, but it does consist of so getting high ideals rooted in the hearts of men that they are fully removed from all danger of going astray, that they are put on to so high and noble moral plane that their living is all one sweet song.

Now, applying that to temperance you get my meaning; the temperate man is not he who refuses the beer and gorges with ice water; the temperate woman is not she who doesn't believe in alcohol stimulation, but *must* have her strong tea; he is not the temperate man who rushes about town to get signers to the pledge while himself a helpless slave to tobacco; but temperance is a something which runs all through our lives and keeps us from doing harmful things. Now, who of us is ready to cast the first stone? Pick it up if you dare, but before you throw it remember that he who was without sin was allowed to be the proper one to bring accusation against the poor woman.

Intemperance! Well, I pity those poor fellows who stagger through our streets; they put that in their mouths which has stolen away what little brains they had; but I pity any other man or woman who is so in bondage to any other appetite that the slavery is just as deplorable—yes, and just as despicable.

Yes, you say, that's very good for fitting people for the Millennium, but it's too big a job to try to accomplish all at once, what we want is to fight alcohol. Well, fight it, but remember you can't isolate any sin and simply by trying to remove that get the best condition of manhood or womanhood. Take the saddest case of drunkenness in your midst; get the poor fellow in his sober senses; he knows his degradation just as well as and a thousand times better than you know it. How are you going to make him sober his cups? By simply signing a pledge? By getting your town to adopt prohibition instead of license? By even all that you haven't gained your principal point; you are not sure of that fellow keeping straight till you have so made him over that he has no desire to pit his tent toward Sodom. That can be done only by so butressing all his moral nature that on its every side he is protected against any and all incursions of sin. You remember the discipline asked for washing of not his feet only but hands and head also; and in order to truly have accomplished. I have faith in this idea; it means work for somebody but it is work which pays in winning souls into stell to all good impulses. By attacking this or that appetite, by going at a part simply of a man's wrong-doing and evil-seeking, you must get the influence of a new spirit exerting its power all through his being.

The secret of a great deal of slavery to intoxicants is not any real love for liquor in itself. Those who drink, say they do not enjoy the drink, but they are moved by desire for excitement, they want to forget some ills, or they are down in some valley of humiliation, and are seeking to be lifted out of it, and so they attempt to even up their spirits by that degrades. Is it any wonder that intoxicants are so popular? Take this population right around us. Here are these hundreds of men hard at work all the day; night comes; they are exhausted to toil; they go to what you call their homes,—meagrely furnished, having no attractiveness; the meal is eaten—what is then for them? Nothing in their homes to keep them; utterly without any resources in themselves, they start out for good cheer; the saloon is the inviting place; their mates are inside, and in they go, to do what the next day they will tell you they were silly for doing; but then they saw no other way for getting a good time. Geo. MacDonald says compared with the place where George Galbraith had all the day worked, Mistress Croal's saloon was paradise.

I certainly believe the most effective offset to all this is accomplished by those instrumentalities which in some communities are so successful, by which respectable people are seeking to give these fellows a good time on a more rational and a more moral basis. Charles Barnard went to the lowest theatres in Boston, made acquaintance with the boys in the gallery, persuaded them to accompany him to other and more respectable theatres, and finally drew them into his chapel, where they were molded into decency. Great hope may well be put in such institutions as the English coffee houses, Charles Tree Inns, Ministry at large, and People's clubs, like that which is doing such magnificent work in Lowell.

We must remove the old loyalty, and put in the place a new allegiance. And these humane charities have for their prime object aiding men to do this very thing, so that as they get accustomed to the new ways of seeking amusement, the old methods lose their attractiveness.

Now, compare that with the common hope of temperance people in stringent law. Enact the law, enforce it; but what does that do toward this necessity of getting men out of their craving? Leave a man with his old appetite all the time gnawing—leave him with no more rational methods of getting amusement than those which he has found in the saloon, and license or prohibition, it matters not—you can't enact a law big enough, strong enough, stringent enough, so but what the old appetite will find means of getting satisfied. You must in some way make the man a law unto himself,—make him feel interest in the better things, lead him by slow degrees into the new manhood.

You are trying to establish a better temperature sentiment in this godly town. Remember the eternal fact that human nature demands some attractions beside its daily grinding toll. The respectable portion of the community finds its need satisfied to a very large degree by library privileges, the delights of home, by occasional visits to theatre or concert, by church activities, or by some other high, humane interest. But for that immense proportion in every community, who see no beauty in these things, who find no pleasure only in frequenting the saloon and getting hilarious, what are you going to do for these, better or more sensible than some such instrumentalities as has been found to work so great good in many of our towns, where something like the English coffee houses, and the People's club, have been instituted? You may get your pasters to give public lectures week after

week, and month after month, and year after year; but it will amount to little unless it issue in some practical work of this sort. I would like to see as the outcome of these meetings, a vigorous attempt made to open somewhere here some pleasant, cozy rooms for that sort of work so successfully done in towns not very far from us,—rooms not so elegant but what the most commonly dressed boy or young man would easily feel at home—rooms where perhaps, there might be smoking if you choose in some part of the building, rooms where there should be games, with readings and concerts on a level with the appreciation of those who would be drawn in, rooms which should be in charge of men and women who have real hearty, solid faith in human nature, and who believe that something noble and grand can be done with what we call the lower classes of society.

You have read those recent volumes of letters of Chas. Dickens—books of absorbing interest because they so let us into the inner life of the great novelist. The letters smell most too much of the punch bowl to make them quite satisfactory, but the point I want to mention is Dickens' word in a letter to a friend regarding an Art Exhibition at Manchester. Great care and provision had been made for the comfort of the common people, but, he said, they wanted "more amusement, particularly something in motion, though they were only a twisting fountain. The thing is too still after their lives of machinery, and art flies over their heads in consequence." I fear a great deal of our hope is in instrumentalities that fly over the heads of common people; the folks we want to get at to lift their lives into nobler beauty have come to think that our churches are only cliques of well dressed people who look down on the coarsely clothed; they see no special good for them in our sanctuaries; for reading they care but little and so public libraries do them not much good, art flies over their heads; and so off they go to the saloon for free and easy comforts; the bliss of their cups is all the bliss they find. Dickens hit the nail on the head in his remark about that "amusement in motion," and where that sort of instrumentality has been tried as in penny readings in England and America, the clubs which in America within the last ten years have done so much in this direction by furnishing concerts and dramatics—amusements on a level with the common mind, and reading rooms full of newspapers and illustrated magazines, good work has been accomplished. I have faith in this idea; it means work for somebody but it is work which pays in winning souls into stell to all good impulses. By attacking this or that appetite, by going at a part simply of a man's wrong-doing and evil-seeking, you must get the influence of a new spirit exerting its power all through his being.

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WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1880.

NO. 13.

Poetical Selection.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

*He who died at Aswan sends
This to comfort all his friends:*

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this:
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not 'I'."

Sweet friends! what the women leave,
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a bier which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the falcon, nor the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars!

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
With me, ye weep, with the bier;
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone;
The shell is broken—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Aleah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Alas! friends! Ye wise and dry;
What the world is understood,
What the secret of the bier did;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends!
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfurnished felicity—
In enlarging paradise,

Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,—
I am gone, time, a little space;
When ye weep where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder where ye wept;
Ye will know by wise love taught
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are faint—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seem love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stoutheart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Alah illa Alah ya!
Thou love divine! Thou love always!

*He who died at Aswan gave
This to those who made his grave.*

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,
(Successor to Porter & Young.)

MACHINISTS

Steam and Gas Fitter.

MANUFACTURER OF

STEAM ENGINES.

Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafting
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings
Tambers and Currying Shops fitted up at short
notice.

97, 99, and 101 Main Street,
WOBURN, MASS.

All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership
formed January 1st, 1877.

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SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Business Cards.

Selected Story.

AN EASTER CARD.

"What can a girl do in our day?" exclaimed Agnes Clement, petulantly.

The speaker rested her elbows on the table and gazed at the lamp.

Opposite was Sister Anne, calm, matronly, self-satisfied, mending baby's pinata.

Plenty of occupation may be found in your profession, if you would seek it," replied Sister Anne, biting off a thread, and forming a new knot. "Painting china, designing wood-cuts, even coloring photographs."

Agnes raised her head, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, why do you not add taking in washing, or scrubbing down the stairs?" she cried, with scorn and anger.

"That is the difficulty," continued Sister Anne, with unruffled composure. "You are impatient, and despise the beginning. One can not spring into a full-fledged artist at one bound. Pray, how did the great European artists commence, about whom you are so fond of reading? Very modestly, I promise you."

Agnes made no immediate response. Instead, she ruffled her blonde hair with her hands, and stared moodily at the lamp.

The room was plain, and the noise of the street below was audible in the tinkling of a car-bell, the rattle of carts in the pavement, the distant strains of a wheezy organ, blending with the footsteps of late customers to the shops. Located on one of the wide business avenues of the city of New York, this modest home of a clerk with a slender salary held dissimilar elements united by close relationship. The very lamp on the table possessed a different significance to the two women seated beside it. To Sister Anne, comely, thrifty, and practical, good wife and mother, it was the humble beacon of welcome to the absent husband. To Agnes, imbibed by hard study, overwork, the failure of youthful rashness in unfulfilled dreams, it meant a dull yellow flame fed by kerosene oil, and burning monotonously in an ugly room, faintly redolent of cabbage and onions. Such a chamber has often been the cage of genius.

"I could not obtain any of the work you propose, if I tried," resumed the young artist. "There are more applicants than work in all fields and in every land."

"True," sighed Sister Anne, mindful that a week of illness would replace her husband at the store by a dozen eager competitors in need of bread.

A key was inserted in a neighboring door, and the object of her solicitude entered, bringing a gust of keen winter air with him. The husband of Sister Anne was a brisk little man, with shrewd blue eyes, flaxen hair, and a spot red on either cheek-bone. He greeted his family cheerfully while unwinding a silk handkerchief from his throat.

"I've got something for you in my pocket, Aggy," he said to his sister-in-law.

"The very thing for you."

She looked at him with a faint smile.

"I came on it quite by accident, I may say—riding up town in a car," he pursued, with animation.

Then he unfolded a newspaper, and placed his finger on a paragraph. The trio read together the following advertisement:

PREMIUM offered of \$100 for best design of Easter card for the approaching season. Contributors are requested to present their applications to

LANG & CO.

Sister Anne read over the shoulder of her husband.

"What a chance for you, Agnes!" she said.

"I am confident you would win the prize. One hundred dollars, too!"

"Lang and Co. are the great lithographers, you know," supplemented the husband.

"I saw it by the mere chance in a column of advertisements. Nothing like it reading the papers."

Agnes studied the paragraph, and made no comment. She grew pale, and her eyes darkened ominously. One would have inferred that she had received some affront, but restrained her indignation. Finally she rose, and took the journal in her hand.

"Well, I have consented to go to Minnesota for the winter, May. Such nonsense as it is! I should prefer Paris or Italy. A mere trifle of a cough, and all the doctors looking so wise and gloomy. They rejoice to secure a 'case,' I suppose."

May disengaged her hands from his arm, and plucked a camellia. Her face was as untroubled as his own.

"What a chance for you, Agnes!" she said.

"I am confident you would win the prize. One hundred dollars, too!"

"Lang and Co. are the great lithographers, you know," supplemented the husband.

"I saw it by the mere chance in a column of advertisements. Nothing like it reading the papers."

Agnes took the missive, her fingers trembled, and the color rushed to her cheeks.

"Accepted," she said, after a pause.

"We were sure of it," responded Sister Anne and Humphrey in unison.

"Have you seen the favorite Easter card of the season, ladies?" inquired the clerk of a fashionable store.

With these words he displayed the design of Agnes Clement to a bevy of young ladies.

"How pretty," exclaimed one.

"The most charming means of atoning for the delinquencies of the past year in letter-writing," said another.

"I will send one to May and Harry, girls," added a third. "They must not consider themselves forgotten, so far away."

"Of Spring bouquets trimmed with violets and roses," interrupted the first speaker, laughing. "The banishment must be poky enough, even if they are still bride and bridegroom. I do not believe Harry's lungs were really affected after a cold; his parents are so fussy, you know, because he is an only child."

Agnes Clement witnessed this scene without divining all its significance, and a tender smile dawned on her own face. The homely devon of fame and artistic excellence! Instead of the mountain-peak where she had longed to plant her standard, the slough of the valley of poverty was destined to engulf her. Oh, the scorching tears of discouragement and humiliation which fell from her eyes! At length she rose and lighted the gas jet, in order to again read the detected advertisement. Her room was cold and bare, partaking of the characteristics of a studio rather than the abode of a woman. In one corner the iron bedstead was concealed by a screen, with a tiny mirror suspended near it; opposite, a stove reached with its rusty pipe to a shelf holding several plaster busts. The windows opened on a glass-covered piazza, the sanctuary of the easel. Here the artist indulged in reveries, or wrought with pencil and brush, forgetful of the hour of the noon-day meal, and oblivious of the vicinity of a laundress, who employed the next glass-covered piazza for the purpose of drying linen—a practical industry which brought in far more satisfactory returns, in payment, than did the color-box of Agnes Clement. The latter sought the spot now, and seated herself on the sole chair it boasted, mechanically. A large canvas was propped against the wall, representing a life-sized Beatrice in Paradise beckoning to a shadowy Dante. Agnes had concentrated the labor, ambition, and hopes of a year's application in this bold attempt, had entered the lists valiantly for exhibition in the National Academy of Design, and suffered the cruel blow of rejection. Beyond was an Ophelia with yellow hair, who had shared a similar fate the previous year. These lovely heroines languished in the obscurity of the glass piazza, without ever having met the approving smile of an appreciative public. Oh, the cold selfishness of the world, and the willful blindness of hanging committees and art critics! For the first time Agnes found the smile of Beatrice insipid, and her gaze vacant. A chill chilled her heart. Quickly she turned the picture to the wall, and sought the easement, gazing forth into the night rather than longer contemplate her own death.

Suddenly the artist put her hand to her forehead as if preoccupied with thought, her eyes dilated, and a smile imparted a warm glow to her usually pale face.

At breakfast she was silent, replying vaguely to the conversation of her brother-in-law. Afterward she went out, and was absent two hours. Returning, she shut herself in the studio, and spread about her recent purchases—sheets of paper, new brushes, and a box of water colors. Then she began to work, and as she labored, a soft, crooning song wailed up to her lips unconsciously.

One Saturday evening, when the little clerk had returned home at an early hour, and was warming his feet luxuriously in slippers before the fire, he was surprised by the hasty entrance of Agnes. The artist's aspect was animated, and she held a sheet of paper in her hand.

"Humphrey, I have decided to compete for the prize of the Easter card," she said, quietly. "Tell me if you like my design."

Husband and wife hastened to inspect the proffered sketch. They saw an upright plant, caught on a stone parapet, the blossoms still tinged with rose even in death.

A girl entered the conservatory, approached a sash, and opened it, leaning out to discover the moon. She wore a pink dress, with soft white lace on neck and arms; a jewel flashed in her hair. Turning aside from the window, her sleeve caught in the branch of a flowering plant, she overturned it, and it fell outside the window with a crash of broken pottery. The girl uttered a little cry of dismay, glanced downward

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1880.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
George French, Assistant Editor.
Published every Saturday.
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading novices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line; advertisements, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1880.

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EASTER.—Tomorrow is Easter Sunday, the day which is celebrated as the anniversary of the Resurrection of the Saviour. The returns of this anniversary were originally regulated, and have since continued to be, by the calendar of Judea, in which the months were conterminous with the revolutions of the moon. A mean uniting being twenty-nine and one half days long, twelve lunas months, or a lunar year, falls short of a solar year by about eleven days. The beginning of the Jewish year therefore goes backward on the natural year eleven days annually, requiring an intercalary month to be introduced in the third year, and again in the sixth, ninth, eleventh, fourteenth, and so on. Easter being an anniversary regulated by this Jewish calendar, is therefore a movable one, when compared with the calendar regulated by the sun. The Resurrection took place just after the Jewish Feast of the Passover, which occurred on the fourteenth day of the first month of the year, or near the full of the moon, and the Christians of Jerusalem and the churches of Asia were accustomed to celebrate the two feasts simultaneously. This practice was not satisfactory to the churches in Italy and the west, which preferred to celebrate Easter on the Sunday following the fourteenth day of the moon; and the difference led to grave dissensions between the east and west, which were at length settled by the council of Nicaea, about A. D., 325, by agreeing to make the western usage universal. Since then Easter has been observed throughout the world on the Sunday following the fourteenth of that lunation of which this fourteenth day falls on the 21st of March, or next later.

The principal festivals and feasts of the church dependent for the time of their celebration upon Easter are: Septuagesima Sunday, nine weeks before Easter; Ash Wednesday, which is the Wednesday of the seventh week before Easter; Good Friday, which is the Friday next before Easter; Ascension Day, which is the Thursday of the sixth week after Easter; Whitson Sunday, the seventh Sunday after Easter; and Trinity Sunday, the eighth Sunday after Easter.

OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE SCHOOLS.—On Tuesday, Hon. J. W. Dickinson, Secretary of the State Board of Education, and Prof. George A. Walton, Agent of the Board, paid an official visit to the Woburn Schools. They were only able to inspect the Cummings, Lawrence, and Central Primary. They met the teachers and others at High School Hall, at 4 o'clock, and bestowed the highest praise upon the Woburn schools. Mr. Dickinson said, "No better work is done anywhere than is done here," and Prof. Walton said, "You are doing the best work of the best methods that are known to educators." Both gentlemen seemed surprised and delighted to find such progress, where children who did not know a single letter six months ago, can now both read intelligently and write legibly. It is very gratifying to know that the Woburn Schools deserve such high praise from officials so well qualified to bestow it.

TRIED AS BY FIRE.—Sunday evening, the Boston Journal was driven from its quarters on Washington street by fire. The compositors and editors were at work at about 8 o'clock, when smoke began to come up the elevator well that leads to the press room from the composing room, and before they could secure their hats and coats the flames burst out and they were compelled to beat a hasty retreat. The alarm was sounded, but owing to the narrowness of the streets the firemen were embarrassed in their work, and the fire got considerable headway before it could be got under control, and the loss to the Journal company and F. A. Searle, job printer, will be heavy, estimated at \$27,000. Through the courtesy of the Herald the Journal came out promptly on Monday morning, though in a somewhat unfamiliar form. It is now issued from the offices of the Traveller and Advertiser.

LIFE INSURANCE.—The two column advertisement and reading notice of the New York Life Insurance company which appear elsewhere, sufficiently explain the methods and standing of the Company, and if any further information is wanted, Mr. E. E. Thompson, who represents the company in Woburn, will be pleased to supply it.

PIANO RECITAL.—Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Lewis gave a private piano forte recital at their home Wednesday evening. They performed a programme of six numbers of classical music to the entire satisfaction of their auditors.

TEA AND COFFEE.—The Boston Branch makes a specialty of tea and coffee, and all lovers of those drinks will be sure to be suited with something from the large stock exhibited here.

"Men's first steps in civilization," says a scientific writer, "may be traced almost directly in their first efforts to clothe themselves." How tremendously civilized some of our fashionable ladies must be!

TOWN ELECTION.—There is to be a conference in regard to action on town affairs, this Saturday evening at Grand Army Hall.

CATHOLIC MISSION.—A mission at the Catholic Church will commence a week from next Sunday.

Mr. C. E. Cooper has bought the provision business of J. H. Bancroft, and will take possession April 1st.

HOLY WEEK.—This is passion or holy week, the name given by several sects to the week preceding Easter—next Sunday. Holy Week is the name generally used by the Roman Catholics, who make a distinction between it and Passion Week, title they apply to the week preceding—Passion Week beginning on Passion Sunday, the fifth Sunday of Lent. The Roman calendar designates the entire last fortnight of Lent as Passion tide, all of whose services differ in many respects from the services of the year, and even from those of the remainder of Lent. The verse "Gloria Patri" is omitted both in the mass and breviary, and all pictures, effigies, crucifixes, and other theological symbols are covered during the time. Holy Week, also known as Great Week, Lent Week, Week of the Holy Passion, and Penitential Week, is asserted to be of very early origin, and is usually observed with extraordinary solemnity by Catholics, who exhibit at this period many signs of melancholy, mourning and repentance. If any ordinary church festival fall within the week, it is postponed until after Easter. All ceremonies are conducted with rigorous simplicity, without the music, pomp or parade so characteristic, common, of Roman rites. Although manual labor is no longer forbidden, it is often voluntarily relinquished; fasting is more rigorously practiced, as well as alms-giving and other acts of charity. Besides Palm Sunday, just passed, Spy Wednesday, Holy or Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday come within the week. Maundy Thursday, from Mandatum, the first word in one of the Church services, is specially intended to commemorate the Last Supper, and the institution of the Eucharist.

THE FIRST CAUCUS.—The caucus called by the Committee of Public Safety was held last Saturday evening as announced. L. L. Whitney, Esq., presided and Rufus Pickering, Esq., was secretary. A ballot for Selectmen was taken, and the following gentlemen having the highest number of votes, were declared the nominees:—John Johnson, E. E. Thompson, L. G. Richardson, Joseph Buck, S. K. Richardson, Samuel Cook, Ruel Carter, E. N. Blake, Gilman A. Bean. A committee, consisting of G. W. Kimball, G. A. Bean, C. M. Stout, Charles Pusey, and H. A. Gleason was appointed to make up the remainder of the ticket, and they reported the following:—Treasurer, G. B. Gage; Town clerk, M. S. Seeley; Auditors, F. A. Flint, H. E. Brown, E. W. Gray; School Committee, Charles D. Adams, Michael D. Murphy, Edward Mills; Library Committee, Joseph G. Pollard; Cemetery Committee, L. L. Whitney; Sexton, L. Houghton Allen; Collector, Isaac E. Tidd, Ward L. Dennis, Edward Simonds, Thomas D. Hevey.

EASTER EGGS.—Some seeker after knowledge has asked the editor of the Boston Evening Transcript what is the origin and significance of using eggs at Easter, and he replies that the custom of eating eggs at Easter has been traced up not only to the theology of Egypt, but to the philosophy of the Persians, Gauls, Greeks and Romans, all of whom regarded the egg as the emblem of the universe. The early Christians of Mesopotamia had the custom of dyeing and decorating eggs at Easter. They were stained red in memory of the blood of Christ. The practice of presenting Easter eggs is Magian or Persian, and is still practiced by the Hindoos. In its origin, therefore, the custom is essentially pagan, though adopted and retained by the Christian church.

SERENADE AND PRESENTATION.—The Woburn Band accompanied by honorary members of the Hook & Ladder Company, called on Mr. F. A. Buckman, last Friday evening. In behalf of the Band, Mr. James M. Kimball presented Mr. Buckman with an elegant silver ice pitcher, and Mr. S. B. Mitchell, for the former members of the H. & L. Co., presented a handsome silver salver. The Band gave some fine selections of music, and an excellent supper was served by Mr. Buckman.

MUM SOCIABLE.—Last Monday evening a good deal of fun was had at Grand Army Hall, the occasion being a "mum sociable." The evening opened with music and elocution, and then for fifteen minutes the men were enjoined to silence, on penalty of five cents for each breach of muteness. The ladies tried to make them talk, and with considerable success. Then came a quarter hour of female stillness, and much male effort to start the tongues. Then followed five silent minutes in which all had to be quiet. The treasury of the Ladies' Relief Corps grew heavy with the fines. More entertainment followed the "mums," and ice cream and cake were dispensed throughout the evening. All it was a good time.

SPRING FASHIONS.—G. R. Gage & Co. have before stated, a large line of goods for spring clothing, and gentlemen intending to indulge themselves with a new suit are advised to place their orders before the rush of business sets in, and thereby secure immediate attention.

CUMMINGSVILLE.—The authorities at Washington have decided to establish a post office at Cummingsville as soon as a name can be decided on. The post office department objects to the present name because of its similarity to Cummington.

The Committees of Public Safety are first in the field with their nominations for town officers, but whether their ticket will prove to be first in the hearts of the voters of Woburn is, as Dunreavy says, "a thing no fellow can find out."

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To-day is Good Friday.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The preparations for the teachers' association which is to be held in Somerville, April 9th, have been completed, and a programme arranged which will be at the same time profitable and enjoyable to those teachers who attend. The secretary of the State Board of Education, Mr. J. W. Dickinson, will speak of "The effect of methods of instruction upon the practical results of school work." Prof. B. F. Tweed, supervisor of the Boston schools, will give his convictions of "What a child knows before he is five years old, and the use to be made of it in schools." Mr. E. B. Young, master of the Brimmer school in Boston, will illustrate by class work how apprenticeship should be taught in grammar schools. Mrs. N. L. Knox, of Newton, will speak of the method of "Teaching English in our Elementary Schools." Col. T. W. Higginson, of Cambridge, the popular author and lecturer, is to speak upon "The way to study History." Col. Francis W. Parker, superintendent of the Quincy schools, will speak upon "The object to be aimed at in teaching reading," and tell how they may be best secured. Col. Parker has made himself a national fame by the results accomplished in the schools under his supervision. Rev. A. D. Mayo, late of Springfield, will give a popular lecture upon "The Relation of Parents to Teachers," a subject most vital to the continued prosperity of our schools, and one that he is specially qualified to handle. Hon. John D. Philbrick, L. L. D., U. S. Commissioner of Education to Vienna and Paris Expositions, will deliver a popular address upon the most timely of all school questions, "Technical Education in its Relation to Elementary Schools." Besides these questions, there are to be two opened to the public.

THE PROVISION BUSINESS.

VII.

THE PROVISION BUSINESS.

Not very long since we heard an eloquent sermon preached upon the "religion of the dining table." The Popular Science Monthly a few months since, gave a series of articles upon the subject of eating, and we are very much interested in scientific treatises which warn us what not to eat, and inform us as to the food most suitable and nutritious. We have all sat at the "Breakfast Table" with Holmes, and enjoyed his discursive talk, and the alacrity with which we assume our wonted place at the family or boarding-table, abundantly assure us that the theme of "what we eat" is not a despicable one, by any means. We live mostly by "virtuous and drink," as well as the old woman of the nursery rhyme. Nothing will make a man upon his neighbor with a kindly smile, quicker than a tender steak for dinner; and nothing will convert him into a closer semblance of the lower brutes, than a disappointing and untimely display on the dinner-table. Eating, when properly conducted, is the only true panacea for "all the ills flesh is heir to," and though nothing is more disgusting than to see person vulgarly particular as to their menu, it is incumbent on all to know what to eat, when to eat, and how to eat—and what they are eating.

WHAT IS CALLED THE PROVISION BUSINESS IS OF COMPARATIVE MODERN ORIGIN, ESPECIALLY IN THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES. THE MEAT USED TO BE SUPPLIED BY THE BUTCHER FROM HIS COVERED WAGON, AND THE WAGON WAS HIS ONLY SHOP, OR BY NEIGHBORS, WHO FIRST ENGAGED CUSTOMERS FOR THE MEAT THEY DID NOT WISH FOR THEIR OWN CONSUMPTION, OR TO "SELL DOWN," AND THEN BUTCHERED THE ANIMAL. NOW WE HAVE ONLY TO ORDER AT THE SHOP AS WE GO TO OUR DAILY OCCUPATION, WHETHER SUITS OUR FANCY FOR DINNER, AND FIND IT ON THE TABLE WHEN THE TIME FOR THE MIDDAY MEAL ARRIVES. IT IS NO LONGER NECESSARY TO LAY IN A QUARTER OF BEEF AND A PORKER IN THE FALL TO INSURE MEAT FOR THE WINTER, THOUGH IN THE SMALLER AND SPARSELY SETTLED TOWNS AND VILLAGES THE CUSTOM STILL PREVAILS. IF A FARMER CONCLUDES THAT "THAT TWO-YEAR-OLD HEIFER" WILL NEVER BE A SUCCESS AS A MILKER, AND FATS HER FOR HIS CUISINE, HE CALLS ON HIS NEIGHBORS AND ENGINES TO SELL THEM SUCH PORTIONS OF THE ANIMAL AS THEY DESIRE, AND "MAKES A DAY OF BUTCHERING." IT DELIVERS THE MEAT TO HIS CUSTOMERS, CUTS OUT THE TALLOW ON THE KITCHEN STOVE, AND TAKES THE HIDE TO TOWN THE NEXT TIME HE GOES, AND TRADES IT TO THE BUTCHER THERE.

GRAND ARMY.—Post 33 have donated a sum of money to the family of W. A. Cooper, of "Cooper shop" fame, the family being left destitute. Any one wishing to add to the amount, can hand their contribution to T. H. Hill before next Wednesday. The Post voted to hold a camp-fire on the 21st of April. A. L. Richardson, W. H. Matthews, Ambrose Bancroft, Wm. Arnold, T. H. Hill, W. T. Grammer, J. H. Mason, J. H. Carlton and Jere McCarthy, were appointed a committee of arrangements. The Post accepted the invitation of Rev. G. H. Young, to attend services at the Unitarian church, the Sunday before Decoration Day.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—At a special meeting of the School Committee held on Tuesday, John E. Tidd was appointed truant officer for the remainder of the year, in place of J. H. Mason, resigned. The primary scholars in the Lawrence and Highland primaries have increased to that extent, that a new school is necessary, and Mr. Parker and Superintendent Davis were appointed a committee to investigate and report at the regular meeting, which occurs next Tuesday evening.

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Our Boys in the War.

**ROSTER OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
OF WOBURN, WHO SERVED IN THE
WAR FOR THE UNION, 1861-5.**

COMPILED BY A. P. BARRETT.

In presenting for publication, the roster of those who, on field and flood, fought for the preservation of the Union, and sustained the honor of Woburn, during the war of 1861-5, a few words of introduction may be appropriate.

It is by no means claimed to be free from errors, for absolute accuracy is impossible; but whatever sincere endeavor, careful research, and no small amount of labor for some years, can avail toward that desideratum, that much has certainly been done.

It has proved to be a work of far greater magnitude than anticipated, in order to carry out the original plan; but it has at last been accomplished in an imperfect and feeble manner, it is true, and it is hoped that it may prove of interest to the citizens of the town.

In collating the facts connected with the individual history of the comrades, memories of the past, both pleasant and sad, have been evoked, which, if written out, would fill volumes. In these days of peace and prosperity, it almost seems a dream even to those who were active participants in the strife that has ever been our lot to experience those four years of toil, suffering and bloodshed on Southern soil, or of anxiety, anguish, and terrible suspense in our own Northern homes. Each name here recorded is a silent, but impressive reminder of that terrible epoch in our nation's history, and brings vividly to mind, not only the noble self-sacrificed and heroic deeds of our departed heroes, whose deaths have ensured the perpetuity of our glorious Union, and whose deeds have made the page of American history more resplendent with enduring lessons of unyielding loyalty to our country and our flag, even to the end, but also the brilliant achievements of those who are permitted to be with us to-day, living examples of American patriotism, and American heroism. The ranks of the nation's defenders are growing less and less, "as year by year Death marks his victim," and it is none too early to enter upon such an undertaking as this, when the testimony of the living may be obtained.

From Maryland to Texas, there was not a State on the soil of which Woburn men did not tread; and of the 2,800 engagements on land and sea, officially reported, there were but few in which they did not participate. From Big Bethel to Appomattox Court House, Woburn was nobly represented, and in all the great conflicts, she was called upon to mourn the loss of her best and bravest sons. Whether on camp guard, provost duty, the dangerous picket-line, or the sanguinary battle-field, on land; or on their posts of duty, on board the flagship, the monitor, or the less glorious blockader, on sea; or in those "hells on earth," the prison pens of the South, where scores of her sons preferred death by starvation, than disown their country and its flag, Woburn has reason to be proud of the record of duty well done, by her representatives in the War of the Rebellion.

It was in old Virginia, "where Death held high carnival," for four long, terrible years, that a large proportion of Woburn men were destined to serve, and few are her battle-fields, which were not consecrated by their deaths, or enriched by their blood. But it was not alone in the campaigns of the glorious army of the Potomac that Woburn men were true to their obligations, but whether in the campaigns of North Carolina, in the West under Grant and Sherman, or in the south-west, they were all equally devoted to the cause for which many gave up their lives. Woburn can well point with pride to her war record, both at home and in the field—and in the succeeding years of peace, she has been mindful of the patriotic services of her sons. To-day she stands second to none in her support of her citizen soldiers, and has well earned the proud reputation everywhere accorded her for hospitality and patriotic greeting to soldiers from abroad, who have from time to time, honored her by their presence. Not only has she been thus mindful of the living, but has ever cherished with gratitude, tenderly and reverently, the memory of her fallen braves, and each annual recurrence of "Memorial Day" witnesses an increased interest in its simple, yet touching ceremonies. As long as the people are true to their memories, so long no one need despair of the Republic."

In preparing this Roster, valuable assistance has been received from many of our citizens, and is hereby gratefully acknowledged. To Nathan Wyman, Esq., especially, honorable mention is due here, for from the record of soldiers and sailors from Woburn, compiled by him during the war with great labor and expense, the mass of the information concerning individual history has been drawn, and, without it, the roster, with the exception, perhaps, of one organization, would, to a great extent, be a mere array of names. His labors, early and late, in behalf of the soldier during the late war, and since, is well known to all who receive the gratitude and respect of all who "wore the blue." But it is doubtful that any service he has rendered could be more valuable than thus placing on enduring record the facts of their military history hitherto contained. From G. R. Gage, Esq., who ever has the interest of the soldier at heart, and who united with his official duties during the war, a true and loyal fidelity to the welfare of soldier's abroad, and heartfelt sympathy for the sorrows and trials of those left at home, upon whom the heaviest burdens of the conflict were to fall, mourning for those who were never to return, or filled with anxiety and suspense for the safety of those yet spared to them, much valuable information was received, especially from the State Aid rolls. To Thomas H. Hill, Esq., who cordially and earnestly entered into the spirit of this work, as he has ever done where the interests of the soldier are concerned, and who freely gave access to all sources of information in his possession, both in an official and unofficial capacity, the tabulated statement of taxes prepared by him, proving of especial value, grateful recognition of assistance rendered, is accorded. To the Library Committee, who generously gave permission to freely examine the many

valuable files of contemporary publications, which recorded history as it was made from day to day, and to the librarian and assistants for their kindness and courtesy, at all times, grateful acknowledgement is also due.

Any notice of errors, omissions, or any additional facts in the history of any comrade, will be thankfully received, and properly placed on file, so that, when the military history of Woburn is written, as it surely will be, not the least important part of that work will be rendered, as far as it ever can be, absolutely correct; for these are the men who made history, and we should be derelict in our duty, did we not see to it that they received, at least, the award of honorable mention due their patriotic services and glorious deaths.

If the memory of the heroism and self-sacrifice of our martyred dead can be made more precious in the hearts of the people, and if those living can receive more marked recognition, due their faithful service, and patriotism in sustaining the honor, both of the nation and the town, by the publication of this roster, it will more than repay all expense and labor incurred in its preparation.

**THREE MONTHS.
FOURTH REG. MASS. INF.**

Big Bethel, Va.

COMPANY G, TAUNTON.

1. CYRUS B. RICHARDSON, private, born in Woburn, June 3, 1842. Mustered in April 22, 1861. Wounded in left shoulder, at Big Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861. Discharged July 22, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in Co. M, 1st Mass. Cavalry.

FIFTH REG. MASS. INF.

First Bull Run, Va.

COMPANY E, SO. READING.

2. OREN S. HOSMER, private, born in Woburn, October 16, 1829. Mustered in May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Residence or place credited to in Mass. Record, Stockholm, N. Y. Should be credited to Woburn. Re-enlisted in Co. H, 50th Mass. Inf.

4. ALBERT D. GIFFORD, private, born in Stockholm, N. Y., 1834. Mustered in May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Residence or place credited to in Mass. Record, Stockholm, N. Y. Should be credited to Woburn. Re-enlisted in Co. K, 39th Mass. Inf.

5. EUGENE J. MILLER, private. Mustered in May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Credited in Mass. Record to Boston. Re-enlisted in Navy.

6. HORACE P. STONE, private, born in Dracut, Mass., 1838. Mustered in May 1, 1861. Discharged, June 2, 1861, disability. Credited in Mass. Record to Charlestown, Mass. Should be credited to Woburn.

7. WILLIAM SWEENEY, private. Mustered in May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Recorded in Mass. Record, as William Selye.

COMPANY E, MEDFORD.

8. JONAS L. SMITH, private, born in Watertown, Mass., Dec. 16, 1831. Mustered in May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in Co. K, 19th Mass. Inf.

COMPANY F, BOSTON.

9. WILLIAM McDEVITT, private, born in Woburn, Feb. 21, 1843. Mustered in May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Credited in Mass. Record to Boston. Re-enlisted in Co. K, 39th Mass. Inf.

10. PETER J. CORMICK, private, born in Pictou, N. S., 1844. Mustered in July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Credited in Mass. Record to Concord. Should be credited to Woburn. Re-enlisted in Co. K, 39th Mass. Inf.

11. JOSEPH G. DEAN, private, born in Woburn, Jan. 28, 1825. Mustered in May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Credited in Mass. Record to Concord. Should be credited to Woburn. Re-enlisted in Co. K, 39th Mass. Inf.

12. JAMES W. GOODWIN, private, born in Chatham, N. B., May 8, 1842. Mustered in July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in Co. D, 11th Mass. Inf.

13. SAMUEL T. HOOPER, private, born in Athens, Ohio, 1828. Mustered in July 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Omitted in Mass. Record. Re-enlisted in Co. K, 39th Mass. Inf.

14. THOMAS M. HOOPER, private, born in Morgantown, Ohio, April 13, 1833. Mustered in July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

16. MASON M. HOVEY, private, born in Cambridgeport, Mass., 1840. Mustered in July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

17. JONATHAN F. JEFFERDS, private, born in Middleton, Mass., 1840. Mustered in July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

18. BENJAMIN T. LIVINGSTONE, private, born in New Boston, N. H., Jan. 6, 1827. Mustered in July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

19. JOHN M. MAXFIELD, private, born in Woburn, Feb. 15, 1832. Mustered in July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Credited in Mass. Record to Concord. Should be credited to Woburn. Re-enlisted in Co. E, 22d Mass. Inf.

20. ROBERT PEMBERTON, private, born in Lubec, Me., June 26, 1835. Mustered in July 4, 1861. Wounded in left shoulder, at Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in Co. B, 32d Mass. Inf.

21. ROBERT PEMBERTON, private, born in Lubec, Me., June 26, 1835. Mustered in July 4, 1861. Wounded in left shoulder, at Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in Co. B, 32d Mass. Inf.

22. JOHN S. ROGERS, private, born in Harbor Creek, Pa., 1836. Mustered in July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in navy.

23. JOHN W. SMITH, private, born in Woburn, Sept. 8, 1837. Mustered in July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Credited in Mass. Record to Concord. Should be credited to Woburn. Re-enlisted in navy.

To be continued.

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